Collier's

DECEMBER 27, 1947 TEN CENTS

IOLA,
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KANSAS

A STAR TO LIVE BY

A veteran revisits his chaplain

PAGE 11

WE ARE PLOWING A NEW DUST BOWL

PAGE 12

Dec. 27, 1947

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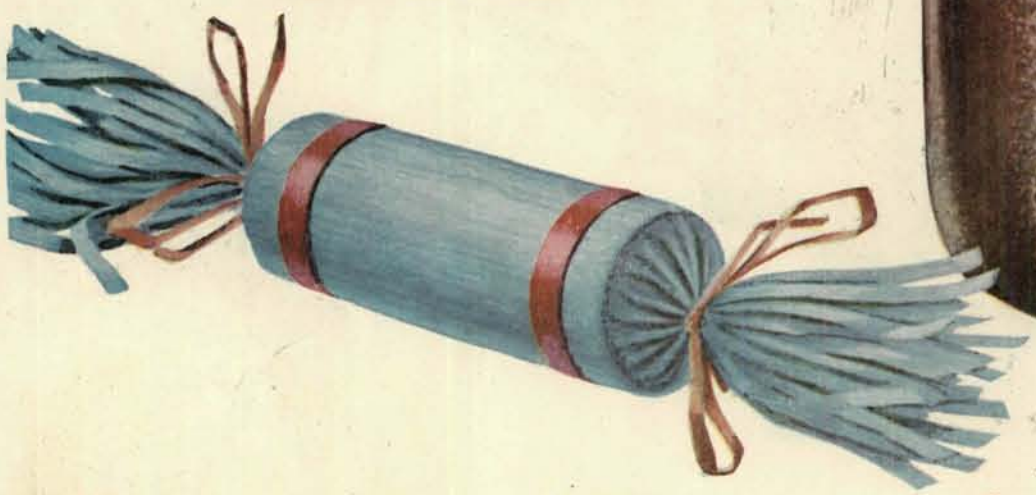
Cause for *Celebration!*

Economical, convenient, space-saving! And it holds the same amount you're used to getting. You'll know the 1-WAY bottle... by its easy-to-grip pebbled surface —by the words "No Deposit, No Return." See them on the picture? (P.S. It's actual size. And there are quart 1-WAYS, too!)

Now beer and ale in No Deposit bottles that you <u>don't</u> take back



Ask for your favorite brand in Duraglas 1-WAY bottles

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

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With hair like this, you'll hear:

"hello, handsome"

Good looking hair turns more heads than a tennis match. Girls forget their dates. Bosses remember raises. All because you catch their eye with well-groomed, handsome hair. So better use...

Product of Bristol-Myers

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

to stimulate scalp...keep hair handsome

50 seconds to massage—Feel that tingle! That's the alcohol in Vitalis stimulating your scalp. Different from those dressings that contain nothing but oil!

Won't dry your hair—The alcohol disappears, leaving a fine, protective film of pure vegetable oils evenly distributed over hair and scalp.

Conditions your scalp—Routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb—Man, what grooming! What a natural lustre! No greasy look—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. Get Vitalis . . . at any drug counter or barber shop.

cember 27, 1947

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I'M FROM MISSOURI!

I made 'em prove that the new MOTOROLA Auto Radio is better . . . and they did!

I demanded a demonstration—and after listening to the Motorola in the salesman's car, I'm *sold.* He said it had tone like a living room console—and, by George, it *does*—no matter where or how fast you travel. He said it brought in more stations, clearer and sharper—and it does that, too. Man, what power! After he showed me how easy it will be to transfer to my new car, I was convinced—Motorola is better!

BE SKEPTICAL—HEAR IT YOURSELF!

Your nearest Motorola dealer is listed in your classified directory. Ask him for a demonstration today.

Motorola AUTO Radio

MOTOROLA, INC., CHICAGO 51, ILL.

COLLIER'S

December 27, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

PEACE ON EARTH

DEAR SIRS: After reading Frank Gervasi's article What's Wrong With U.N.? (Oct. 25th) I am convinced that its principal office consists in its revelation of the moral status of those concerned in the preservation of peace. Irresponsible people may start a world conflagration but to remove the risk it may take the eternal vigilance of all people. None may evade the risk at his pleasure. The way to conquer an enemy is to know it for what it is. In this the U.N. ably assists. Until better machinery can be provided let us not scrap the U.N.

Peace cannot reign in a region of darkness. Much light is needed to clear the paths for peace everywhere.

C. F. EMERSON, Pembina, N. Dak.

WRECK OF TECH

DEAR SIR: After each look at the Nov. 8th cover I get madder and madder. Artist Stan Ekman should be boiled without oil. Wasn't he ever a young boy like the lad in the stadium? Didn't he ever have childhood disappointments and reverses that he hoped to keep to himself and would have rather died than have them come to the attention of even his closest chum? Mr. Ekman flouts this lad's heartbreak. He better see that Tech wins the remainder of its games and get this fine lad, even you and I at his age, back in the clouds.

CLAUDE BITNEY, Milwaukee, Wis.

INCOME OUTGO

GENTLEMEN: Misunderstandings about our income tax like the one evidenced by Name Withheld (The Week's Mail, Nov. 1st) shouldn't be put in print.

The amount of the income tax due has never been a deduction, in computing tax due, against net income. If it were here's the start of what would happen when a married man with net income of $250,000 a year went to pay his tax of $191,339.50:

Net income:		$250,000.00
Less: Personal exemption:	$ 1,000.00	
Tax on $250,000 present rates:	191,339.50	
		192,339.50
Balance: (On which Name Withheld would recompute tax):		57,660.50
Tax on such a "net income" of $57,660.50		30,937.11

Thus, if the original tax of $191,339.50 had been withheld or paid in quarterly, Mr. $250,000 a year would be in a position to

(Continued on page 41)

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Who is this Man?

PERHAPS you can guess, even before we give you a clue.

You may have met him first when he was taking an active part in putting over the Community Chest Drive in your town, or helping to raise Red Cross funds.

Being a good, solid citizen—and a home-town booster, too—he's the kind of man who likes to lend a hand at neighborly jobs like these.

In fact, the life career he has chosen for himself is that of helping people.

For example, there are hundreds of people—right in your town—who will evermore be grateful to him for having shown them the key to greater security and peace of mind.

And there are boys and girls—right in your neighborhood—whose dream of a college education is coming true, thanks to him.

There are widows, too, who are facing the future unafraid, because he helped arrange it that way for them . . . and many a work-weary businessman who has been able to retire to enjoy the carefree years that lie before him—all because of this man.

Who is he? Of course you know him! He is your life insurance agent.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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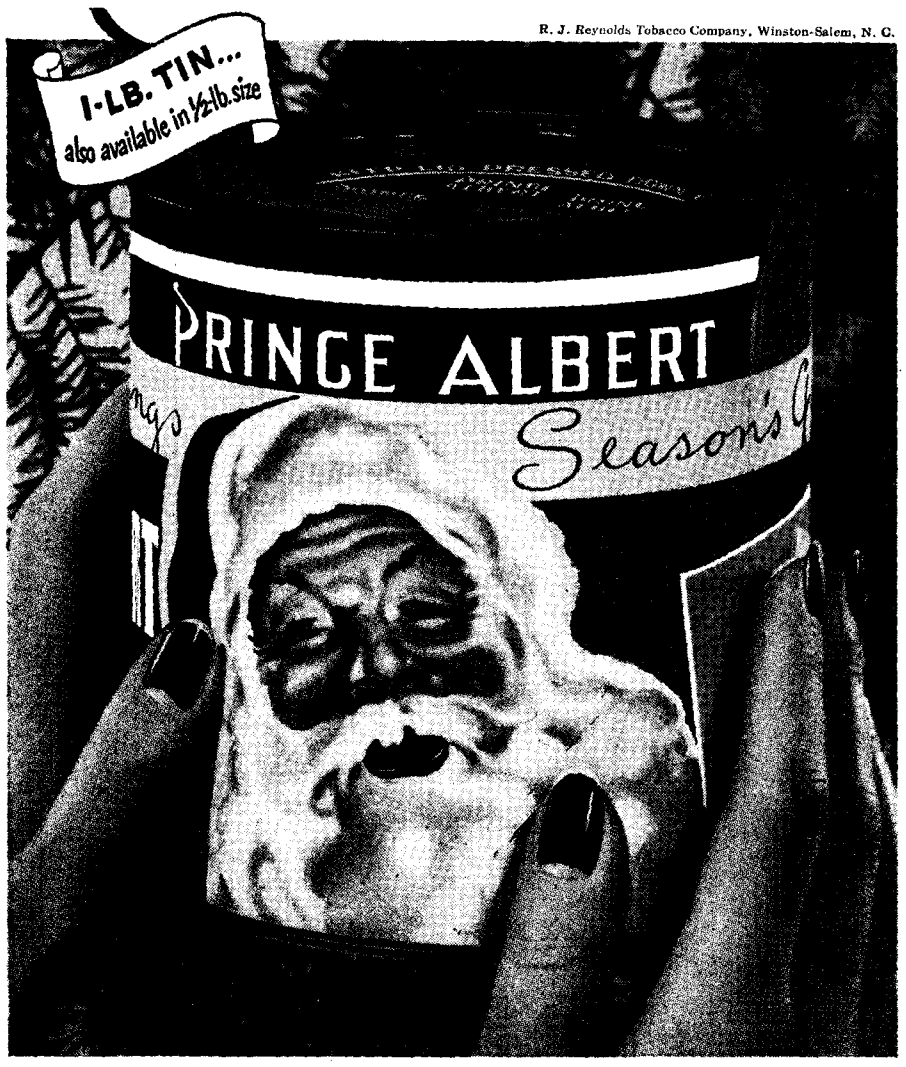
Look at this colorful, Christmas-wrapped pound tin of crimp cut Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. It's all ready to say "Merry Christmas" to Dad, to Brother — to any man who enjoys choice tobacco — in his pipe — or in roll-your-own cigarettes.

You're sure to please with crimp cut Prince Albert —because P. A. is rich tasting, mild, and easy on the tongue. Yes, you're *sure* to please with P. A.!

MORE PIPES SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT THAN ANY OTHER TOBACCO

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Along the Paraná River in the Argentine, the religious needs of the 75,000 settlers are supplied by a fleet of seven "floating cathedrals." Except for the pilothouse, the entire superstructure of each vessel is a church, complete with a steeple containing a bell and surmounted by a cross.

Psychologists who have experimented with various kinds of animals state that most mature animals learn little or nothing from their fellow animals. For example, in one test in which several monkeys inexperienced with locks watched an experienced one obtain food numerous times by unlocking the door of a cage, none learned anything about it by observation. Each had to be locked in the cage and solve the problem by the trial-and-error method.

The most widely heard speech of all time was "Acres of Diamonds," a version of the idea that there are riches in your own back yard, written by the American educator and clergyman, Dr. Russell H. Conwell (1843-1925). During the last fifty years of his life, Dr. Conwell gave this inspirational lecture in person 6,000 times before 8,000,000 people who paid some $5,000,000 to hear it.

Of the several species of tapeworms that infest man, one of the most dangerous is the *Taenia echinococcus*, which may penetrate the brain and produce a tumorlike condition that can be fatal.—*By Henry Schmiel, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

For the study of objects traveling at high velocities, a movie camera that takes 11,000,000 pictures a second has been developed at the University of Rochester, N.Y. It so slows down action that if it were used to photograph a rifle bullet traveling one foot at 2,700 feet per second, the projection of the picture at normal speed would require almost three minutes.—*By G. M. Connell, Washington, D.C.*

A singular case that mystified New York detectives in 1938 was the discovery of the embalmed body of a woman washed up on the south shore of Long Island. After a week, they learned that six months before, the woman, a foreigner, had died while visiting relatives in New York, who, wishing to follow a family custom, had obtained a permit to bury her at sea. It was granted with the provision that the casket be weighted down with 500 pounds of iron and lowered 20 miles from land. As this was done, no one knew how the corpse escaped.

In 1931 in Sydney, Australia, an eccentric named Harry Lasseter told several promoters how he, as a lone prospector 30 years before, had discovered a chain of rocks in the barren back country that contained some $5,000,000,000 worth of gold. Believing the fantastic tale, they organized an expedition and, led by Lasseter, set out to claim the fabulous reef. As he failed to find it after a search of many months, the leaders realized it existed only in the man's imagination and ordered their party home. But Lasseter went on—and died of thirst. Despite the publicity given the hoax, attempts to locate the reef were made later by at least ten other expeditions; and their rescues cost something like $2,000,000.

Every Mohammedan is taught that if he lives a righteous life on earth, eternal rewards befitting a king will be his when he dies and goes to Paradise. There, after a feast of 300 courses, he will be endowed forever with the health and vigor of a young man and then given a palace with 80,000 servants and 72 gorgeous wives possessed of perpetual youth and beauty.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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TERESA WRIGHT and DANA ANDREWS co-starring in the Samuel Goldwyn Academy Award-winning film—"The Best Years of Our Lives"

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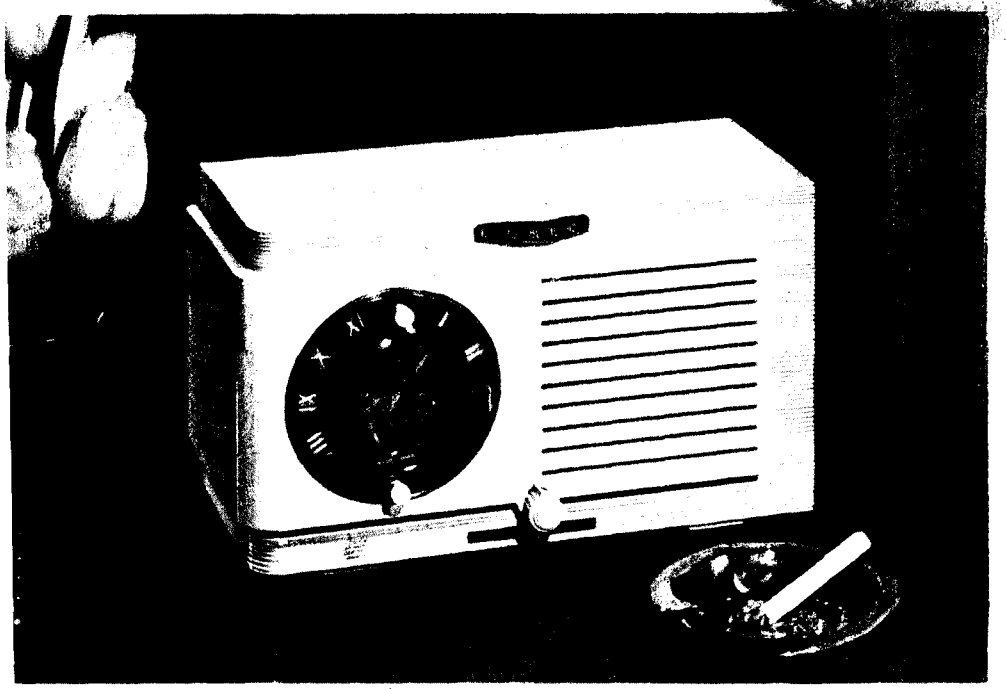
...Still time to say "Merry Christmas" with a natural color tone radio



ARE the people on your shopping list youngsters, oldsters or in-betweens . . . homebodies or are they always on the go? Whoever they are, you couldn't pick a more appropriate Christmas gift than a handsome G-E radio.

Those who live—or listen—by the clock will find a G-E clock-radio as welcome as Santa himself. For a happy combination of convenience and beauty choose a smart G-E table radio or a compact G-E portable.

Give the record lovers on your list a G-E automatic radio-phonograph for memorable moments of music in *natural color tone*. Even familiar records reveal new beauty when touched by the magic of the new G-E Electronic Reproducer. General Electric radio dealers have over 30 different models for your selection. Simply choose the set you think will play the heartiest "Merry Christmas."

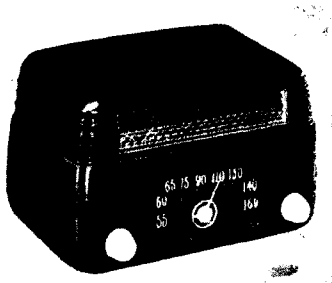
nsational new G-E clock-radio. It's a clock, a "super-t" radio, and an electronic reminder. Wakes you to music. Turns on programs automatically at any ne. Dozens of uses. Plenty of power... fine, full tone. odel 62, white plastic. Model 60, rosewood plastic.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

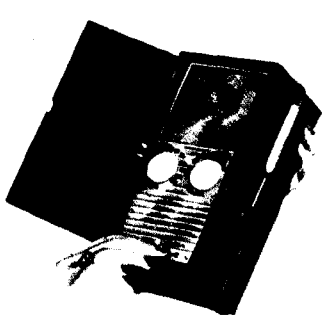
LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

170-F13

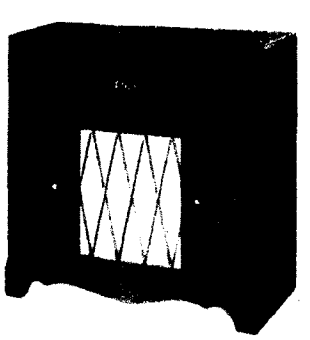
General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.



rilliant in its beauty and tone—this G-E table-radio has a smartly designed osewood plastic cabinet. Sharp tun-ng. *Natural color tone.* Model 202.



Smart, compact, powerful—3-way personal portable that's big in power, low in price. AC-DC-batteries. Ask for Model 140.



Superb radio-phonograph with G-E Electronic Reproducer. 5 radio bands. AM-FM and shortwave. See Model 417.

General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph. Automatic changer. *Natural color tone.* Amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer. Model 304.

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WEARS and WEARS

Self-Polishing Simoniz gives your floors sparkling new beauty that actually becomes brighter with use!

MILLIONS OF HOUSEWIVES ARE MAKING THIS AMAZING DISCOVERY: SELF-POLISHING SIMONIZ GIVES LOVELIER FLOORS WITH LESS CARE!

SELF-POLISHING SIMONIZ INEXPENSIVE
Pint 59c. . . . . *covers 400 sq. ft.*
Quart 98c. . . . . *covers 800 sq. ft.*
½ Gallon $1.59. *covers 1600 sq. ft.*
Gallon $2.89 . . . *covers 3200 sq. ft.*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

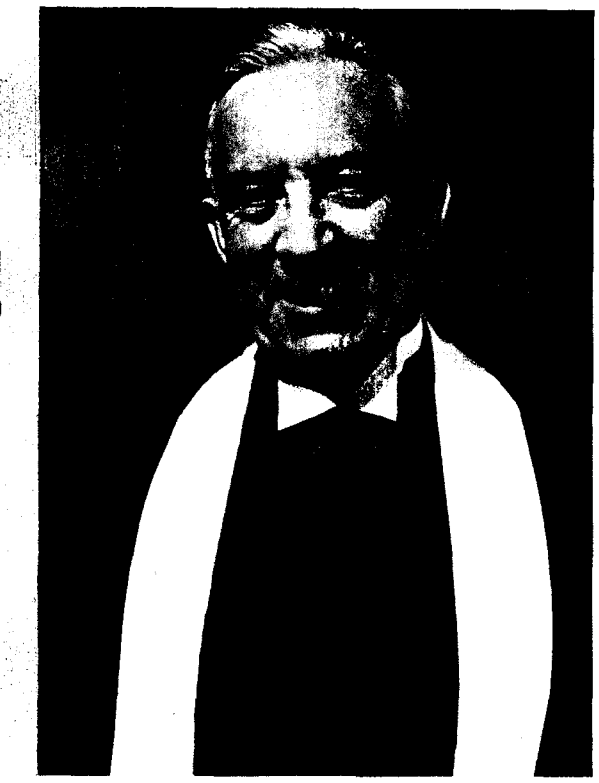
Marvelous for linoleum, finished wood, mastic or rubber tile, terrazzo floors.

No rubbing—no buffing . . . just spread on Self-Polishing Simoniz with cloth or mop applicator . . . dries to a brilliant, lasting, non-slip shine! Then dirt and spilled things wipe up easily with only a damp cloth! Only Self-Polishing Simoniz gives the same lasting beauty which makes Simoniz so famous for cars. Try it today. Buy the larger economy sizes!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

Self-Polishing SIMONIZ gives
TRADE MARK REG.
lovelier floors with less care!

THE WEEK'S WORK



Former Army Chaplain H. Lincoln MacKenzie of Greens Farms, Conn.

HANS KNOPF

THE padre in Howard Whitman's A Star to Live By (p. 11) is the Reverend H. Lincoln MacKenzie of the Congregational Church of Greens Farms, Connecticut. Mac, as he is known to the world and his happy flock, is forty-nine, married, has been at the Greens Farms Church (founded in 1711) since 1939. From '42 to '45, he was an Army chaplain, serving with the 118th General Hospital in New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea and Leyte. He came home with a shipload of wounded in '45, aboard a Norwegian tanker, taken over by the Allies.

Whitman first met MacKenzie at the General Theological Seminary in New York, where Mac was catching up on the world, taking courses.

"Mac is contagious," Whitman enthuses. "He gives out so much, it's like being next to a radiator on a cold night. . . . He talks with a Scotch burrrr, and his deep-lined face works as he talks."

MacKenzie told Whitman of a Joe who got it near Port Moresby. When MacKenzie got to him, he could only utter sounds of pain and fear. MacKenzie held his arm and recited the Twenty-third Psalm. The soldier quieted. His face, MacKenzie said, "took on an expression of serenity."

Whitman asked, "What do you think when a fellow dies in your arms like that?"

"In that case I thought to myself," he answered, "this lad isn't really gone. Only his worldly cloak is gone. There's another part of him that's indeeestrrrructible."

THE editor's favorite nightmare is that Something Awful Has Happened to a subject after the magazine has gone to press. In the case of The Crusaders' Doggie (p. 59), a round-robin rumor had it that Holy Cross Coach Alvin Julian, hero of the piece, had suddenly left us. When finally tracked down, it appeared that Julian had merely suffered an attack of indigestion, sustained from participating too freely in the rubber-chicken, bullet-pea banquet circuit, a wheel he rides with vigor, if not *rigor mortis.* Julian loves to make speeches.

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Joyce Micaela Kent is, in a way, responsible for Young Notes in New Carols on p. 20. Joyce boasts an I.Q. of 146. An accomplished composer, oddly she's just an average performer on the piano, ukulele and harp. Joyce composes entirely by ear, taking a couple of days to work out an idea, then getting her music teacher to set it down for her. Her compositions—words and music—range from funeral marches to malagueñas. One of them came to Collier's as a possible Christmas feature. It got the editors to thinking about new carols, and a little inquiry showed there were plenty of them in our schools. The result was a selection of five for publication.

YEARS ago Morton Thompson saw a woman under opiates dying in a hospital with a man at her side, while a doctor said she had only an hour to live and should he bring her back. "I never forgot it," says Thompson, "although I left the room before I heard the answer. When I left Hollywood recently to return to writing, there it was in my notebook—all but the answer. So I went to work on The Last Word (p. 56)."

Thompson describes himself as a beat-up ex-newsman and the recent author of the movie My Brother Talks to Horses. He's married to Frances Pindyck, literary agent, and now lives in Auburn, California, where "I am hunting, fishing, prospecting and doing a book for Doubleday, Pindyck & Thompson, and writing for the magazines—all like mad!"

DICK FRIENDLICH got the idea for I Told You So (p. 40) all unwittingly from his wife, Betty, in '44, when he wrote her from Foggia, Italy, where he was with Uncle Sam, to New Delhi, where she was with the OWI, that he'd bet on the Browns to beat the Cards in the World Series that year. "She replied by air mail I must have rocks in my head," says Friendlich, "since even she knew the Cards were going to win. This keen perception on the part of the girl who in seven years of wedded bliss with a sports writer never indicated she knew third base from an umpire, amazed me.

"Since then I have resumed my duties as third-string sports oracle of the San Francisco Chronicle. My wife writes radio scripts and keeps her mouth shut, since Francia, one, and our Scottie, Malcolm, make so much noise I couldn't hear her anyway."

This week's cover: Christmas in Peacetime, by C. C. Beall. And all our heartfelt greetings to the readers of Collier's. . . . TED SHANE

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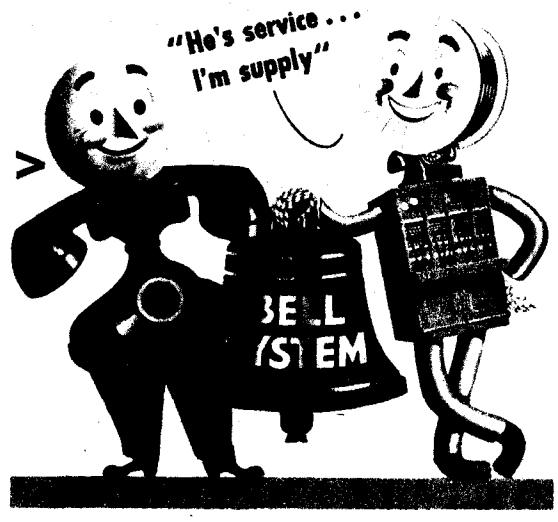
More telephone service coming for you

. . . through close-knit teamwork by these two >



Here's a close-up of Bell Telephone teamwork that is going on every day to bring you better-than-ever service.

Working right beside telephone company operators are Western Electric installers — enlarging switchboards in hundreds of central offices to meet the record demand for telephone service.

As supply member of the Bell Telephone team, Western Electric builds these complex switchboards —"custom tailored" to the particular needs of each exchange—and does the intricate on-the-spot wiring and connecting that readies the boards to serve you.

In making telephone equipment, buying supplies, distributing both to Bell Telephone companies, and installing switchboards, close-knit teamwork between Western Electric and its teammates assures utmost efficiency and economy.

Western Electric has always been an integral part of your Bell Telephone service—helping to make it the world's best at the lowest possible cost.

MANUFACTURER . . . of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

PURCHASER . . . of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR . . . of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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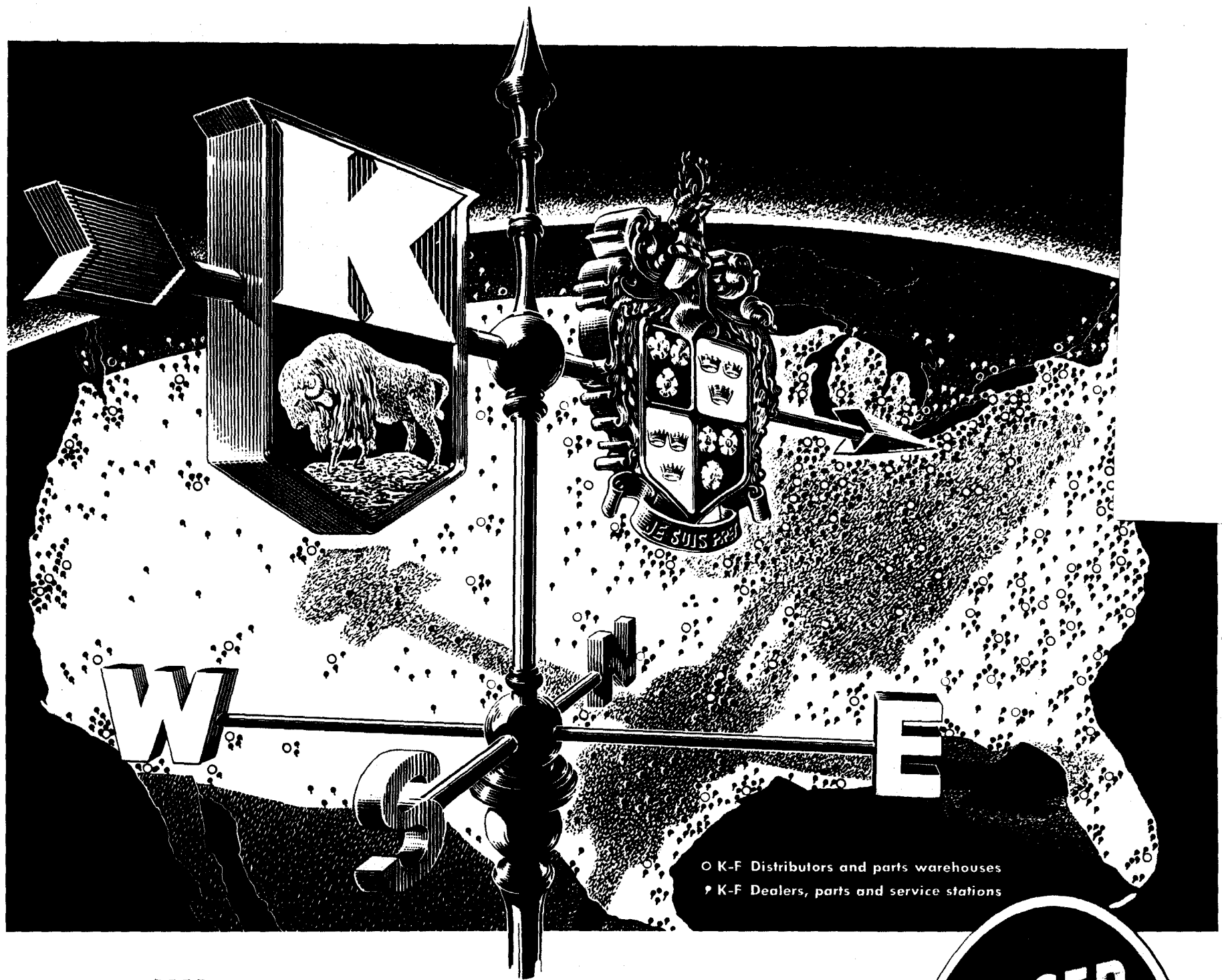

Wherever you go...

YOU'LL FIND EXPERT KAISER AND FRAZER SERVICE —AND IT IS BEING CONSTANTLY EXPANDED!

Kaiser-Frazer distributors and dealers now make up one of the *four largest* motor car sales and service organizations in the world. More than 4,000 strong, they assure Kaiser and Frazer owners of first-class, courteous service and genuine factory parts, wherever they may go.

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A STAR TO LIVE BY

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

When Americans fought for the foxholes and the beaches and the jungle thickets all over the world, the chaplains gave them the faith to carry on. Can they still do it? What has the padre to offer Americans who are perplexed and doubtful at Christmas, 1947? What paths lead to safety and hope? The Reverend H. Lincoln MacKenzie was a wartime padre in the Pacific theater. But he did not leave his faith there. He came back to put it to work in the Congregational Church at Greens Farms, Connecticut. Here is a conversation between him and a veteran named Joe. It might be any chaplain — Protestant, Catholic or Jew — speaking. And Joe might be any American, including you.

JOE: So this is peace! I'm more confused now than I was at the front, Padre. And I'm more scared. Listen, Padre, what did we fight for? Out there in New Guinea when the going was rough I could talk to you. You gave me the answers. Who's got the answers now? The church and the synagogue? Oh, no, Padre. I go into the church with my problems—and what do I come out with? The same problems!

Padre: Religion is failing you, eh, Joe?

Joe: And how!

Padre: Maybe you have a legitimate gripe there, fellow. A good many of us clergymen are counting noses in the churches instead of getting out with our people and wrestling with what ails 'em.

Joe: That's what I mean, Padre. In the war we were scared, we were homesick, maybe we had trouble with our wives or sweethearts—whatever it was, you padres had the answer. Where are you now? That's what I want to know! Where are you now?

Padre: Too many of us are in our studies, writing sermons. You're right, Joe, we ought to be out in the parish. We ought to be ringing doorbells. We ought to be making religion live.

Joe: You agree with me, Padre? My gripe's okay?

Padre: Sure I agree with you. I'm trying it in my own parish. I go out calling any time of the day, same as in New Guinea.

Joe: But what can you tell them, Padre? You can't make sense out of a cockeyed world. You can't dress up this mess we're in and make it pretty.

Padre: How old are you, Joe?

Joe: Thirty-one.

Padre: You haven't lived long enough to see that we've had messes like this before. We've come through. The thing that brings us through is our convictions, Joe—the things we believe in. When we're not sure what we believe in, we get confused and our minds are fogged. That's when we grow afraid.

Joe: We're in a real pea-soup fog now, Padre.

Padre: We are. We used to have convictions about God. When man was a few hundred years younger, he felt he was a big shot and that his earth was the center of the universe. He believed that God personally made him in His own image, and personally watched over him. Then science kicked over the applecart. Our own little earth has come to seem very insignificant in the plan of things, and man feels quite deflated.

Somebody tells us we are descended from monkeys. Somebody else says we came from sea scum. Today most people don't know where God fits into the picture. They don't know whether they came from Adam and Eve, from monkeys, from sea scum—or what not.

Joe: Well, what about it, Padre? I ran a radar station in New Guinea. *(Continued on page 53)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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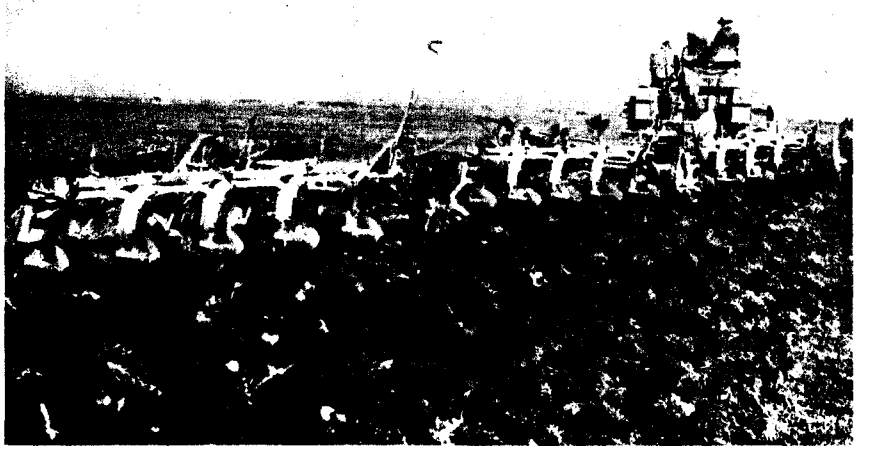
WE ARE PLOWING A NEW DUST BOWL

BY WESSEL SMITTER

The big Diesels are breaking the plains with gang plows sixty feet wide and already the 1947 drought has warned that the rain cycle is ending. Soil experts say you can look for the dust storm any time now



EWING GALLOWAY

Huge gang plows like this, which turns over 4½ acres an hour, are opening the land for the golden flood of wheat. When dry days come, this land will blow

IN CENTRAL Kansas, in Oklahoma, Nebraska and Texas they still tell stories about the dust storms that swept out of the Great Plains back in the thirties and spread a pall of gloom across half a continent. There is the one about a gopher that burrowed nine feet up above the ground before realizing that it was no longer on terra firma. There is the one about the farmer in Kansas who developed a reputation as a soil taster by sticking his moistened hand out of the window, sampling the mud on his finger, and saying, "That's Texas going by."

They are old-timers, mostly, who tell these grim jokes, but the old-timers are not the only ones who remember what it was like to cough mud, to eat from a cloth-covered can, or to wake up in the morning and find one ear filled with sand. It is barely fourteen years ago that the first dust storms brought disaster to the Great Plains and drove men to lengthy and expensive measures which, they were sure, guaranteed that America would never again choke on its own topsoil.

The Great Plains are probably nature's richest gift to the farmer. More than 1,200 miles deep and averaging some 500 miles in width, they contain some 400,000,000 acres, about a fifth of the total land in the United States. More than a quarter of this vast acreage is almost ideally suited to the production of wheat; nearly all of it is the kind of land that the hill farmer in the Ozarks, the sharecropper in the deep South, or the stone picker on his small plot of ground in New England is likely to call up in his dreams.

Its eastward slope is just right for good drainage, there are no hills, swamps, rocks or gulleys to speak of;

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U.S.D.A.

This pattern, made by contour plowing, provides more than a pretty picture: here erosion has been stopped by farmers and the U.S. Soil Conservation Service

U.S.D.A.

Dust storms like this darkened the skies of the thirties, smothered many a farmer's livelihood, ruined great areas of U.S. farmland. They may come again

winter temperatures are just right to keep pests and plant diseases under control, and the natural fertility of the soil is such that farmers do not know what it is to lay out money for fertilizers, and even today, land that has been cropped for a quarter of a century is still capable of producing 20, 30 or 40 bushels of wheat per acre year after year without an ounce of added plant food.

In addition to this, the land offers a solid footing for heavy machinery and is adaptable to large fields. All of which adds up to a couple of facts, namely, that the Great Plains represent a machine-minded farmer's Utopia and a bountiful source of food for the American consumer.

But U.S. Soil Conservation Service men—sometimes they are called "soil" men in their home towns—are worried about this farmer's paradise. The question about which they are most concerned today is: Are we headed for another Dust Bowl in the near future? Nearly all those I talked to were men whose work keeps them in close contact with what is going on today on the plains. All those I talked to said yes. And most of them added that it will be worse this time; that it will be more difficult to bring the wild land under control. All this in spite of the new soil-control techniques that have been learned in recent years.

Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson recently stated, "What is happening today closely follows the pattern of the disastrous plow-up after World War I that gave us first a bankrupting surplus and then a horrifying Dust Bowl."

What was the pattern then? What is it now?

At the time of World War I, there was a sudden food shortage and a world-wide demand for more wheat. Then as now, the wheat growers did a magnificent job during the war. Rain fell when needed. For three straight years wheat topped the two-dollar mark, and farmers had money to spend for more land and newer machinery.

But the big expansion did not come during the war; it came later. Records show that wheat plantings were less than 50,000,000 acres in 1917. Two years later that figure had topped the 70,000,000 mark and was still spiraling upward. A lot of this increase was due to a change in farming techniques.

"There had been a revolution in farming," a seventy-year-old Kansas farmer said, "and nobody knew it. The gasoline engine and the rubber tire put the horse on the shelf. I used to keep 22 head the year round. Used to keep 200 acres in hay, oats and pasture, but when I got a tractor, a combine and a couple of trucks, I got rid of every horse on the place and put all that extra land into wheat."

Multiply this farmer's experience by that of a million others working the plains, and you have most of the story. There were others, of course: lawyers and doctors who bought land and machines and got into the wheat game, but in the earlier postwar boom, it was mainly the farmer who turned the grasslands into wheat fields.

Prices broke in 1920, but plantings continued to be heavy for three or four years. Plans had been made, new machinery bought, and farmers hoped to beat the unfavorable market by hammering down costs. It didn't work. In the early thirties the price of wheat fell to thirty-five, twenty-five, and then twenty-four cents a bushel. Two-bit

(Continued on page 64)

U.S.D.A.

These sand dunes, some 100 feet high, are end product of heedless plowing

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THE NEXT HILL

BY JOHN C. NEFF

Thirst can kill a man in the desert
—and a selfless love can save him

THE wolf's howl came again through the black night. Jed had allowed his head to rest on his knees, but now he sat up. Easily, so as not to frighten the horses, he moved his long arms about, to get the chill out of them. From somewhere in the north, and a little more to the west, came the wail of another wolf.

Jed Dodge stood up, working his dry mouth. He removed the smooth pebble that had been under his tongue all night and swallowed. Then he put it back again. It would be morning in a little while. He hadn't much time left. He had taken the whole night, just thinking about it.

Suddenly he left the horses and mules and stepped over to where the water barrel rested at the rear of his father's wagon. Again he paused. He listened. There was no sound but the eerie murmur of wind touching the dead buffalo grass and the still-warm sand. There was no sound from the wagon except the rough snoring of his parents. It was the way they used to snore after an exhausting day in Mister Landemere's lush, rich fields way back in Ohio. It meant they wouldn't wake easily.

Jed let out his breath and relaxed. He had little difficulty in lifting the water barrel down to the ground, for it was not half full. He carried it several paces from his father's wagon and set it on the ground. Then he went noiselessly to the front of Missus Cotter's wagon. In a few minutes he was back, carrying a small jug, the one poor Sam Cotter had kept his whisky in. When he had filled it to the brim, he returned it to the Cotter wagon. No one, now that Sam was gone, would ever think of looking into it for water. Quickly, Jed lifted the barrel back onto his father's wagon. Then he once more began to pace back and forth beside the tiny camp.

From time to time he glanced at the long slope of land immediately to the west. At sundown he had climbed it. As it had been every day since they crossed the Mississippi the sunset was brilliant. But he'd come away disappointed. The old-timer who'd helped them outfit their wagons in St. Louis had told him that when he saw the mountains, they'd be almost at the river. He'd said reaching the river and their first glimpse of the Colorado mountains would occur in one day. After that, he'd said, their troubles would be over. But they hadn't reached the river. And Jed hadn't seen the mountains.

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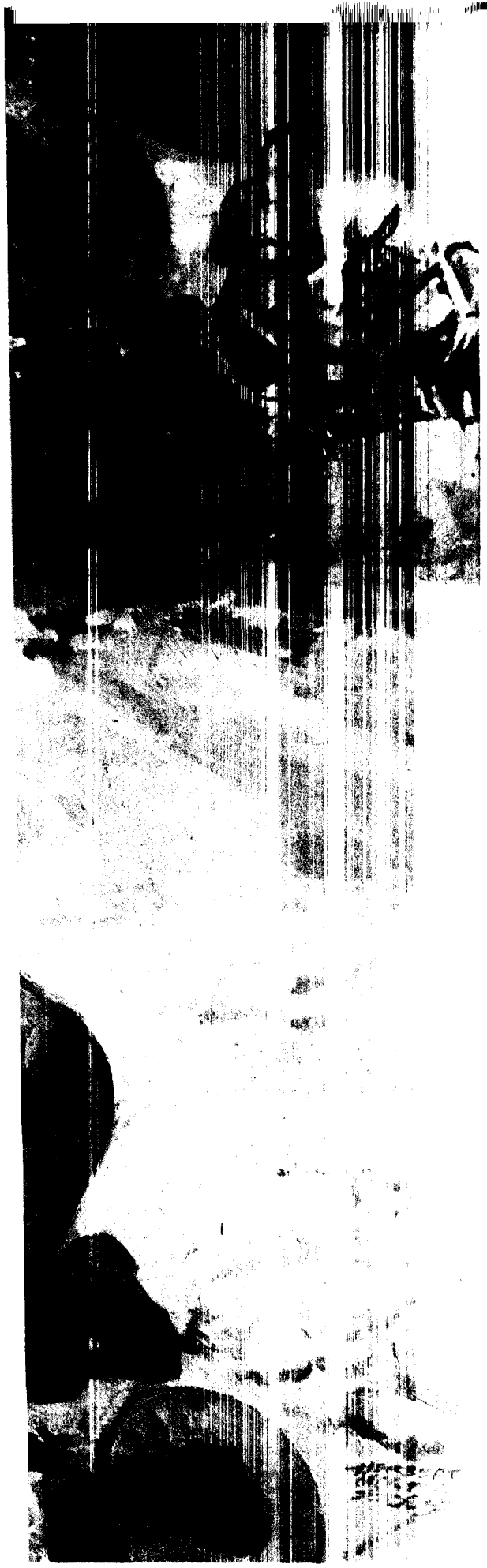

Frantically Jed sank his fingers into the sand. Mary brought him a pick. "Use this," she said, "and I'll get a spade from your father's wagon"

Jed wasn't sure why, but his father and uncle were leaning on him more each day. For years he had heard them talk about this wonderful journey from Mister Landemere's Ohio farms to the unfenced freedom of what would be their own land in the Colorado Territory. And in another year, in 1876, people were saying Colorado would be a state! Free land had been there for the taking for a long time. Before the war, gold in the mountains had drawn hordes of men out there. But it was the chance of developing new farms that had inspired Esau Dodge and Uncle Harry Owen and Sam Cotter to travel westward. Besides, they'd got the wanderlust, Jed had heard them say, during the war. It was in their blood and it had to be satisfied. Neither man spoke of it now: They were despairing. Jed remembered how they came back from the war full of ideas and enthusiasm. Of course if they'd had money enough maybe they could have traveled on the railroad and they wouldn't have had to do this by wagon. But they didn't have money. They'd started out with their belongings—and hope. It was all gone now, that hope. Vanished. Maybe war did something to some men, Jed reasoned. Maybe it made them too anxious, too impatient, too tired. Maybe they lived so intensely during the war that this slow, plodding, dragging across the earth was by comparison a maddening thing.

Jed himself suffered from none of his elders' disenchantment. The goal of their journey was for him still a goal to be achieved. All his life he had been inspired and stirred by marvelous tales of the conquest of the West, of Carson and Frémont and Pike, of Indians now pacified, of the building of the railroads, of the founding of territories and new states . . . and always the men who had done these things were young—young like himself, young and heedless of disappointments.

Those other thousands had all succeeded: There was no reason why their own little train shouldn't succeed as well!

JED looked away from the night. On the eastern horizon lay a thread of light. It was the gray light that comes before dawn.

He sat down and watched it grow, and he saw it make a silhouette of Missus Cotter's ancient Conestoga wagon—the only wagon, now, without a man. Now that Sam was dead, Mary Cotter and her mother were alone. Things were doubly hard for them, for Sam had been good to his wife and Mary. From the time Jed's pa and Sam and Uncle Harry Owen decided to quit slaving for Mister Landemere and strike west for Colorado and farmland of their own, old Sam had been the life of the party. Sitting there on his wagon, he always sang to his wife. Even after they left St. Louis and reached the plains and everyone was struck by the idea that maybe they were lost, Sam kept right on singing to her. It was just as if he had been telling her not to worry, that what the man in St. Louis had said about getting lost was a lot of foolishness, that plenty of folks had crossed the plains and desert without a speck of trouble, and that he'd soon be building her a stout home on land they could call their own. He'd always sung softly to her, as if he wanted no one but her to hear. Now Sam was dead. There was no man in the Cotter wagon, no one to sing. . . .

"Jed, boy! Jed!"

Jed shook himself. He had fallen asleep. But a glance at the horizon told him it had been only for a minute or two. He looked up at his father's unshaven face.

"Mornin', Pa. Sleep?" He had to swallow once to get the words out.

For an answer Esau Dodge pointed a finger to the west. Jed looked beyond the wagons. There was no color on the horizon, no clouds, nothing at all but the rising sun. It'd be a scorcher again.

"Look, Pa. I'll drive Missus Cotter today. I could take the lead with her wagon, Pa."

The elder Dodge stood without speaking. He was a monument of indecision.

"I studied the stars last night," Jed went on, lying, "an' I reckon I know the right way now. Maybe I should take the lead, Pa."

"All right, son. You'n drive for Missus Cotter." Esau leaned closer and added, "She ain't rightly fit to be drivin'." He paused, looked off into space, and then went on, "Every day the sky's the same. Empty. Hot. An' I keep thinkin' how Harry an' I used to talk about this trip, how great it would be an' all!" He turned and looked at Jed. "But mind now, mind what I have to tell you now. . . ." His voice trailed off and Jed saw that he had forgotten what he meant to say. It was as if he no longer cared.

Uncle Harry Owen, a short, pudgy man, came up and planted himself in front of them. "What d'you make of it, Esau?"

"Dunno," said Esau.

Jed repeated what he'd told his father about the stars. "So I'll just be first today in Missus Cotter's wagon."

Uncle Harry puffed up. "Not on your life, you won't! I'll do the leadin'," he boomed petulantly. He looked westward, intently. It was as if he were trying to prove he knew all about leading.

"What about the horses, Jed?" Esau cried suddenly.

Until today Jed had herded them. "They'll stay close by, Pa." An idea flashed across his mind: Maybe the horses, left on their own, would lead them to water! He told this to his father.

"Maybe," said Esau, but his voice was flat. It had none of its old vigor.

"Then let's get started," cried Jed. "We're gonna see that river today sure. Then the mountains." He knew both men were staring at him as if he'd just gone loco. As though to prove he meant what he said, he stood on his toes and again peered westward. "We're gonna see that river today sure," he repeated.

The sun climbed higher and grew hotter and shriveled everything beneath it. Jed ran his tongue over his dry, cracked lips. He held the reins loosely in his hands and watched the waddling mules below him. He thanked God that mules could stand heat almost more than any other kind of team. He did not raise his gaze from their backs. There was little point—for ahead were his father's wagon and Uncle Harry's, and beyond them was the sizzling ocean of land. Everywhere the sky was colorless.

Suddenly Missus Cotter took to complaining again. She and Mary were under the stifling Osnaburg wagon sheet behind him.

"Sam, if we only hadn't left Ohio! I know—it wasn't ours, Sam. But there was grass, an' water was always in the well!"

Jed listened as Mary tried to calm the woman. She had a voice that was rich and full for her twenty years. It was a voice he could listen to forever.

"There, Ma, lie down now."

"But, Sam, if only we hadn't come! Remember how back home I used to sit on the porch an' rock quiet like."

"But, Ma, do lie down again." There was a trace of panic in Mary's voice.

The wagon went on, bumping and creaking. In any direction he looked, Jed could see waves of heat rising to the whitened sky.

"Sam, oh, Sam!" moaned the woman. "I believe I'm thirsty, Sam. Go out to the well for me, Sam."

Jed turned and looked under the wagon sheet. Mary was staring at her mother. Jed said, "I guess we'd best stop for a spell." Then he turned away. He didn't want to look at Mary just now. He didn't like seeing her this way. Not with her small blue eyes beginning to brim over with tears. "She's right tired, your ma is. We'd best stop." He began to draw in the reins.

"No! Don't stop. For God's sake, no!" Again there was that panic in Mary's voice.

"But the bouncing an' all. Maybe we best?"

"No, Jed. We got to go on. We must!" The panic was gone. It was as if she had drawn courage from his own doubt.

"All right," he said quietly. She must know, after all, that they couldn't stop now. There could be no stopping now, unless they reached the river. They must reach it before long. Before the water in the barrels went down, inch by inch, to nothingness.

"Sam! Stop them mules. Hear me, Sam?" Missus Cotter was sitting up now, thrashing her arms against her daughter's breast.

"Ma! It's *me*, Mary!"

Jed looked away. The mules waddled slowly forward.

"It's all right," whispered Mary after a little while. "She's asleep now." And then, above the wagon noises he heard her deep sigh.

ESAU DODGE'S big wagon groaned heavily up ahead. And beyond it, Uncle Harry's. Jed wondered how Mary and her mother stood it. For a moment he had a mind to sing to them. The songs Sam had sung. But he didn't. He saw it might frighten Missus Cotter more than ever.

In the middle of the afternoon, when Jed figured they had come about ten miles, the weather changed abruptly. At first he thought he must be seeing things. An enormous cloud appeared in the northwest, hugging close to the ground. It was jet black at its center and frayed grayish on its edges. That must be one of them rainstorms coming, like the man in St. Louis talked about, Jed thought. His father and his uncle must have seen it too, for they had stopped their teams. Jed drew his reins in, locked the brakes and got *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

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RUSSEL WRIGHT

In Lower Silesia new nationals of Poland, like this girl, are pressing every member of each farm family into the task of making "recovered" territories pay off

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Hitler's former arsenal in Upper Silesia is the core of Poland's new industrial life. Here molten steel runs from a furnace that was captured by the Soviets

THE POLISH DREAM

BY ERIKA MANN

MY VISA to Poland was granted within two days. With it, I received a letter from the Polish embassy at Prague warmly recommending me to all Polish authorities en route and giving assurance I could cross the boundary by automobile at whatever point I saw fit. My trip seemed to be getting off to an incredibly good start.

My road map indicated that a point near Jelenia Gora, formerly known as Hirschberg, would be the most logical spot for crossing the border. When I arrived in my ancient German Adler (vintage 1932) the usual formalities were quickly disposed of. My Czech visa, which was valid for a single journey and no more, was canceled and I proceeded through four kilometers of weed-infested no man's land toward what appeared to be a minor Maginot line.

The edge of Poland was spiked with a three-ply fence of wicked-looking barbed wire. From behind it Polish soldiers shouted a stern refusal to let me proceed. I demanded to see the commandant. In due course he appeared on the scene, elegantly dressed in an outfit of black and silver. The young man perused my credentials, commented politely on the excellence of their quality as diplomatic papers, and informed me, with regrets, that no one, not even an ambassador, would be permitted to cross the frontier at Jelenia Gora. The place to go, he said, was Frydlant, some 70 kilometers distant.

History repeated itself at Frydlant; the Poles refused to be moved by my plight. Once again frustrated Czech customs officials had to be talked into permitting me to cross back into their country.

Then, on the second day of what had begun to look like a really hopeless venture, I encountered a Czech patrol that was better informed than the officials with whom I had previously had contact. These men told me there were just three crossing points that were open to automobiles along the entire 758-kilometer Czech-Polish border. The nearest authorized frontier, they said, was at Náchod, 90 kilometers away. An hour after my Adler had limped into Náchod I was permitted to enter what Poland calls her "recovered territories."

The former German region in what is now western Poland, an area smaller than the land ceded by Poland to Russia but vastly more valuable, is the dreamland of the much-partitioned neighbor of the Soviets. The grant of 61,000 square miles was made at the Potsdam Conference in compensation for the 104,000 square miles in eastern Poland that went to Russia.

The new addition is rich in raw materials, in developed industries, and in agricultural assets. In the face of the destruction wrought there, the actual value of Poland's gains is hard to assess and probably lies below the Potsdam estimate of $9,000,000,000. Even so, this acquisition is worth substantially more than the lost lands behind the Curzon line, estimated to be $3,600,000,000. Potentially, at least, Poland is today one of the wealthiest countries in Europe.

Dispute Over Lands Foreseen

But these so-called recovered territories were likely to be among the most hotly disputed issues when a peace treaty with Germany came up for discussion. Would the land exchange agreed upon at Potsdam be considered permanent? The Poles, who stand ready to fight for their new hopes, would say yes—most emphatically yes. The Russians, who have never been popular with the Poles, would not hear of any further changes either. Germany, on the other hand, and with her, Poland's Anglo-American allies, were inclined to question the finality of the Potsdam settlement.

In defending her claim to what constitutes a third of her entire postwar territory, Poland was ready to insist that these territories are ancient Polish soil, which in the course of eight centuries the Germans acquired illegally by means of aggressive warfare; that they are indispensable to Poland, whereas Germany can manage without them; that while Germany never derived the greatest possible benefit from her eastern and northeastern possessions, Poland is eager and able to develop and exploit these lands properly, to her own advantage as well as to that of Europe.

For the first couple of driving hours after you get over the border, Lower Silesia does little to justify the last claim. Although villages, farmhouses and country hotels in the areas near the border are comparatively intact, they seem all but uninhabited. Abandoned hamlets, untilled fields and roads disfigured by pits mark the face of a spooky landscape. More than two years have passed since its inhabitants fled. All German street names and signposts have been replaced by Polish letterings, which, of course, bear no similarity to corresponding markings on available maps. You can easily get lost in the silent maze.

Finally I became hopelessly mixed up and decided to park by the side of the road and wait for help to come along. Night had fallen and I felt none too cozy. An officer who was passing by stopped at my hail and came over to the car. He was not entirely sober. He squeezed his body halfway through the door window and unceremoniously attempted to open my coat. When I resisted he suggested, with a broken accent, that since it was getting

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WIDE WORLD

Ilse Lachmann, 27-year-old war nurse and one of the last of the Germans left in Wroclaw, works at collecting scrap iron for the Polish government steel trust

RUSSEL WRIGHT

Even though it seemed to the author that Polish farmers were well treated, men like this peasant resented their government and the "Russian archenemy"

New lands wrested from Germany by Russia make Poland potentially one of the wealthiest countries in Europe. Startlingly, a well-known journalist finds that hatred for the Soviet Union is almost universal among Poles in this hotly disputed territory

late I had better join him in his quarters.

I declined, and the man became so persistent that I was forced to jerk my car into motion with enough abruptness to shake him loose. He was slightly hurt in the process, I was soon to learn. The street down which I fled was dead-end and when I turned back to find another way out I encountered not one but eight officers, including the persistent one.

"Stop!" they shouted. "Stop, or we shoot!"

Long after I had halted they were still pointing their weapons at me and I didn't like the nervous way in which they did it. I decided on a small offensive of my own. Jumping out of the car I raised my letter as if it were a shield and at the top of my voice screamed:

"Watch out for yourselves, or you'll be exceedingly sorry!"

Unwelcome Escorts

The men were taken aback and lowered their firearms. But they would not let me proceed until four of them had manned the running boards and the rest had formed an outer, walking barricade against the danger they said the night contained. I felt anything but secure and it was not until they had gone, suddenly, at the entrance to a forest, that I considered myself safe.

After numerous false turns and detours in the black woods I reached Walbrzych, the first sizable town on my route. It was breakfast time and I was very hungry. The embassy Poles had said I would be well fed wherever I went, but if this prediction was to prove no more reliable than their information on the boundary, my chances were slim.

I went into a restaurant, sat down and when the waiter approached asked doubtfully, in English first, then in French and finally in German:

"Eggs?"

"Ja wohl," replied the waiter. "Ham, too?"

He brought three eggs and a portion of ham the equivalent of the weekly ration of a large English family.

At a neighboring table two men were reading the morning papers. Secretary Marshall figured in the headlines. We got to talking.

They spoke German without an accent and, when they learned that I was a newspaperwoman, they wanted to know for what sort of newspaper I was working.

"A conservative one," I said, curious as to how they would take it.

The two smiled nostalgically.

"Conservative, oh, beautiful!" one of them said with great feeling.

They were not Germans, they stated. They were "autochthones"—Polish by ancestry and blood, although, like their parents and grandparents, born under German domination. More than one million autochthones live in the recovered territories, Germans who, owing to some remote Polish background, have been nominated Poles.

Of the 32,000,000 Poles Hitler set out to enslave, not more than 24,000,000 survived. Over 6,000,000 civilians including 3,200,000 Jews perished under the Germans.

Many Germans Stayed On

An acute man-power shortage prevented the postwar government from relieving the recovered territories entirely of their German population. The majority was expelled according to the provisions of the Potsdam agreement, but an admitted 400,000—specialists, mining engineers, technicians—were allowed to stay. Together with the autochthones they form about one third of the present population of the reclaimed areas.

My neighbors in the restaurant didn't like their government and said so fairly soon, if in very low voices. Nor, for that matter, did they like the Russians, whom they considered beasts.

"But we are at their mercy," they lamented. "Look at the Marshall Plan and the chances it offered our country. We wanted to go—even the government knew that we had better. But then the Soviets said no."

It deserves to be noted, though, that while in the early days of the Marshall talks this attitude was widespread among thinking Poles, including Socialists, it altered quickly and radically. By the end of August most Poles seemed to feel that the reindustrialization of Germany was America's real objective and that whatever aid non-German Europe might eventually receive would be too little, too late and too dearly paid for by a German power renaissance.

Figured at the official exchange rate, breakfast was expensive. The dollar rates 117 zlotys, and I paid 380 for my meal. Unofficially you can get up to 700 zlotys for one greenback, if you are ready to break the law and to search at great length for one of the few spots where such transactions take place. Poland's currency black marketeers can be sentenced to death if they are caught, and consequently they are not too easily found.

Except for a few beer-drinking soldiers, the autochthones and myself were the only guests in the place.

"People can't afford these prices," the waiter told me. "A skilled worker makes about 9,000 zlotys a month, just enough to buy twenty decent breakfasts."

(Continued on page 34)

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IT WAS forty years ago, when Ella and I were only in the second grade, but I remember it vividly because it was the first time either Ella or I ever saw an automobile; it was the first time our Uncle Steve ever saw Miss Nancy Hilton; and it was the first time Miss Nancy saw either Uncle Steve or Rosebud, the housebroke hog. It is impossible to say now who was the most impressed, but there is no doubt it was a remembering day all around.

Neither Ella nor I knew Miss Nancy Hilton would come to our house in an automobile, but we knew she was comnig. The day before—that was a Friday—she had kept us after school. "I think it is necessary," she said, "that I call on your family."

I couldn't see any benefit in that. "We ain't got any family," I said, "except Uncle Steve."

Ella giggled. "And Rosebud," she said. Ella was my twin, and because we had been raised so close together I looked on her as another boy, or almost. Her hair was cut short (or at least as short as mine, which was cut whenever the spirit moved Uncle Steve to cut it) and she wore overalls the same as I did.

"Rosebud?" Miss Nancy said. "Is she your aunt?"

"No'm."

"A little sister?"

Ella started to giggle again. "Rosebud ain't kin," I said.

Miss Nancy colored faintly. "Very well," she said. "Tell your uncle that I wish to talk to him. I will drive out to your house tomorrow afternoon."

So the next day, eating midday dinner, Ella and I were telling Uncle Steve how all of us ought to go fishing, right away. We had neglected to mention Miss Nancy's prospective visit. "The Plutney kids caught a trout as big as a hog this morning," I said. "They caught so many they had to throw 'em away."

Uncle Steve was a man who worked hard when he worked; he owned his ranch and maybe five hundred head of cattle and he looked after them almost without help. But it was no trouble to talk him into fishing on a Saturday afternoon. He said, "All right. You and Ella dig some worms, and—"

He stopped. He tilted his head to one side, listening.

We all heard it. It was a noise something like the wind rattling palm fronds, and more like a bunch of hogs eating corn. It kept getting closer and louder. "What in hell?" Ella said.

"Don't cuss," Uncle Steve said, still listening. He was puzzled, even though he was a man who had traveled as far as Jacksonville and Tampa more than once; he had even been to Gainesville to school one year and he knew a lot of things. But all at once he yelled, "That's an automobile!" and ran to the door.

Ella and I took one look at each other. "Miss Nancy!" Ella said, and we went out the back door, fast.

WE CIRCLED the house and headed for the front, keeping a bunch of guava bushes and some palmettos between us and the road. But we got to the guava bushes in time to crouch down and watch the car go past. I still remember it. It looked big as a train engine, black and shiny, and there was nothing pulling it and nothing pushing it. Miss Nancy Hilton sat high up on the front seat. She had a scarf wrapped over her hat and tied under her chin, and the ends of the scarf whipped in the breeze. There was a man driving. He wore a cap with green spots on it and a pair of goggles so big they hid most of his face.

The car stopped right in front of the gate; it sighed and went quiet, kind of settling down like a dog going to sleep. The driver took off his cap and goggles and got out, and I could see he was Mr. Elbert Adams whose father owned the bank in Tonekka. He opened the car door for Miss Nancy and she told him to wait and went up the walk to our house.

Ella pulled at my sleeve. "Come on!" she whispered.

We ran back to the kitchen. Uncle Oscar was at the wood stove, and he was beginning to sing, but not louder than a whisper yet. He always started to sing on Saturday afternoon. He was an old Negro with white hair and only one eye and he used to say he didn't need a calendar to keep time: He said he would know Sunday anyway because he woke up with a hang-over. But he was a good cook and he'd been with Uncle Steve since Uncle Steve was born.

"What devilment y'all up to?" he asked.

The hog was housebroke—the household was heartbroke

THE HOUSEBROKI

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Miss Nancy falling to the floor in a wild flutter of petticoats was something to see. Making grunting noises of amazement, Rosebud started after Miss Nancy

HOG

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

Ella put a finger to her lips and tiptoed across to the door. I went after her.

Miss Nancy was sitting quite straight upon the edge of the big chair, and across the room from her, on a straight chair, Uncle Steve was sitting even straighter. He was looking at Miss Nancy with a dazed, moon-struck expression, the way I saw him look at a fourteen-pound trout he caught one time. Miss Nancy wore a white shirtwaist with a black bow tie. A sailor hat sat on top of her piled blond hair, and her hair was blown just a little by the wind.

"The children must have forgotten to tell you," Miss Nancy was saying. "I wished to talk to you about them."

"What have they been up to now?" Uncle Steve asked.

Miss Nancy looked around her at the room, her lips tight and her eyebrows just a little high up on her forehead. It was a big room with a wide-planked floor and unfinished cypress walls. A long table ran down the middle, and the dinner dishes were still on the table. The chairs, except for the big chair Miss Nancy sat in, had deerskin bottoms and there were a pair of pants over the back of one chair, a saddle over another. Uncle Steve's big rifle was in the corner; outside the window, fishing poles made a kind of tangled spider web. Just inside the front door was a wheelbarrow Ella'd been playing with, and a couple of lizards were chasing each other over it. On one wall I had nailed some fish heads that I was proud of. I was, in fact, proud of everything in that big, littered room, and of the house itself, and of living with Uncle Steve. Because life with Uncle Steve was the best thing Ella and I had ever known.

"I'd like to see the children's room, if I may," Miss Nancy said.

OUR room opened off the front one and Miss Nancy stood at the door looking in. "They both sleep in here, Mr. Crandall?"

"Sure," Uncle Steve said. "They ain't but eight."

"A very impressionable period and one in which they should have the proper training." She came back to her chair and sat more on the edge of it than before. "Mr. Crandall, how is it that you are in possession of these children?"

"Sister Ella died a couple of years ago and I went down and got 'em. Their daddy was already gone —got bit by a rattlesnake."

"There were no other relatives these children could have gone to?"

"Not as I know of," Uncle Steve said.

Miss Nancy kept looking around as though there was something she expected to see and hadn't. Then she'd look back at Uncle Steve. I guess she'd expected him to be older than he was. He was only twenty-six, twenty-seven, and he had a grin like a kid with a mouth full of candy. Only it seemed to vex Miss Nancy. "Who looks after the children?" she asked him. "I mean, their clothes and the housekeeping and cooking?"

"They sort of look after each other. Uncle Oscar does the cooking. Of course, Saturday nights when he's drunk and Sundays when he don't feel so good, I cook."

Miss Nancy put her handkerchief to her forehead. "You mean these innocent children are being raised in a house with a drunken uncle, and—"

Uncle Steve explained to her about Uncle Oscar. "He don't cause any trouble," Uncle Steve said. "He just likes to get drunk on Saturday night. Lots of folks do."

"It is scarcely the proper background for children," Miss Nancy said. "But I had suspected something of the sort. Edward is—"

"He's a hellion," Uncle Steve said agreeably.

I poked Ella and pointed a thumb at my chest with pride.

But in the next room Miss Nancy was saying. "He isn't bad, not really. Not yet. But he's like a wild thing. He's like an elf. And that beautiful little girl—with her hair cut like a boy's and her tattered overalls! And her profanity!"

"She does cuss," Uncle Steve said. "I reckon it's natural, living around men. But seems like she's worse than Eddie."

"I wished to speak to you about it before I mentioned it to the Juvenile Court in Tonekka," Miss Nancy said grimly. "As their teacher it is my duty." She was sitting very straight on the edge of her chair now and you could tell that she was going to do her duty, however she saw it. "Also, I understand there is a woman here." *(Continued on page 63)*

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YOUNG NOTES *in* NEW CAROLS

EACH year, at Christmas, carols are a cherished part of the holiday festivities. Mother and Dad know most of the pretty tunes the children sing in school just before the holidays. This familiarity enhances the season's magic for everyone in the family. The carols on these pages are new ones that the grownups have as yet not had much to do with. They were composed by American school children and their fresh, gay spirit makes them a welcome addition to the old repertoire.

These compositions are a product of our changing educational system. Since the beginning of progressive teaching, about 20 years ago, educators in music have been leaning increasingly toward more creative instruction methods. Beginners and advanced students are composing their own music and through this self-expression are learning to perfect their technique. Composing used to be one of the last things to be learned. Now it has become one of the first.

The newer methods are gaining momentum within organizations like the Music Educators National Conference, of which the Creative Music Committee is a part; the Music Teachers National Association, and the National Association of Schools of Music. Last summer the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan, made several remarkable discoveries that promise to shorten the road to artistry. Scores of students wrote compositions of all descriptions and had the satisfaction of hearing them performed.

Fred Waring, whose orchestra and choral group are one of the most popular, chose the five carols for Collier's from a group of compositions written by school children all over the nation. He judged them for the appeal each would have to the listener, the freshness of the melodies, and the suitability of the words and music to the season.

Heigh Ho The Holly is by seventeen-year-old Ann Walker, a high-school student in Berkeley, California. Jane Starr Ward, age ten, who composed A Christmas Carol, lives in Rockville, Maryland, and is a member of the Junior Division of the National Federation of Music Clubs. Betsy Baker, twelve, from Athens, Ohio, has composed The Christmas Star to the words of a poem by Eugene Field. Janice Ann Morris, seventeen, from Trenton, New Jersey, composed the words and music of Christmas Lullaby. Worship is by Joyce Micaela Kent, eleven, who lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Joyce writes completely by ear, and her music teacher classifies her as an unusually artistic child with outstanding creative ability.

Mr. Waring thinks you will like humming these songs this Christmas as you hang up your stockings and put the tinsel on your tree.

BARBARA BANKS

WORSHIP *by Joyce Micaela Kent*

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With reverence

In a man-ger lies a Ba-by Born this night in Beth-le-hem, From a-far—
came three Wise Men, Guid-ed by the Christ-mas Star. Kneel-ing in prayer.— They wor-shipped their King.

rit

A CHRISTMAS CAROL *by Jane Starr Ward*

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Andante

1. Jes-us was born in a man—ger his bed was made of hay A
2. Shep-herds were watch-ing their flocks the night of Jes—us' birth And
3. Wise-men ca-me to see him they tra-veled from a—far They

star was shin-ing bright—ly ov-er the place where he lay.
angels were sweet-ly sing—ing to all men "Peace on Earth".
brought their gifts to Je—sus guid-ed by the star.

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CHRISTMAS LULLABY *by Janice Ann Morris*

Dreamily, Slowly but moving

mf — Lul-la-by, mp — Sleep, Ba-by mine. Hush now, p close your lit-tle eyes; Go to sleep. ritard

Slightly faster

An-gels mf hovring round thy head Sing "Hal-le-lu-jah." Shep-herds mf come to gradual kneel by crescendo thee and hail you "Prince of Peace!" f p

Dolce

Lul-la-by, mp Sleep ba-by mine. Hush now, p close your little eyes; Go to slight ritard sleep. ritard

8va

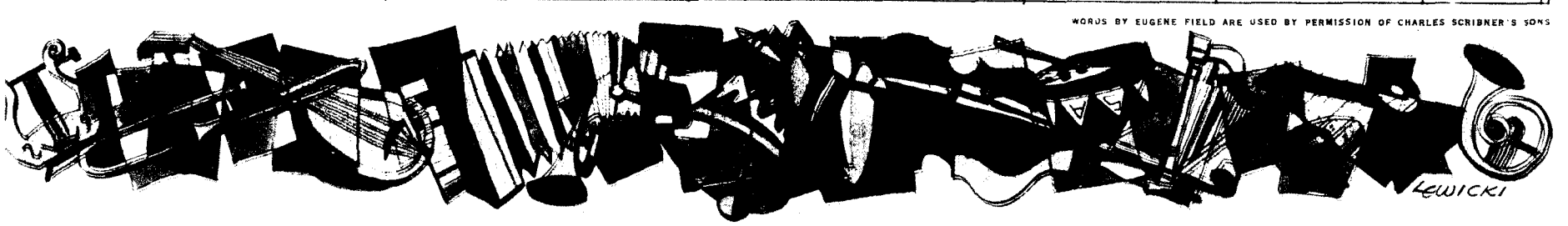
HEIGH-HO THE HOLLY *by Ann Walker*

Heigh-ho the holly that greets us on our way Heigh-ho the holly on Merry Christmas day. The jingling of the Christmas bells the Tannenbaum we see And old Saint Nick in breeches red be-side the chim-ma-ney Heigh-ho the holly on Merry Christmas day.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR *Music: Betsy Baker–Words: Eugene Field*

Once a love-ly shin-ing star seen by shep-herds from a-far gently moved un-til its light made a manger cra-dle bright There a dar-ling ba-by lay pil-owed soft up-on the hay Then his mother sang and smiled this is Christ the Holy Child

WORDS BY EUGENE FIELD ARE USED BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



DECORATIONS BY JAMES LEWICKI

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Drawing upon some unsuspected well of energy, Miss Brinker raised the prodigious volume. . . . The thing came hurtling down on top of Homer's head

VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

The Story:

VIRGIL OLIPHANT, a young statistician with the Alumni Life Insurance Company, has the physique of a well-proportioned skyscraper—and the courage of a country mouse. Under the dynamic direction of HAROLD B. WEAVER, JR., the Alumni Company pursues a strict policy of hiring only college graduates. Virgil, who has been with the firm 11 years, has never admitted that, because of a prank played by his no-good scoundrel of a half brother HOMER, he failed to graduate from college.

It is the Christmas season, and Virgil is lured into a shop by a seller of recording machines. The salesman makes Virgil talk into the machine; then he plays back a wire recording of Virgil's voice. Instead of the hoarse, unprepossessing wheeze he expected to hear, the voice that caresses Virgil's ears fairly reeks of distinction. The man who owns such a voice should wear a Homburg hat, he decides; such a man might even summon up sufficient courage to ask EMILY BRINKER, Alumni's loveliest secretary, to have lunch with him! Virgil takes a deep breath and buys the machine.

That evening his brother Homer visits Virgil and duns him for fifty dollars—practically all Virgil has left in the world after the unparalleled expense of the recording machine. After Homer leaves, Virgil practices at length on the recorder, listening in awe as he hears his own superb voice snap out commands to AL,

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ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

the sullen restaurant waiter who has been terrorizing Virgil for years.

The next day Virgil lunches at his usual restaurant. He demands—and gets—decent service from Al and, flushed with his success, blurts out that he will be coming in the next day with a young lady; they will want the sunny table by the window. "All you gotta do is tell me what you want, Mr. Oliphant," says the surprised Al. The worm seems to have turned.

After spending most of that night practicing asking Miss Brinker to lunch, Virgil plays the recordings back to himself in the morning and, imbued with new pride and confidence in his powers of persuasion, sets off for the office.

Conclusion

AS HE got out of the elevator Virgil paused for a moment in the corridor and closed his eyes as he had done the night before alone in his room. An icy hand fingered its way up his long spine and clutched the nape of his neck. He squeezed his eyes tighter shut, but the hand did not relax its grip.

Anyone chancing to pass through the corridor at that moment might perhaps have imagined that he had surprised Virgil at his prayers, but after a moment the passer-by would have seen the young man's mouth pucker and begin to whistle something a little like Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean, as, with a pitiful display of nonchalance, Virgil stepped into the offices of the insurance company.

But the other Alumni employees inside the office scarcely looked up from their desks as he entered, because they had seen Virgil Oliphant come to work on a thousand other mornings, and they, of course, had no way of knowing that an improbable achievement of electronic science had made this morning for Virgil abundantly different from any of the others.

Still whistling his unmelodious dirge, Virgil marched toward the Statistical Department, but as he drew near to it, his steps lagged perceptibly and his whistle grew more breathy and wavering until at last it gave out altogether in one pathetic little wheezing sound. He sat down quickly at his desk, bolt upright, gripping the arms of his chair in his huge hands, groping desperately through his memory for the calm, strong voice which had so lately echoed in his ears. "Morning, everyone!" he said, almost before he knew he was really going to say it. And after he had said it, and his eyes had swept briefly across the other members of the Statistical Department, he turned them significantly toward Miss Brinker's desk and saw that her chair was empty. Miss Brinker was not at her desk.

Virgil's first reaction was one of intense relief at the possibility of postponement of his mission, but this reaction quickly turned to apprehension when he learned that Miss Brinker was again closeted with Mr. Weaver, had indeed gone directly to his office the first thing in the morning. Ten o'clock became ten thirty and ten forty-five, and apprehension became furious anxiety as Virgil stared bleakly at Miss Brinker's untenanted desk, its smooth surface unmarred but for two tidy stacks of papers at the upper left-hand corner, as neat and as daintily arranged as Miss Brinker herself.

As he stared at it Virgil doodled desperately on a piece of office stationery. "By the way, Miss Brinker," he scribbled, "why don't you and I have lunch together— I want you to have lunch with me today, Miss Brinker— I've been meaning to talk over the November summary at lunch—lunch lunch lunch lunch—Miss Brinker Miss Brinker Emily—"

WHEN after a while he focused his eyes on what he had done, Virgil was horrified and scrabbled the paper into a tight ball and pulled it to tiny bits before he threw it in the wastebasket. He went back to staring at Miss Brinker's desk and, before he knew it, back to doodling. "By the way, Miss Brinker—" His telephone jarred him back to reality.

It was Mr. Doyle, the new head of the Statistical Department, who wanted to check over the November summary with Virgil at once. As Virgil rose to answer this ill-timed summons he felt himself disliking Charlie Doyle even more than he usually did, but there was no denying such a summons. Feverishly he gathered together out of the file all the papers connected with the November summary, jammed them under his arm and, planning to get the thing over with as quickly as he possibly could, rushed into the little glass-partitioned cubicle which was Charlie Doyle's private office.

As Virgil entered, Doyle was sitting with his feet on his desk carefully smoking a cigar which he imagined brought dignity to his plump, somewhat boyish features. He was about Virgil's age, and held his present position despite the fact that he had been with the company only four years. After his college football career Doyle had taken a business-success course and planned one day to be president of the company. Today, it seemed, he wanted to talk.

"Take a load off your feet, Oliphant," he said, smiling professionally, "and tell me what Santa Claus is going to bring you for Christmas."

This was more than Virgil could bear at that moment. "I'm pretty busy outside today," he said. "I've got the November summary here. What was it you wanted to know about it?"

Doyle waved his cigar vaguely. "In a minute, Oliphant. You know what all statistics and no play did to Jack, don't you? Friend of mine told me a good one the other night. Did I tell it to you? The one about the test pilot who decided to learn to play the guitar?"

"No," said Virgil automatically, wishing at once that he had said yes.

DOYLE smiled in happy recollection of his story, and he tilted back in his chair, clasping his hands behind his head. "Story," he said. "It seems there was this test pilot who used to test out these planes all the time . . ."

And while Virgil listened miserably, Doyle told him three long stories in quick succession, pausing only long enough between each to laugh uproariously. From time to time Virgil glanced furtively at the clock on the desk before him, and when he saw that there remained only six minutes until twelve o'clock, a wild panic gripped him and he decided to take the bull by the horns. "It's almost lunchtime, Mr. Doyle," he said desperately. "Maybe we could take up the summary after lunch, don't you think? I mean—"

Doyle frowned up at Virgil in irritation. Plainly he couldn't conceive of Virgil wishing to be elsewhere when Virgil might listen to his stories. "Quite the busy little bee, aren't you, Oliphant?" he said sourly. "You mustn't let *me* keep you. Let me know and we'll take up the summary at *your* convenience."

Virgil left the office miserably, knowing instinctively that Harold B. Weaver would hear of his insubordination, but there had been no other way. As he closed the door softly behind him, the first person he saw was Miss Brinker dressed for the street and only just adjusting her hat before the mirror by the water cooler.

Virgil plunged across the room to the filing cabinets, dumped in the November summary under BIRTH RATE—FALLING, and turned back to face Miss Brinker. He placed his hands on the surface of his desk to steady himself, and cleared his throat. Then he glanced down at his desk for an instant, and saw a note there which said: "Thank you. I'd love to have lunch with you today.—E.B."

Virgil stared at the note blankly, and a little shiver ran through him. Then he saw beside the note a piece of office stationery on which was scrawled, sidewise across the page: "By the way, Miss Brinker, why don't you and I have lunch together today? I know of a little place near here—"

When he looked up again, Miss Brinker had turned away from the mirror and was facing him, smiling a little shyly. "Ready?" she said.

Virgil returned her smile vacantly. "Oh, sure!" he said and began to move toward her like a sleepwalker.

"Hadn't you better put on your coat?" suggested Miss Brinker. "It's cold." And so Virgil did that.

(Continued on page 26)

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CLEAN BLOOD

BY ROBERT E. PINKERTON

The two trappers were cut off from civilization. In the end there was but one law: Kill or be killed

It astonished him to know that in this instant of danger he had recognized the situation, analyzed it and taken action

FROM the air the lake had looked like the bottom of a well with forest, rock ridges and finally snow fields and peaks rising around it, and as far as one could see in any direction were more peaks and white emptiness. No man could ever have penetrated to this valley, and that was exactly what Dave Harper wanted.

After his outfit had been unloaded and the plane had gone, Dave grinned as he remembered the pilot's parting words:

"I'll bring a strait jacket when I pick you up next year. You'll go nuts, staying here alone ten months."

Townspeople's dread of loneliness amused Dave Harper. He didn't mind being alone, but it wasn't that he disliked people. He had always got along well with everyone and when he'd trapped in the Yukon country he'd spent every Christmas at a trading post or settlement. He'd felt that men liked him and he'd gone back to six months in a lone cabin with a warm feeling inside. But you can't have a crowd around while running a trap line.

This fur pocket business was different. Not even Indians had reached the unknown valleys in the Coast Ranges and no man had seen them until someone got the idea of using a plane. A pilot set you down in August and didn't come for you until the ice went out of the lake the next June, and if you had an ulcerated tooth or broke a leg you took it as best you could. You took it as if you were on the moon. . . .

Dave Harper didn't worry about being walled off. In this pocket was fur that had never smelled humans and by next spring he'd have ten thousand dollars worth or more. You had to take chances to make that kind of money.

A week after Dave arrived he'd nearly finished work on a cabin, and he'd rambled through a long valley north of the lake. He'd picked this end because it had a stream and a large swamp, and now sign told him there was so much fur he could come back year after year. He spent a day examining the south valley and again found plenty of sign.

Dave was relieved when he found moose tracks. A plane permitted only six or seven hundred pounds freight and a big share of that had to be traps and equipment. Sometimes a man in a fur pocket didn't have much to eat except rabbits. The sign of moose promised Dave he'd live like a king.

When his cabin was built he cut trapping trails. He was working three miles back from the lake one day when he heard a plane. He didn't believe it at first, mostly because he didn't want to, but soon he knew another trapper had come to his pocket.

He ran. If he got there in time the stranger could hunt for another place, but when he was still a quarter of a mile from the lake he heard the motor again. He reached the shore as the plane disappeared from sight.

Dave's world now held two men. He'd thought of this, running down the trail, and he had to take it. It was like having a tooth pulled or an arm cut off. When it was done it was done.

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY LORAN F. WILFORD

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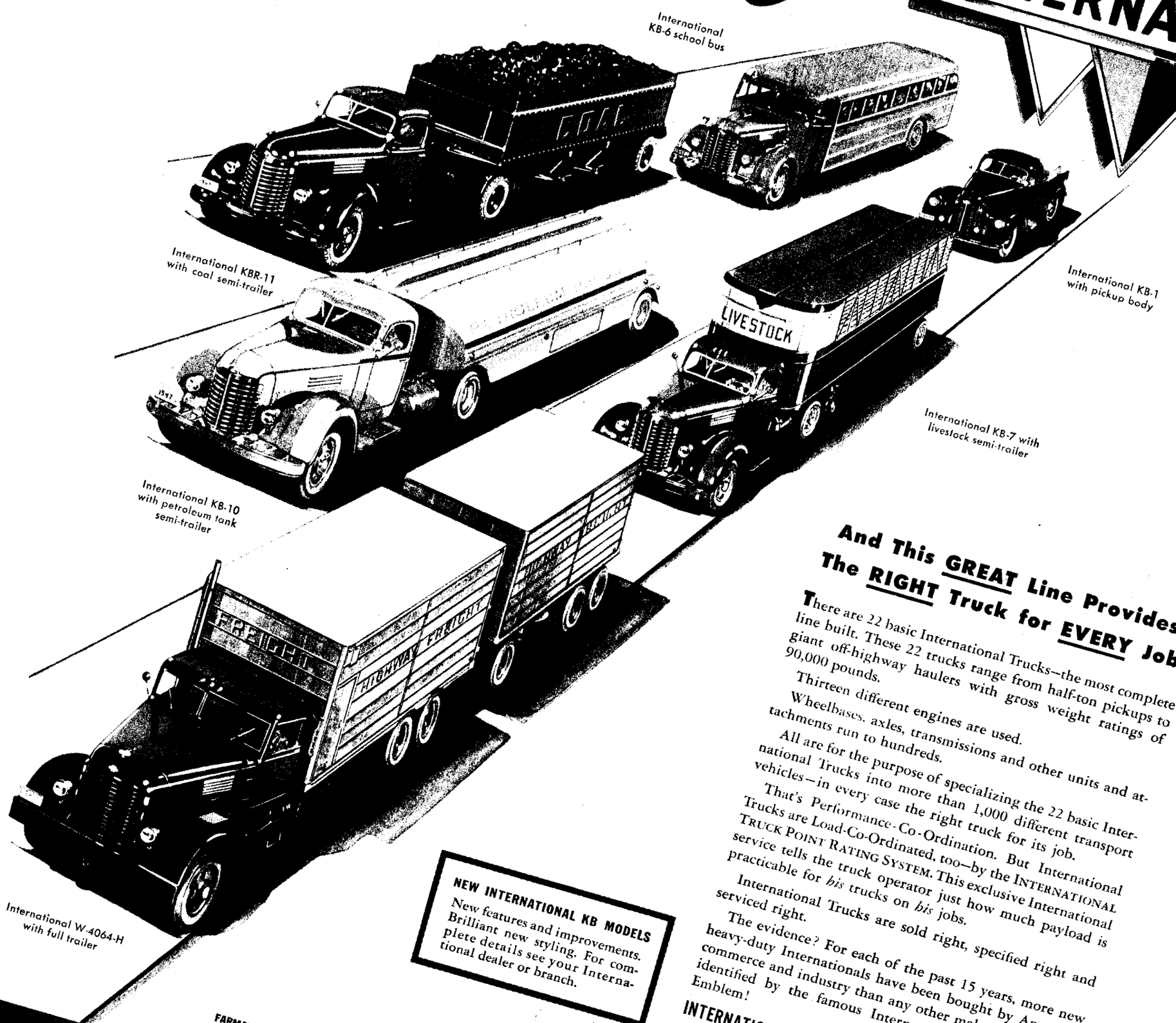
WHY THIS EMBLEM IDENTIFIES GREAT TRUCKS

INTERNATIONAL



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VIRGIL OLIPHANT'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Continued from page 23

When at last they had reached the street and the icy wind stung their faces, Virgil finally remembered his manners. His mind had been busy with the extraordinary thing which had happened to him—with having Miss Brinker, lovely, inaccessible Miss Brinker, here at his side on her way to lunch with him—all without speaking a word, all without ever once using the fine, persuasive voice which had practiced a hundred ways of asking her to lunch. It was very curious.

Finally, he said, "It's very nice of you to have lunch with me. I—I'm glad you got my note."

"Well, I almost didn't," she said, and she slipped her hand daintily through Virgil's arm, causing a delightful tingling sensation to creep up to his shoulder. "I just happened to go over to your desk and I saw it."

"Well, I'm certainly glad you happened to see it," said Virgil, and, standing politely to one side, he opened the door of the Happy Hour.

Al, the waiter, remarkably enough, had indeed saved the sunny table by the window, and any malice which might have remained to Virgil summarily left him when Al called him by name and grimaced at Miss Brinker in a way which suggested that he was smiling.

WHEN they had been served, he felt a great compulsion to say something; but he could think of nothing worth saying. Miss Brinker was eating daintily, her small, graceful hand seeming to make the fork it held a gigantic implement. Watching her in quiet wonder from the edge of his eye, Virgil tried surreptitiously to draw his hands farther upside his cuffs so that they wouldn't look so clumsy, but it did no good. In his hand a fork looked like something left over from a doll's tea set. Their silence pressed in upon Virgil painfully, and he couldn't imagine why he hadn't practiced things on the recording machine to say to Miss Brinker *after* the invitation.

Miss Brinker broke the silence. "My, this is good," she said, referring presumably to her meat loaf.

"That's good," said Virgil, relieved. "Do you cook?"

"Oh, yes, lots."

"You do?" said Virgil. "But you're so good at the office. I mean, figures and all."

Miss Brinker stopped eating. "Is there something wrong about that, Mr. Oliphant?" she said, without any particular inflection.

"Wrong? *Wrong!*" Virgil repeated in alarm, sensing the peril of his position. "Oh, no. I just meant you're so awfully good at your job—better than most men."

Her lovely smile set everything all right again. "Oh, I don't think *that's* true," she said, "but I think it's nice for a girl to try to do more than one thing, don't you?" And she added modestly, "Anyway, I'm not half so good at statistics as you are. You're the best one in the department."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said Virgil, blushing happily. Then something depressing occurred to him. "Of course, there's Charlie Doyle—" he began tentatively, staring hard at his plate.

"Oh, no," Miss Brinker interrupted. "Charles—I mean, Mr. Doyle is a nice man but he doesn't know much about statistics. Not nearly so much as you do."

"You think so?" said Virgil.

"Not nearly," she repeated firmly.

Virgil returned to his meat loaf in a glow of enchantment. She had said it, beautifully, clever Miss Brinker had said right out that he knew more about statistics than Charlie Doyle! It was a moment to be cherished—dear and unforgettable.

Presently Miss Brinker laid down her fork and frowned charmingly, as though she were considering her words before she spoke. "You know," she said at length, "I don't think Mr. Doyle got the most out of his college education."

Virgil, who had hoped that Miss Brinker's meditation presaged a change of subject, felt vaguely betrayed. "I guess he played a lot of football," he said.

"That's just it." Miss Brinker nodded. "He played left end. Did you play football at college, Mr. Oliphant?"

"Well, only a little," Virgil hedged, unsure whether it was good or bad. "They thought I'd probably be good because I was so big, but I guess I was *too* big or something."

Miss Brinker carefully picked up her water glass. "Oh, no, I'm sure it wasn't that," she said. "I mean . . ."

"You don't think so?" said Virgil.

"Well, I mean, I don't know *really*," she said. "I just meant—well, I think it's nice for the men to be big." Then Miss Brinker's composure seemed suddenly to leave her altogether. She looked down at her plate and busied herself extravagantly with her fork.

Virgil's throat constricted convulsively. "Well—ah—how do you mean?" he said. "I mean, there are lots of other companies who don't—"

"But don't you think," Miss Brinker continued eagerly, "that all of us graduating from college sort of shows something? I mean, sort of shows what a nice organization Alumni is?"

"It seems to me," Virgil said boldly, "kind of snobby."

Miss Brinker's charming little mouth fell open in surprise. "My goodness, I never thought of it *that* way," she said. "I think being able to go to college is a great privilege and we should all be very proud of our diplomas. You act as though—well, as though you were ashamed of yours, Mr. Oliphant."

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that," Virgil said unhappily. "I just meant that lots of fine people like—like Abraham Lincoln didn't graduate from college—"

"Abraham Lincoln," said Miss Brinker solemnly, "was a very unusual man."

"Yes, but I mean about actually *graduating* from college," Virgil went on doggedly. "If you studied just as hard as a college graduate, for even only three and a half years, even only for three and a *fraction* years, say, you might know even more than some college graduates who spent their time doing other—uh—activities, don't you think? The diploma itself doesn't mean so much, does it?"

"Oh, my, yes!" Miss Brinker said firmly. Then, as though some shadowy valedictory echo whispered somewhere, she said, "A college diploma is a symbol of work well done. It's a badge of honor to be displayed proudly, because it is proof that you had the backbone and stick-to-itiveness to finish the job."

"But," Virgil persisted desperately, "it's only a piece of paper, isn't it?"

Miss Brinker smiled again now, serene and lovely. "Of course that's all it *really* is," she said, "but you'll have to admit, Mr. Oliphant, that it gives you a nice warm glowy feeling in here"—Miss Brinker daintily tapped the front of her neat white blouse—"to know you can go home and take out your diploma and just look at it whenever you like, doesn't it? Really? I mean?"

Virgil felt like a cornered rabbit. It seemed impossible that Miss Brinker, the exquisite instrument of his so recent bliss, could, in a matter of minutes, plunge him into such complete anguish. It was, he supposed, a matter of caring more intensely than he had ever imagined caring about anything before—an infinite caring about Miss Brinker's slightest whim, her most casual word, her most trivial discomfort, and, of course, a supreme caring about the profound rapture she could build in him—in all matters but the one concerning college diplomas.

"I haven't—" he said. "I didn't—" But he couldn't go through with it. "A nice glowy feeling in here," he repeated miserably.

When they had finished and stepped out into the freezing sunshine, there remained to them a quarter of an hour before they had to be back at the office, so they strolled together along the avenue looking in the shop windows, Miss Brinker's arm through Virgil's making it tingle in the extraordinary and delightful way. They passed the radio store where Virgil had bought the recording machine and secretly he blessed it as they passed, hoping the clerk with the blond mustache was watching so that he might see Miss Brinker and envy Virgil her hand upon his arm. Twice Miss Brinker looked up at Virgil and for no reason at all smiled at him her shy and charming smile, and each time when she looked away again her words at luncheon about big men sang through Virgil's head like triumphant choir music, and each time he stood up straighter so that his head no longer seemed to grow directly out of his shoulders. In fact, so altogether satisfactory a conclusion to their luncheon was the intimate stroll down the avenue that by the time they reached the office again Virgil, in his peculiarly airy state, had all but forgotten the episode of the college diploma.

They parted, by prearrangement, at the street door of the office building, and when Miss Brinker at last took her hand from Virgil's arm and thanked him, Virgil was astonished to discover how comparatively easy it was for him to ask her to have lunch with him again on the following day. Miss Brinker blushed a little, smiling as she looked down at her neat gloves; when she looked up again she avoided meeting Virgil's eyes, said she would love to and hurried toward the elevators.

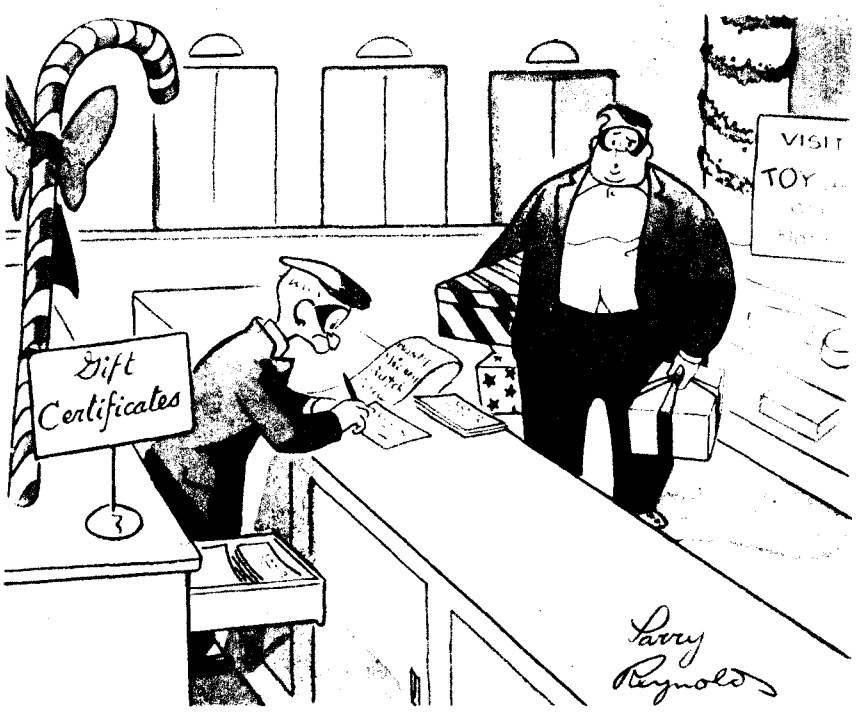
Virgil, in a paroxysm of abandon, took a half-dollar from his pocket, crossed the sidewalk to where a sixteen-year-old boy wearing a red suit and a long white beard hitched haphazardly over his ears was dolefully clanging a bell, and dropped the coin into a caldron the youth had set up for that purpose. "Ah—Merry Christmas," Virgil said.

"That's right, Doc," said the boy, and went back to clanging his bell.

It was not until Virgil was upstairs and seated at his desk again that it occurred to him that it was the first time he could remember in recent years that he had said Merry Christmas to anyone before someone else had said it first.

THE next three days were the most remarkably perfect days Virgil had ever known. On each of them he lunched alone with Miss Brinker at the Happy Hour, talking, listening to Miss Brinker talk, watching her lovely eyes smile across the table at him or frown in pretty concentration as he recited to her from memory some particularly engaging table of statistics. And when evening came and Virgil sat alone in his room with the great gleaming recording machine, he spoke into it things addressed to Miss Brinker—bold, daring, improbable things which he could not possibly have said

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"You're missing half th' fun, Slug, not picking out th' presents yourself"

COLLIER'S

A great singing began slowly inside Virgil and swelled and soared into impossibly wonderful music. His head spun in a swirl of ecstasy. He wanted to dance, to leap into the air, to sing Christmas carols. When he picked up his fork again it seemed to him that the hand which held it was not so gross and clumsy as he had fancied it a moment before, but might perhaps better be described as "capable" or perhaps "muscular and capable." Anyhow, it was certainly big, and Miss Brinker had said she thought it was nice for men to be big. It couldn't have meant nothing at all.

Together they energetically buttered pieces of bread in the unquiet silence, staring hard at the fruits of their activity. It was some time before either of them spoke, and when at last Miss Brinker did, her observation wrenched the bemused Virgil out of his rose-colored reverie and hurled him into a fit of apprehension, alert as a bird dog.

Miss Brinker looked up and smiled a little timorously. "I think it's nice," she began, "that all of us up at Alumni are college graduates, don't you?"

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"Here they come, Mom! And Jim won't need the wish-bone—they've got their PLYMOUTH!"

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to her face—then listened spellbound to the man in the black Homburg hat making plausible the implausible, accessible the inaccessible, with his wonderful voice. And Virgil, as he listened, would keep repeating, whispering, over and over again to himself: "That's me. That's my voice. That's the way I sound when I talk to her. That's me—me—"

Naturally, Virgil didn't say certain bold and daring things into the machine right at first, but worked up to them gradually, through progressive stages of bravery. For example, he became entranced with the possibility of taking Miss Brinker to dinner in the evening and perhaps to a movie. Such an expedition, it seemed to him, would automatically place their relationship on a different, highly desirable level. Co-workers in an office eating lunch together was one thing, but an evening date was quite another—a thoughtful, more serious step, a subtle declaration of intent.

Virgil even ventured to hope that such an engagement might take place on Christmas night in order to add to its importance, but it developed in the course of their luncheon conversations that Miss Brinker had promised to have Christmas dinner with her married sister in Hackensack, New Jersey, so Virgil determined to substitute Christmas Eve. So he practiced this highly personal and vastly more significant invitation at length, and it was not until he had finally uttered it and Miss Brinker had miraculously accepted it that Virgil dared go on to say the other things, alone in his room with the recording machine.

THERE was only one cloud, or so it seemed, which darkened the otherwise faultless skies for Virgil during these days, and that was the sordid shadow of approaching pauperhood. Taking Miss Brinker to lunch on four successive days had helped reduce his total capital to six dollars in his pocket and one in the bank to keep his account open. Christmas Eve was to be payday, but a payment on the recording machine would fall due before another payday, two weeks hence, and if his Christmas Eve date was to be even moderately more festive than a lunch at the Happy Hour, Virgil would have to rely on a Christmas bonus from the Alumni. As such a gratuity had invariably turned up in the past with the regularity of Christmas itself, he wasn't particularly worried about it. It was only that one couldn't be certain. And if it didn't turn up— When that thought occurred to him from time to time, Virgil shuddered and thrust it hastily into the back of his consciousness.

Otherwise, these last few days before Christmas were perfection itself. But for some reason there is a natural law which limits the duration of unbridled bliss, and which revealed itself to Virgil on the day before Christmas Eve. For when he got home from work at six o'clock, he found waiting for him in his room his brother, Homer.

Homer was standing beside the recording machine, regarding it curiously, and at sight of him Virgil's heart sank, and all the joy ran out of him.

"Hi, Virge. Noel, Noel," Homer said, without looking up. "Quite a box you've got here. I hear people are sending them out instead of Christmas cards this year. Or maybe you're not so broke."

Virgil hurried across the little room and thrust himself between Homer and the recording machine, so that he looked like a man defending somebody or other from an assassin's attack.

"You get away from this machine, Homer!" he said passionately.

Homer retreated a step, startled by Virgil's vehemence; then quickly he regained his assurance and put a cigarette into his mouth. He produced an injured expression. "And you told me you had only twenty-seven dollars," he said. "How could you say that, Virge?"

"It was the truth!" said Virgil. "I—I told you I'd bought something with the rest of the money I had in the bank. Well, that machine is what I bought. Anyway, I still owe a lot on it."

Homer watched Virgil's face carefully for a moment in silence, then he nodded his head in exaggerated agreement. "Oh, sure!" he said. "I can just see you, Virge. You only had a hundred dollars to your name, so you went out and put yourself in hock for a couple hundred more to buy that thing. That sounds just like you, Virge. Just like you."

"I can't help it, it's true!" Virgil repeated defensively. "Anyway, what's it got to do with you anyway? I gave you fifty dollars when it was almost all I had, only a week ago. You promised you wouldn't come back again for six months. You promised me, Homer!"

"*I* promised?" said Homer incredulously, pointing his long finger at his vest.

"Yes, you!" said Virgil, almost shouting in his despair. "And now I only have six dollars, so you might just as well go back to your rich friends out at the race track if you need money so badly!"

"To *who?*" said Homer in astonishment.

"Well, somebody," said Virgil. "Anyway, I only have six dollars, and I owe that and that's the truth."

After a moment's pause, Homer chanted, "Merry Christmas from the Alumni to all its college graduates."

"What?" said Virgil.

"Tomorrow," Homer mouthed gently, "is payday."

"I know, but I already owe—" Virgil began.

"And the day after tomorrow is Christmas," interrupted Homer. "Christmas. Payday. Christmas. Bonus. Lots of money. Merry Christmas for all."

Virgil writhed in abject misery before the recording machine which he loved so dearly; its shining surface seemed even now to be sliding out from beneath his fingers. "I can't—can't promise, Homer," he said weakly. "You have no right—"

"Imagine getting fired on Christmas Eve," Homer said lugubriously. "Imagine. Getting kicked out on the street after eleven years on Christmas Eve without a bonus. And all because you wouldn't lend your own brother a little quick century for Christmas."

"Century!" said Virgil. "Do you mean a hundred dollars. Why, that's my whole bonus!"

"Well, after all, Virge," Homer shrugged, making his voice sound astonishingly logical, "it's just a present, isn't it? Not like you earned it or anything. You'd never miss it." Homer slowly got up from where he had stretched himself full length on the bed.

"But, Homer, don't you see," Virgil said desperately, "I can't, I just can't."

Homer strolled leisurely to the door and, as though it had only just occurred to him, he turned back, and said, "About Emily Brinker, Virge. I know you wouldn't want to get fired and have to stop seeing her for lunch, would you?"

Virgil grew suddenly rigid with terror. The very mention of that beautiful name in Homer's mouth made him feel faint, and he had to lean back against the recording machine for a moment.

The gesture did not escape Homer. He smiled in surprised pleasure, as though he had uncovered more than he had bargained for. "Just thought I'd mention the charming young lady in passing, Virge," he said. "Charming, that's the only word. Well, I'll see you in the funny papers, and by that I mean the Alumni office at two tomorrow afternoon. That'll give the ghost time to walk, time for me to get my beauty sleep and time to get to the bank all at the same time. Right?"

Virgil didn't reply, nor was there any need for him to do so. His indescribably desolate expression was answer enough for Homer.

Homer opened the door, smiling amiably. "Well, Merry Xmas, Virgil old sock, pip-pip and all that sort of rot," he said, in what it presumably pleased him to fancy was a British accent. And when he had closed the door behind him, it was some time before his voice, raised in a peculiarly independent version of Come, All Ye Faithful faded away.

Virgil sank down onto the bed, and after a while he blew his nose passionately; his pocket handkerchief always looked like a woman's in his great hands.

He lay there for a long time as the room grew dark around him, just staring at the ceiling and thinking about Miss Brinker and the Alumni and the kind of life a man might lead if he happened to be lucky enough. And it was nearly midnight when he got up and turned on the recording machine.

It was not easy. No single act in Virgil's recollection, in fact, had been any more difficult for him, any more empty of reward, less charged with hope. But he did it because he had to do it, for Miss Brinker, even if he did lose his job. If, as now seemed inevitable, she was to learn his ignoble secret, it was certainly infinitely more to be desired that she know, at least, that he had confessed it openly, and not hear deviously some apocryphal tale of Homer's. And so Virgil stood joylessly before the microphone—for the first time he entertained no slightest hope of success—and forced himself to address Harold B. Weaver, Jr.

"I'm not a college graduate, Mr. Weaver. I haven't any diploma, Mr. Weaver— You see, Mr. Weaver, I was expelled before graduation because . . ." Over and over, this way and that way, Virgil told his ignominious story, and no way did it sound any more credible than any other way. The stark and simple fact that he had spuriously taken a job and held it for eleven years, invariably stood out from any mold of words in all its ugly nakedness.

And, incalculably worse, even the fine voice which spoke back these words from the recording machine was not the same. The fine, strong timbre of the voice was the same, but there was in it a subtle lack. A part of its previous quality of authority, which had so exhilarated Virgil in the past, had mysteriously left it, and had been replaced by an overtone which sounded to Virgil remarkably like apology. The distinguished man in the black Homburg hat was speaking Virgil's words because he had to, but all too plainly he spoke them under protest. His heart was not in it, and deep inside him Virgil knew that the other was right, that such sordid confession did not belong in the mouth of such a man, and at last, in shamefaced submission, he turned off the recording machine. There was to be no magical strength poured into him, no happy miracles this time. This was a job which must be faced alone, carried to its logical conclusion, on the shoulders of the old Virgil Oliphant.

VIRGIL had already been awake for an hour when his alarm clock went off the next morning, but he let it exhaust its noisome clangor in a kind of bitter pleasure before he got out of bed. For it didn't matter whether he was late or early or on time for work this particular morning, this Christmas Eve morning, this last morning of all.

But the habit of eleven years and a responsible conscience got Virgil to the office at his usual hour, only to learn that Mr. Weaver was locked in his office with Miss Brinker, and had left instructions that he was not to be disturbed under any circumstances. This state of affairs brought about in Virgil a condition of nerve-racking suspense so acute that he debated the rash possibility of breaking into Mr. Weaver's office anyway.

But again the discipline of time made him hesitate and when lunchtime came he was still sitting at his desk, violently twisting paper clips into little bows with

CHRISTMAS SURPRISES

Gorgeous wrappings, lavishly tied,
Often cost more than gifts inside.

—Helen Small

COLLIER'S **"Remember when you had to use a pillow?"** BARNEY TOBEY

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his huge fingers. He hurried out of the office in order to avoid Miss Brinker, for he felt now that any contact he might have with her, in his unshriven state, would be contaminating, treacherous to her, like a leper who rings no warning bell. First he must purge his soul to Harold B. Weaver, Jr., and when he had been chastised and fired without a Christmas bonus he could go to her perhaps, a cleansed, repentant pauper, and throw himself upon whatever shreds of mercy she might conceivably summon up.

That the prospect of any such mercy being forthcoming was dubious, to say the least, was all too painfully plain to Virgil when he recalled Miss Brinker's somewhat extended disquisition on the high significance of college diplomas at their first luncheon.

Virgil did not go into the Happy Hour, but hurried past it, feeling a great swelling ache in his chest as he saw the sunny table by the window, untenanted and inviting, the table at which he had first tasted the incomparable bliss of Miss Brinker's company, the table at which he would now, in all likelihood, never sit again. So intemperate became Virgil's flood of sentimental recollection that he experienced even a passing spasm of affection for Al, the waiter, as he moved away. There was, in fact, no escape from memory in the vicinity. Each landmark held within it a past joy for Virgil, in spite of the surprisingly brief span of his active romance. Al, the bright shop windows, the radio store, even the pubescent Santa Claus at the corner, filled him with an anguish of spirit. And when at last he got back to the office it was after one o'clock, and it occurred to him momentarily that he had eaten no lunch.

The Alumni office was enjoying that climate peculiar to offices on Christmas Eve, when anticipatory celebration is the watchword and work is the furthest thing from anyone's mind. It would have been difficult to create an atmosphere less suited to Virgil in his present frame of mind. It sank him into a deep, black gloom from which there seemed to be no possible rising.

VIRGIL went straight to his desk and called Mr. Weaver's private secretary, who told him that Mr. Weaver would be free now to see him in five minutes; then he dropped into his chair, conscious that he had taken the first, the irretrievable step toward his ultimate ruin. In four minutes by the clock over the water cooler, he rose and marched slowly across the office, out the door and down the corridor to the big suite of offices at its end. As he walked, Virgil looked neither to the left nor to the right; his glazed eyes stared straight ahead of him; his step was firm; his long arms were stiff at his sides. His expression was that of a man on his way to meet his executioner, resigned now to his destiny, his inner struggle behind him, a man to all intents and purposes already dead.

When Virgil opened the door to Mr. Weaver's private offices the first thing he saw, after Mr. Weaver, was Mr. Weaver's framed college diploma hanging on the wall. Virgil's shudder was almost imperceptible as he closed the door behind him and turned back into the room.

Harold B. Weaver, Jr., was a small, round, balding man in his middle forties whose speech, a series of sharp little explosions, somehow resembled the sounds made by a child's cap pistol. It was his disconcerting habit, while talking, to interject little asides to himself into his conversation, after the fashion of a Shakespearean comedian, but without in the slightest changing the tone of his voice or taking his eyes off the person he was talking to: the result was that people were never quite sure which parts of Mr. Weaver's conversation were intended for them and which parts were merely eavesdropping on Mr. Weaver's subconscious mind.

COLLIER'S "He's trying to finish them up before closing time" ROBERT DAY

Now he said, "Oliphant. Merry Christmas. Old employee. What can I do for you? Everybody loafing outside, I'll bet. Not me. Miss Brinker and I put in a hard morning. Happy work, happy work. Christmas bonuses. Wait a minute." Mr. Weaver shuffled through a great stack of company envelopes on his desk and finally pulled out one with Virgil's name on it, and held it out to him. "Bonus," he said. "Merry Christmas. Hundred-dollar bill, straight from the bank. Well, take it."

Virgil stared miserably at the proffered envelope. "I—I can't," he said. "There's something I've got to tell you, Mr. Weaver. When you've heard it I don't think you'll want to give me a bonus."

"Company policy," replied Mr. Weaver, looking puzzled. "Everybody gets one. My father's policy."

"But, you see—" began Virgil. Then he stopped abruptly and placed his hands on the edge of Mr. Weaver's desk for support. "Mr. Weaver," he said, "I'm not a college graduate."

"I know it," said Mr. Weaver. He leaned back in his chair, returning Virgil's incredulous stare with a look of cool, even appraisal, which suggested that his eccentricity of speech did not necessarily reflect a scattered mind.

"You—you—?" Virgil said.

"I know all about all of you," Mr. Weaver interrupted briskly. "I knew everything about you the day I hired you. It was easy to find out. Just called the dean of your school and went on from there. You finished three years and some months of college, got in a jam with the dean's daughter at Christmas, trying to cover up for your no-good half brother, and got expelled. One of the reasons I hired you in the first place. He graduated, you didn't. Right? Bad judgment. Been wondering when you were going to tell me about it. Too bad you told me. Now *you* know *I* know. There's been a big change in you lately, too. More confident, not so mousy. Everybody's noticed it. Too bad. You're fired, Oliphant. Company policy."

Virgil could feel a hot, stinging ache starting behind his eyes. He blinked several times, and slowly drew his head down between his shoulders. "Yes, sir," he said.

As he turned away, Mr. Weaver started to speak again in his explosive little voice. "What good is a company policy if you don't follow it, Oliphant? No good, is it?" he asked. Virgil stopped and shook his head mechanically. "Of course not," continued Mr. Weaver. "That's why I have to fire you. Don't like employees who don't follow the policy. But then, I don't like the policy."

"What?" said Virgil vaguely.

"Know where the policy came from?" snapped Mr. Weaver.

"Well, I suppose," Virgil said, "your father thought all his people should be college graduates because he was one."

"Ha!" said Mr. Weaver. "That's all you know. My father was a poor boy, son of immigrants. Couldn't get through the sixth grade, though. Left back twice. Thinking too much. Couldn't make the seventh, so he quit and made a million dollars. Founded this company on a shoestring. But for some reason he always thought if people went through college they'd be twice as smart as he was. So he started his policy." Mr. Weaver paused only long enough to spin around in his chair and point his stubby finger at his framed diploma. "See that thing?" he demanded. "Cost my father a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. 'Go through college, Harold,' he said to me, 'so you'll be smart.' Well, I was flunked out of Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth and Missouri State Agricultural College. Finally he sent me to *that* place. Never heard of it, did you? Neither did anybody else. Samsonville Institute of Higher Learning. It's in Tennessee. Great place. Before they'd give me that piece of paper over there my father had to build them two new dormitories and an indoor swimming pool. That makes me a college graduate."

Mr. Weaver swung back again in his chair to stare at Virgil. "Is that sensible, Oliphant?" he said severely. "Is the Alumni policy sensible, I ask you? Why, my father wouldn't even have been able to hire himself. Ha! Business slogan. Funny joke. 'Every Employee a College Graduate Except the Man Who Started the Company.' Do you realize he wouldn't have been able to hire Abraham Lincoln, Oliphant? Is that sensible?"

"No, indeed!" said Virgil earnestly, the flickerings of a magnificent suspicion beginning within him.

"Why, there might be a lot of Lincolns in the world for all I know," continued Mr. Weaver. "Do you know? Of course not. Nobody knows. But, anyway, that's the Alumni policy, Oliphant, and so you're fired. Out of respect for my father."

"But if—" Virgil began desperately, all his happy suspicions now vanished; but he got no farther. He was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Miss Brinker, who stepped through the open door of the smaller office of the suite, and said, without the smallest glance at the horrified Virgil, "Mr. Weaver, they just called from outside to say there's a Mr. Oliphant to see you. Shall I show him in?"

"Oliphant?" said Mr. Weaver petulantly. "What's the matter with you, Miss Brinker? Here's Oliphant right in front of you."

Still Miss Brinker would not take her eyes from Mr. Weaver's face.

"It's—it's my half brother, Homer," Virgil explained quickly. "I'll go out—"

"Oh, *that* Oliphant," said Mr. Weaver. "Send him right in."

AS MISS BRINKER crossed over to the door, Virgil tried as hard as he could to gain her attention, to catch her eye, to see if he could tell what she was thinking, but she refused even to glance at him. She had heard, then, through the open door. She knew everything now, and this was her forbidding answer. Her lovely face was solemn in the extreme, and it seemed that there was in it some new sad sense of purpose.

Miss Brinker opened the door and Homer sauntered in. He smiled engagingly at Mr. Weaver behind the desk and winked at Miss Brinker in passing. When he saw Virgil his lanky body stiffened for a moment in puzzled suspicion. But he relaxed at once. "Hi, Virge. Glad to know you, Mr. Weaver. Virge is always telling me what a great little company you've got here. He's crazy about working here, aren't you, Virge?" Homer paused expectantly, and when no one answered him, he said, "By the way, Virgil, wasn't there something you wanted to see me about so I won't have to take up any of Mr. Weaver's so valuable time?"

"Why, that's perfectly all right, Mr. Oliphant," said Mr. Weaver, an ominous dearth of explosions in his voice. "Plenty of time, plenty of time—"

Virgil turned to face Homer, and stared at him without malice, seemingly almost without recognition, and said dully, "You're too late, Homer. Mr. Weaver knows anything you can tell him. I'm fired."

As Homer listened to what Virgil said, he continued to smile, but a curious thing seemed to happen to his smile. His big teeth continued to sparkle from between his stretched lips, but the over-all effect altered convulsively into a fixed and horrible grimace.

Mr. Weaver watched this metamorphosis complacently from behind his desk. "That's right," he said, snapping properly again. "Had to fire Oliphant. Didn't graduate from college. Too bad, but that's our policy. Too bad for you too—right, Mr. Oliphant? Meal ticket gone. I'm glad you dropped by. Good time. Now you can hear me hire him back again under our new policy. New position. New Year's resolution." Mr. Weaver turned to Virgil and spoke in a rapid, offhand manner. "Doyle's job," he said. "Head of your department. Raise. Good man, Doyle, but noisy. Belongs in Sales. What are you looking so funny for, Oliphant? Don't think you're the *only* one around here who isn't a college graduate. Ha! Plenty more. I hired 'em all, but they haven't had the guts yet to tell me. I've been planning this new policy for years. 'Hire good people, Harold,' I said. 'Never mind where they came from. See how it works.' Well, it works. New policy: From now on *anybody* can work for this

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"But should parents try to control a child's future?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

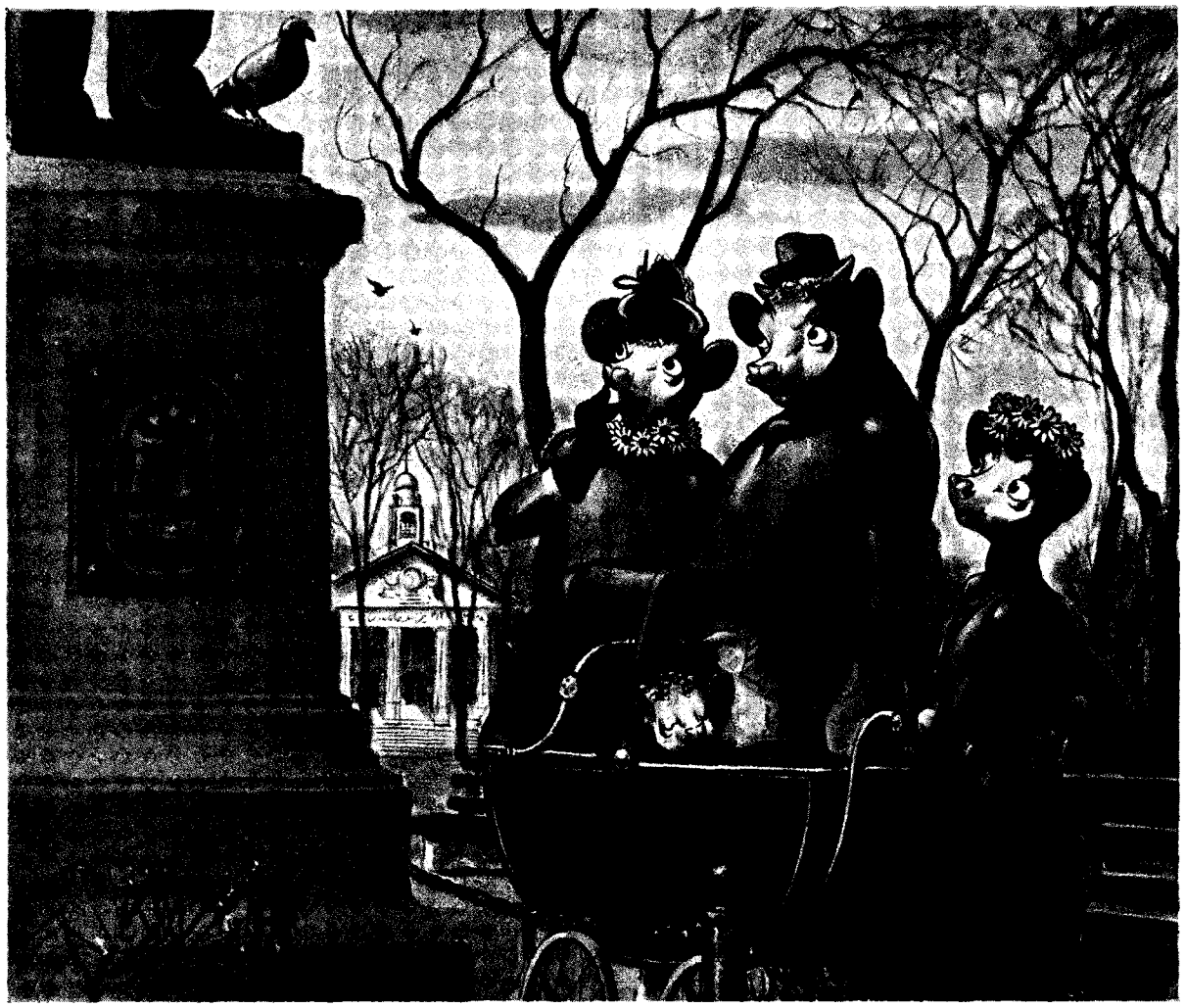
"CONTROL THE CHILD'S FUTURE!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "How about controlling his *present*, woman?"

"Oh, we *must* do that — we must, indeed," said Elsie. "By controlling him now, we'll make life easier for him *and* ourselves later on."

"Then what's all the shouting for?" snapped Elmer. "What's all this double-talk about controlling his *future?*"

"I'm simply wondering," answered Elsie, "whether parents should try to influence a child to take up some special profession—or whether the child should be encouraged to pick his own life's work."

"My son can't *creep* yet," groaned Elmer, "and already you've got him working."



FREE—Foolproof recipes for luscious candies and cookies that almost make themselves—in *Borden's Eagle Brand Book of Magic Recipes.* Send post card to Elsie, Dept. C-127, P. O. Box 175, New York 8, N. Y.

"If you think," continued Elmer, "that you're going to *influence* him into selling your doggoned Borden products, you have another think coming."

"Then," giggled Elsie, "*I think* there couldn't be a nicer job than selling a product with the many, many wonderful uses of *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.*"

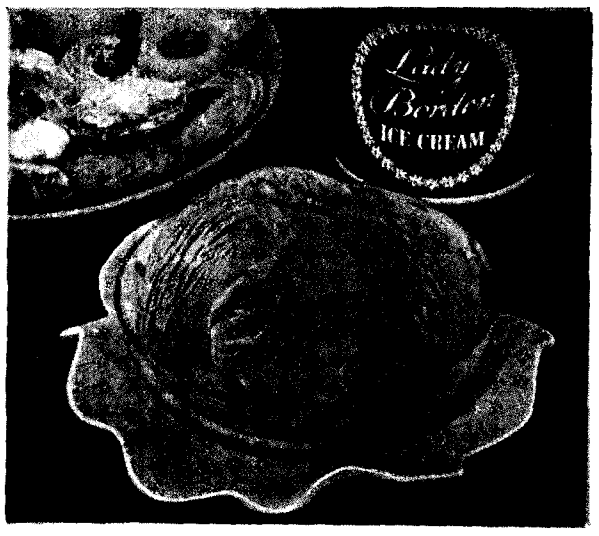
"I've been tricked!" roared Elmer. "I've been trapped! Why can't I keep my big mouth closed?"

"Nobody can keep his mouth closed," blithely chirped Elsie, "when he sees the smooth icings, the heavenly candies and cookies, the super pie fillings made with Eagle Brand. And they're all so easy to make—you see, Eagle Brand is a satiny blend of whole milk and pure cane sugar."

"What's all this cooking chatter got to do with my son?" demanded Elmer. "*I* say the kid'll be anything he makes up his mind to be!"

"That's just it!" said Elsie. "So, instead of parents making up *their* minds to make their sons engineers or doctors, they should study the child. And if he shows a natural *bent* for — say, building things, help him along with building toys . . . if he shows any mechanical talent for taking things apart—"

"Hide your watch!" guffawed Elmer. "Now, let's forget this stuff, Elsie. All the kid's interested in now is eating—and you can't make a life's work of that."



"WHY, WHY have we never had ice cream like this before?" folks keep asking . . . Answer: never, until now, was there such ice cream as Lady Borden —never such richness, such smoothness, such *flavor!*

— if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

"Lots of folks," smiled Elsie, "would *love* to make a life's work of eating new *Lady Borden Ice Cream!* It truly *is* fit for a golden spoon. Such a luscious blending of golden cream with choice fruits and nuts — with chocolate and vanilla of *character!*"

"What do you mean—*character?*" asked Elmer.

"Between you and me, Daddy," said Beulah, "Mother means it's definitely *good.*"

"Naturally, it's good, dear," agreed Elsie. *"If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"* © The Borden Company

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MRS. J. JAMES AKSTON

AT HER PARK AVENUE APARTMENT

SERVES THIS SPARKLING WATER

EVERVESS *Yes, Yes!*

Yes ...a dime-size bottle for 5¢!

Yes ...it's bonded for quality!

PRODUCT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

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company who knows his job. If he is a college graduate, fine. If he isn't a college graduate, fine. College or no coll—" Mr. Weaver's voice trailed off into a wholly uncharacteristic mumble as he suddenly caught sight of Miss Brinker, and he began to stare in fascination at her stealthy activities.

And, indeed, Miss Brinker might have captured the attention of an even less-unassembled mind. She had unobtrusively carried a chair to a position directly behind Homer, next to the filing cabinets, and now she methodically and daintily mounted the chair as though she wished perhaps to reach something on top of the cabinets. This she did. She took up an enormous ledger which was kept there. Miss Brinker did not step down then with the great book or read it or make an entry in it.

Instead she turned about carefully on the chair, so that she faced Homer's broad back, and, drawing upon some hitherto unsuspected well of energy, raised the prodigious volume over her head. It remained poised there, trembling uncertainly like some primitive aerial construction, for only a moment; Miss Brinker's lovely face took on an expression of solemn purpose. Then the thing came hurtling down on top of Homer's head. "You—you—you leech!" cried Miss Brinker passionately. "You *college graduate!*"

At that moment Homer, who had again assumed his insolent slouch, turned, warned presumably by some diluvial instinct—but he turned too late, and only his casual manners, which had caused him to keep on his hat, likely saved him from some sort of brain rearrangement from the encounter. He staggered crazily for a moment, and presently focused his eyes on Miss Brinker, who was in the act of raising her bludgeon a second time. Homer didn't wait, but with the terrified expression of a man who finds himself in a roomful of people gone suddenly insane, he turned and fled through the door.

THE clamor of Homer's exit had only just abated when Miss Brinker, still standing on her chair, dropped the ledger with a mighty thud, burst into a rain of tears and rushed off into the smaller office, slamming the door after her.

Virgil, who had observed the last few moments' activities through a haze of fascinated inaction, came suddenly to life. He took one great step in the direction of the smaller office into which Miss Brinker had disappeared so summarily, but Mr. Weaver stopped him.

"Business before pleasure!" he barked, somewhat obscurely. "Job for you, Oliphant. Write me a memo to be distributed to the entire staff explaining the new Alumni policy. You're the man to do it."

"Yes, sir," said Virgil. "And I want to thank—"

"Department head now," interrupted Mr. Weaver. "You need an assistant. Pick an assistant."

"Miss Brinker," Virgil said.

"Don't forget your bonus on your way out," said Mr. Weaver, and as Virgil picked up his envelope, Mr. Weaver picked up a paper and began to stare at it in great concentration, which seemed to indicate the close of the interview.

"Thank you," Virgil felt impelled to say, "for all the things. Merry Christmas."

Mr. Weaver didn't look up from the paper he was apparently reading. "True, true," he said meditatively, "as far as it *goes*. But how far is that?"

Virgil turned and tiptoed hurriedly into the other office. But Miss Brinker was not there. She had escaped apparently through another door leading into the main office, and through this door Virgil now plunged. In the far distance he caught a fleeting glimpse of Miss Brinker hurrying into an elevator, and a sort of panic overtook him. He started to run, stretching his great legs into racehorse strides and giving no more heed to his startled co-workers than if they had been pieces of furniture, and presently he had run down nine flights of stairs. But even Virgil's legs couldn't keep pace with the descending elevator, and on the ground floor there was no sign of Miss Brinker. Out on the street Virgil began to run again, his heart hammering wildly as he spotted and pursued an elusive green feather which bobbed in and out of the sidewalk crowd a block away; the feather decorated Miss Brinker's hat.

It was three blocks away on a side street off the avenue that Virgil finally caught her. His recent athletics had momentarily relieved him of the capacity for speech; he stopped her by placing a great hand on her arm, gasping for breath and gazing at her intensely.

When Miss Brinker turned and looked up into Virgil's face it seemed that she might be going to cry afresh. Her lower lip trembled helplessly like a little child's, but in the end she said, haltingly, "I don't know what you must think, what kind of girl—I hit your brother on the head. I couldn't help it. He—you—"

"Oh, that was fine," Virgil panted reassuringly. "I should have done that years ago. It's only that I don't quite understand why—I mean, aren't you upset about the—ah—the college diploma and all?"

"Upset!" repeated Miss Brinker, and this time the tears did spring up uncontrollably in her great round eyes. "Oh, Mr. Oliphant, it was—it was fine and noble!" she said passionately. "When I think of what you did for that worthless—for that—and to think he could have worked for the Alumni, and Abraham Lincoln couldn't! Oh, I think I'm going to cry again!"

"There, there," said Virgil, patting Miss Brinker's arm in an ecstasy of compassion. "It's nothing to cry about. It's all over now." And as Virgil spoke his happy reassurances, his very soul swelling with joy, he guided Miss Brinker tenderly along the street, not consciously aware of a specific destination, oblivious to the icy wind, half his mind turned in upon himself and the miracle of his existence. He told Miss Brinker that she was to be his new assistant and that he was to set down the new policy for the company, and she congratulated him on his promotion, and before they knew it they stood at Virgil's front door.

This fact at first startled Virgil, then charged him with a delightful inspiration. He turned suddenly to Miss Brinker. "It's only three o'clock," he said eagerly. "This is where I live. I don't want you to think—I mean, I wouldn't want you to think, but—anyway, let's go up, and you can rest for a while, and then we'll write out the new Alumni policy. Will you? Please?"

She seemed at once to sense in his voice his great inner urgency to obliterate as quickly as possible the company dictum which had so nearly brought him ruin. Without hesitating for a moment, she smiled up at him sympathetically and nodded her head.

Once in his room Virgil began a great scurrying after Miss Brinker's comfort. He made her sit in the big chair and put her feet up on another and he gently placed a blanket across her knees. Miss Brinker, meanwhile, in a flurry of embarrassment, protested that she was fine and didn't deserve such attention, but Virgil would hear none of it, and when at last Miss Brinker came to resemble a North Atlantic steamship passenger in readiness for a go at the hurricane deck, Virgil said, avoiding her eye in a peculiar way, that he must run out for a minute—only a minute, he promised.

It had something to do with pencils and paper with which to write out the new Alumni policy, which was odd because there were two newly sharpened pencils in plain sight on the dresser and beside them a box of typewriter paper. But Virgil was halfway out of the door before Miss Brinker had a chance to point out the pencils and the paper. And when the chance finally arose, for some reason she said nothing. There was in Virgil's manner so curious and pronounced an urgency that she let him go.

Consequently, after experiencing for a few moments the somehow mildly disturbing sensations which come about by being left alone in someone else's house, Miss Brinker disengaged herself from the cocoon which Virgil had built around her and crossed over to the great gleaming cabinet against the wall with a view to listening to some music to pass the time more pleasantly. She turned the button readiest to her hand and waited calmly for what she not unnaturally imagined to be a radio to warm up and play some music for her. Instead, something else happened.

"Miss Brinker, Emily, *I love you!*" cried an impassioned voice. Miss Brinker replied to this assertion with a stifled shriek of stark terror. She looked about her wildly for a moment, then started for the door. The voice froze her to immobility. "Emily, darling," it continued tenderly, "you're the most beautiful, the most wonderful girl in the whole world. I can't live any longer without you. Will you marry—(No. Better. Dignified.) Will you be my wife?"

Miss Brinker had now recognized Virgil's voice, and some of her immediate alarm left her. She moved cautiously back to the machine, raised its lid and peered inside. There she saw, among other things, two mysterious spools of ticker tape slowly winding and unwinding, and a small, shiny microphone. While Miss Brinker's knowledge of mechanical matters was sharply limited, her mind was an alert one, and when she finally closed the lid of the machine again there was about her charming mouth the beginning of a fresh and subtle smile of wisdom.

Meanwhile, Virgil's voice talked on. And presently Miss Brinker had overheard comments addressed variously to Al, the waiter, Mr. Weaver, Charlie Doyle, someone who appeared to be a clerk in a hat store, and, with abundant frequency, to herself. Sometimes there were things which the voice spoke to her, highly specialized panegyrics to her charm and beauty, which made her blush violently. But once when the voice asked again a particular question of her, Miss Brinker almost inaudibly whispered something back.

WHEN Virgil returned at last, he found Miss Brinker exactly as he had left her, muffled in the big chair and smiling up at him. The recording machine lay closed and silent. It might not have raised its voice for a year.

Virgil stood very straight in the doorway, his remarkable size filling it easily, and returned her smile. His was somehow a new smile, a smile of peace.

In his hand Miss Brinker noticed that he carried a five-cent pad of paper and an unsharpened pencil, but she noticed something else, too, and she remarked on it at once. "Why, you have a new hat," she said. "My, I like it."

Virgil affected to be surprised that she had noticed it and turned his eyes upward. "Oh, yes," he said. "Well, I left my other one at the office and I thought as long as I was out—it's just a hat."

"Oh, I don't think so at all," Miss Brinker said, with considerable thoughtfulness. "I think a black Homburg hat makes a man look more distinguished than any other kind of hat—a big man, I mean. It looks just right on you."

"Do you think so?" said Virgil; he closed the door behind him and entered the room, his great frame swinging with a subtle new grace. "Thank you," he said. "Well, if you're feeling rested enough we might get to work."

"Oh, I'm feeling fine now," said Miss Brinker. She sat up straighter to show how well she felt and frowned in a businesslike way, accepting from Virgil the pad of paper and one of the sharpened pencils which had been there all along.

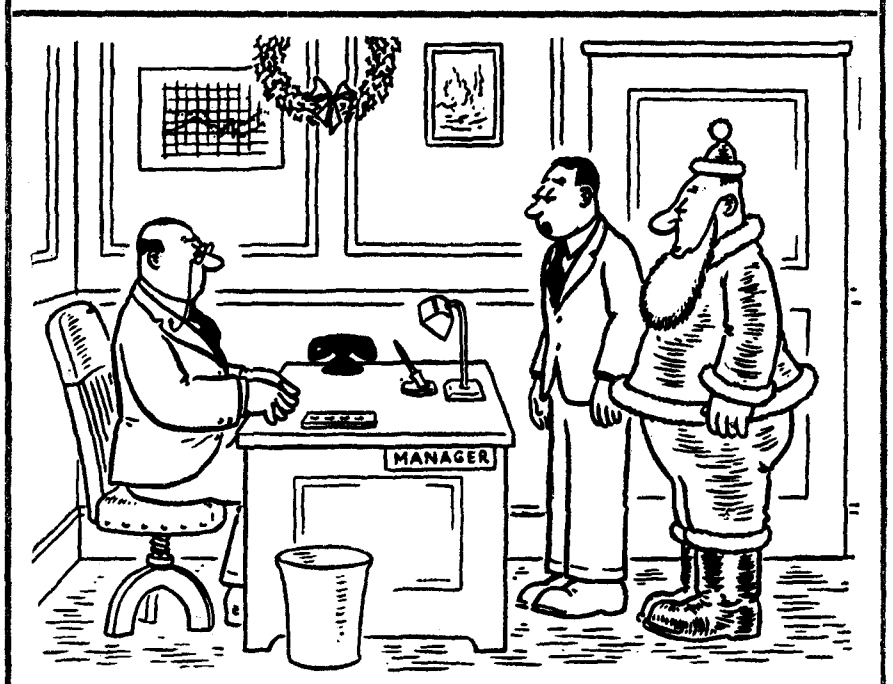
Virgil took off his hat and placed it very gently on top of the recording machine. Then he leaned back against the beautiful wood, his fingers lightly caressing its satiny finish.

Miss Brinker sat attentively, her pencil poised above her paper. Only once before they began did she permit herself a momentary glance at the recording machine. It was a tender glance, an intimate, knowing, trusting glance such as one might give an old friend with whom some glad secret is shared. Then she looked back at Virgil, and for a moment their eyes met.

Virgil cleared his throat. "Memo to the entire staff," he said in his fine, strong voice. And Miss Brinker's pencil darted efficiently across the page. "Happy New Year! From today on, everything is going to be different. . . ."

THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



COLLIER'S

"I'm afraid, sir, we'll just have to give up the idea of Alfred's stomach shaking with merriment"

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THE POLISH DREAM

Continued from page 17

Things, however, were not as simple as all that. One of my autochthones was an accountant for a nationalized factory, and the other ran a private law practice. As a state employee the accountant was one of 8,000,000 entitled to ration cards. Apart from government functionaries, this third of the population includes "nationalized" workers, scientists, intellectuals and others considered essential. By and large these people are able to cover about 65 per cent of their minimum needs on the "controlled market" where food is exceedingly cheap. There, 11 zlotys will buy a pound of butter. Another 15 per cent of their requirements is filled on the "free market," where it takes 200 zlotys for a pound of butter. The remaining 20 per cent is left for extras.

The lawyer belonged, theoretically at least, among Poland's hungriest citizens. There are 3,000,000 so-called nonessential workers, including, besides lawyers, businessmen and private employees. My lawyer received no ration cards whatsoever and depended entirely on the free market. Actually he was making fair money, around 20,000 zlotys a month, and while he, too, spent most of his earnings on food, other commodities were still so scarce there wasn't much he could buy in nonessentials anyway.

Peasants Don't Fare Too Badly

Other nonration card holders are Poland's 13,000,000 peasants who are expected to feed themselves. On the whole they succeed in doing so and profess no dislike for the current system.

It appeared that Poland's population begins at Walbrzych. From here on, "recovered" Lower Silesia, though studded with ruins, looks like a going concern.

I moved on and when the car started to boil stopped at a medium-sized family farm for some water and talk, and received both from the old lady of the house.

"They're all out in the fields," she said in French, "even the children. There's too much to do for anyone to be idle."

Like everyone here, the family had received its slice of recovered land with the compliments of the state and was not, thus far, paying any taxes. While the Polish farmer has to meet his quota and surrender a part of his crops at ceiling price, he never deals directly with the authorities but delivers his share to a local agency composed of peasants. When I was there, the government was not telling him what to grow. But in spite of what sounded like an extremely friendly and liberal arrangement, my rustic hostess spoke no more highly of the government than had the urban autochthones.

"Half of Poland," she complained, "half of our country has been given to the Russian archenemy. He took our farm, too, and sent us packing. The soil is richer here, that much I grant you. But we don't belong here; I, for one, don't, although the children feel quite at home."

If the average historically minded Pole finds it hard to overcome his nation's traditional distrust and hatred of Russia, the people of the recovered territories have their special and additional axes to grind when it comes to the Soviet Union. The 1,689,000 *évacués* from east of the Curzon line are automatically and fiercely anti-Russian. So are the Germans and autochthones. Only a small minority composed of government officials, nonpolitical treasure hunters, adventurers, pioneers from Central Poland and Jews, many of whom owe their lives to Russian protection, deviates from the anti-Russian feeling.

My next stop was Breslau, now called Wroclaw, capital of Silesia and once a blooming metropolis of 750,000. I had known the place in prewar times, but hard as I looked I could not find one landmark, not one familiar sight to assist me in picking my way through this gigantic accumulation of rubble. Soviet artillery accounted for not more than 30 per cent of the destruction wrought here during 80 days of siege. The rest was done by German demolition squads in what was probably the most colossal "scorched city" operation of the war.

Today the rubble heap at Wroclaw shelters some 200,000 persons, most of whom seem to speak, or rather whisper, German more fluently than Polish. Virtually everybody here appears frightened of something or other. No sooner had I sat down for dinner in a ground-floor restaurant, which was all that remained of a four-story building, than the main cause of this general anxiety became clear to me.

After having addressed the waiter in English, I was joined almost immediately by an English couple who asked in a whisper whether they could be of any assistance. The waiter who had only just gone to fill my order, returned hastily and, glancing at the table at my back, muttered, *"Achtung! Geheimer!"* ("Attention! A Secret one!")

The individual he referred to was a shabbily dressed man of no distinction who looked bored and sleepy. The waiter demonstratively cleared the suspect's table of its clean cutlery and an unused glass.

"That's how he knew," whispered my female friend. "They rarely consume anything—can't afford to, I suppose—but simply sit and listen. We have a disgusting lot of them around here."

Her husband, a physician, proved quite well informed on the city.

"The place looks awful," he said, "and I should wish, even from a sanitary viewpoint, that they'd start cleaning up. Factories, however, are held to be more important than living quarters, and perhaps they really are."

He said that 70 industrial establishments had thus far managed to reopen in, or near, Wroclaw and that they employed some 25,000 workers.

The industrial picture was even brighter than that, as I was to discover eventually. But Wroclaw officials would not say so. There was practically nothing that they would say when it came to issuing any factual information.

"Go to Warsaw. There they'll surely know," I was told.

I started for Warsaw.

To demonstrate her disapproval of any such strenuous venture, my old car broke down in ever-shortening intervals. She boiled, coughed, jerked and whistled, and kept losing water, oil and gasoline. Time and again she simply refused to move at all, although she usually spared me the misery of a total collapse on the road, waiting until we were in front of a hotel before folding up. This was often in the middle of the night.

Feeling of Mistrust Is General

On one of these occasions I came to understand that neither fear nor dislike of the powers above is exclusive with the recovered territories but that many a citizen of central Poland shares the feeling of his brethren to the west.

It was 1:30 A.M. and the car would not move another inch. The hotel looked pleasant enough, although its owner resented being aroused from his sleep, particularly since there wasn't an empty bed in the house. Two surplus guests, both of them Poles, sat on hard chairs in the corridor, vainly trying to get a little sleep. I produced my letter, and suddenly there was action. The elderly proprietor dashed to his room and came out dragging his own bed across the hall and put it into a tiny office. The tiny office had to be emptied of all its furniture before the bed would fit in.

Meanwhile, my car proved to have collapsed on the wrong side of the street and a young policeman came to say it had to be moved. Even while he helped me push the automobile to where it belonged, he breathlessly professed to be a very unhappy man.

"I shouldn't say so," he said, "not with this uniform on. But then, I've been with the British during the war and I've seen what democratic liberty is."

He wouldn't answer, though, when I asked in what respect his liberty had been encroached upon here.

It was only in Warsaw that I found civic reconstruction in full swing. After the ill-fated insurrection of August, 1944, and the "punitive action" that followed, virtually nothing remained of the capital. Now it must be rebuilt, as quickly as possible and at any price. On this point, if on few others, the average resident of Warsaw sees eye to eye with his government.

"It's a matter of pride," I was told by the elderly owner of a small pub. "They didn't want us to have a capital any more, but we'll show them."

Oddly enough, his reference, spoken in French, was not to the Germans but to the Russians, who, to his mind, had deliberately failed to free the city at the critical moment.

"They don't want us to prosper," he declared, "yet things are far better now than they were last year."

At this point he was interrupted by a Polish customer, who seemed to resent our French conversation.

"Speak German, everybody!" he demanded drunkenly. "German, most beloved tongue in Poland."

When I left, the drunk left with me, without paying his bill, incidentally. He kept staggering along beside me and wouldn't even quit when I had arrived at my destination. The boys in the garage politely refused to rid me of my escort. Warsaw, they muttered, was full of people whom one had better not offend, and since this "gentleman" (he looked like a bum) seemed to like my company, they would rather not interfere. It was not until I produced my letter that the character, now entirely sober, took his embarrassed leave.

If there are things which the Polish government wishes to hide, the facts concerning the so-called recovered territories are not among them. A prodigious amount of relevant material has been issued and is readily available to foreign observers. According to these statistics, 33 per cent of Poland's entire coal output comes from mines that were formerly German. So does 50 per cent of her railway wagons, 25 per cent of her iron and 10 per cent of her steel. After the realization of the all-embracing three-year plan, now in its second year, the relative importance of the reclaimed areas will be greater still. By the end of 1947, 3,200,000 hectares of recovered land were to be under cultivation, as compared to the 832,000 hectares tilled in 1945. If all goes well, Poland will be an exporter of food by 1950. Even today she is an exporter of coal, the only European country now in that enviable position. Of the 58,000,000 tons expected to be produced, 28,000,000 are marked for export.

Nationalism Strong in Warsaw

While in Warsaw I listened to dozens of Poles, both within the government and without. Among ordinary citizens Communists are hard to find. By and large, people profess to a nonpolitical, or even an antipolitical, attitude which resents "Socialism" as a manifestation of Russian influence rather than as an economic or political doctrine. Nationalism proved a passion with virtually everyone to whom I talked, and the very tangible successes which the nation achieved under the current regime somewhat mitigated its unpopularity.

Seemingly unaware of the sentiments they arouse, top-ranking officials appeared cheerful and confident. When I went to see General Victor Grosz, director of the press department of the Foreign Office and senior spokesman for the government, the Harrison Report had just resulted in an American refusal of aid to the Poles.

"While we are, of course, most disappointed," General Grosz told me, "the report had its pleasing side, too. What could be more satisfactory than this official American admission that we are doing well?"

"I want a gift that won't look as though I bought it on the spur of the moment"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY

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A detailed UNRRA report on the subject, however, shows that Poland's economy cannot possibly develop much further unless it is aided from the outside. "Without industrial investment from abroad, Poland cannot expand her industrial production appreciably beyond present levels," the report said.

Russia had not, at the time I was there, seen fit to interfere seriously with Poland's internal affairs, but any Polish failure resulting from the rejection of any loan application would make the Poles completely dependent on the U.S.S.R.'s meager offerings.

I found Poland's affairs were being run efficiently. Prices had been stabilized; the Polish treasury showed a surplus for the year, and while Polish trade with the Soviet Union was higher than ever before, it represented only 43 per cent of the nation's total exports, with 57 per cent going to other countries. Only the Communists claim that "democratic freedom" has had much of a part in the successes boasted by the government. But then democracy, as understood in the Western nations, has no roots in Poland, where a medieval feudal society was succeeded by a Fascist one and where the vast majority of the people had never been permitted to decide anything for themselves. This was pointed out to me by an intellectual in Warsaw who was not a Communist.

People Don't Want Feudal Rule

"Liberty, though duly rationed, is more readily available now than it has been at any time in the past," he said. "We simply cannot afford democratic freedom in the Western sense. Our people are patriotic and hard working, provided they are told what to do. Since they want Poland to thrive they do not —could not possibly—want the return to power of the gentry under whose feudal regime millions of Poles had to go to work in foreign countries, while other millions were left to starve at home. If those seasoned antidemocrats were offered a nice democratic chance, if they were 'free' to stage a comeback, they'd most certainly do so and that would be the end of freedom."

In the course of five crowded weeks, I covered some 1,100 miles of Polish ground and came in touch with scores of persons of all political shades. Wherever I stopped I found people busy, friendly, healthily ambitious, and almost incredibly optimistic. Unlike most of the Western Europeans, they seem happily oblivious of the threat of another war.

"You're absolutely right, there's nothing like a good cup of coffee in the morning! At least not around here!"

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

When I was there, the "Information Center," backed by the Communists of nine countries, including Poland, had not yet been set up, but it is a safe guess that the average hard-working Pole has little time and less love for any such Soviet affair. Nor, on the other hand, is he likely to grasp the seriousness with which "the West," especially the United States, views this new Cominform. That Polish Communist participation in the Belgrade venture might be deemed an unfriendly act by the country as such, is surely beyond him.

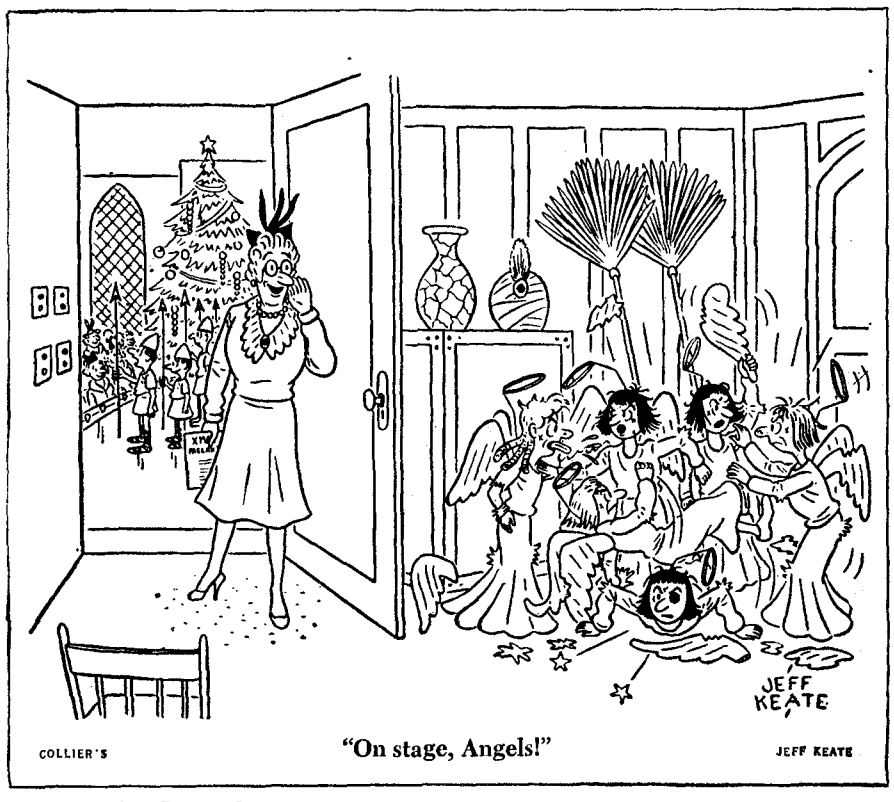
To his mind, Silesia, Pomerania and one half of East Prussia have long since become an integral part of Poland, a part in which the nation has invested an irretrievable amount of work and faith. In the industrial and mining centers of Silesia the chimneys smoke 24 hours a day. The "recovered" Baltic ports of Szczecin (Stettin), Gdańsk (Danzig) and Gdynia (Gdingen), which in 1945 seemed wrecked beyond repair, operate today at 70 per cent of capacity, with 60 per cent of their quays and 30 per cent of their machinery repaired or replaced. Anywhere in the reclaimed areas, except for the far western fringes, you may drive from dawn to dusk without passing an untilled field.

Flimsy Historic Basis for Claims

But Poland's "historical right" to her "recovered territories" is upheld with a fervor hardly justified by historical fact. To establish this title, government historians and propagandists hark back to the year 1100 when Polish tribes penetrated to the Oder and Neisse rivers and Poland's western frontiers were identical with those agreed upon at Potsdam. As for her present northern boundaries, they too are alleged to have historical precedent. The Polish state reached its greatest expansion along the Baltic Coast in the 12th century, only to lose most of its western and northern territories in the two centuries that followed.

Having lost, or "ceded," almost half of her entire prewar territory to the Soviet Union after World War II, Poland cannot possibly survive without the "reclaimed" lands. Poles therefore will shun no effort to demonstrate to the world their resolution and ability to solve all problems at stake. They will never agree to return, wholly or in essential parts, the acquisitions on which they base all their hopes for a happier future. Nothing short of successful military intervention from the West, or a super-Munich abetted by the Soviet Union, could sever the "recovered territories" from a Poland which, after untold sufferings, is grimly determined to recover.

THE END



COLLIER'S "On stage, Angels!" JEFF KEATE

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CLEAN BLOOD

Continued from page 24

He found the man carrying supplies into a tent set up a half mile down the shore. The fellow was about Dave's age, thirty-five, and his astonishment was so great he couldn't speak.

"Hello," Dave said. "Tried to get here before the plane left."

Still the man was silent.

"Maybe the plane's bringing another load for you," Dave said. "Then you can switch to another valley."

"No," the man said.

The man was sore, obviously, and Dave didn't blame him. He kept sizing Dave up. If you're stuck on the moon with a man you want to know what he's like; Dave was making his own estimate. The fellow seemed all right, but a long winter lay ahead.

"Eating time," Dave said. "Better come along."

IN THE cabin, while Dave mixed biscuit and fried moose steaks, the man spoke only once, saying his name was Gib Dodson.

After they'd eaten, Gib Dodson pushed his plate away and said, "No law gives a man a right to a valley."

"No law in the books," Dave said, "but there ain't even any books here."

"Meaning I can't set a trap? Lose the six-hundred plane fare?"

"I made a prospecting trip, just looking. Cost me three hundred, and then three hundred more to come in and three more to get out. I've worked pockets before and this time I figured to get the best I could find. Which makes it seem like I'd earned something."

"So you own the place. And I go nuts, just sitting."

"Most men crack, being alone and not busy," Dave said.

Gib jumped up angrily but after a moment he smiled.

"Why can't we go pardners?" he said.

Dave remembered two experiences he'd had on the upper Tanana. "Maybe it's my fault but pardners don't work out with me. I try to be good-natured and I keep working. It's sitting around, thinking when you got nothing to think about, that turns a man queer. Downright silly not to talk to a pardner even if he hates your guts. Maybe he's got more cause to hate yours."

"Then you expect me to sit for ten months and turn queer?" Gib was angry again. "It ain't my fault I landed in your hole."

"Being sore ain't getting us anywhere," Dave said.

Dave had seen from the first what would have to be done, but he didn't like it.

"I wouldn't want to see any man lose a year's work through no fault of his own," he said. "I'll give you the south end."

Gib stared as if he didn't believe it. "Mean you're letting me . . . that's what I call white!" he exclaimed.

His expression and manner changed. He was warm and sincere.

"Maybe I ain't too white," Dave said. "I picked the best."

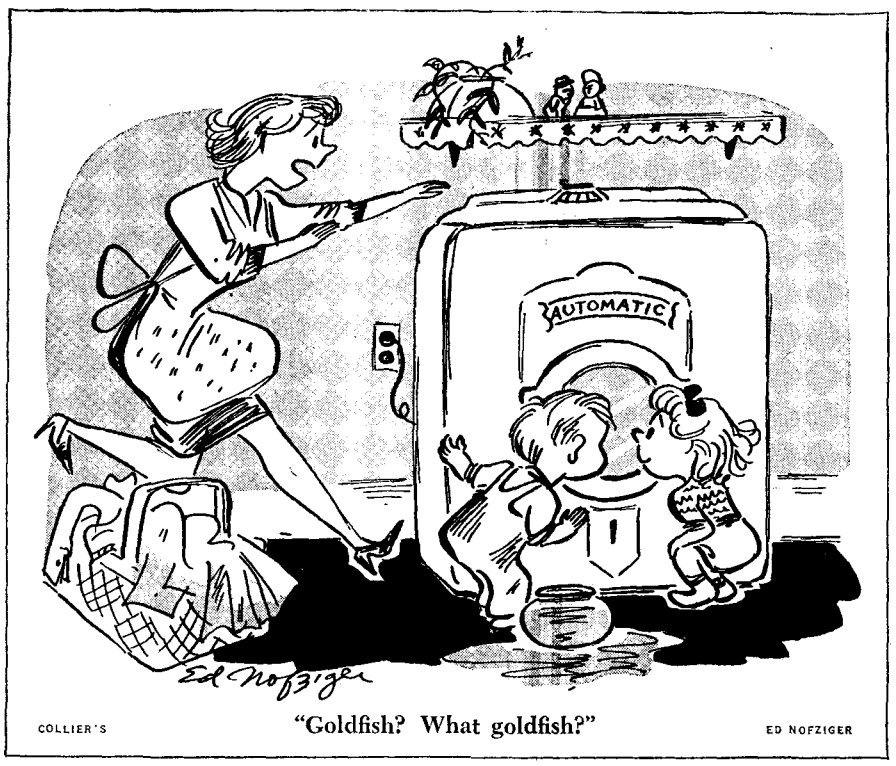
"You got a right to. You got a right to tell me to go to hell, only you don't."

"There's a catch to it," Dave said. "Don't use poison. So much snow, you can't track down half the fur you kill. I don't want this pocket wiped out. And don't work this side of the south end of the lake."

"Sure!" Gib said. "That's more'n fair."

"I was going to run a line there myself, so we'll both lose. But what can a man do when there's two in a hole like this?"

Thus the agreement was made. Dave's dreams of working the pocket alone were gone, but he realized that being tough would only start a grudge fight. Now there seemed to be little chance of trouble.



COLLIER'S "Goldfish? What goldfish?" ED NOFZIGER

Dave met Gib's friendliness with a suggestion that Gib live with him until another cabin was built and he offered to help brush out a trail down the side of the lake. Moose had made the task easy and they finished before night. Gib brought supplies and helped cook and clean up. He wasn't the best of housekeepers and his ax work was crude, but he was husky and always cheerful.

The first evening Dave discovered Gib was not an old hand at trapping. He'd trolled for salmon out of Ketchikan and had tried trapping around Behm Canal. The last two years he'd gone up Unuk River as far as he could in his gas boat and had frozen in for the winter. Always he'd had a partner and on the Unuk other trappers had been near him. His former partners wouldn't risk flying to a pocket in the mountains.

"They said I'd go bushy, living alone," Gib said, "but I wouldn't mind turning queer for ten thousand bucks."

"If a man keeps busy he don't go queer," Dave said.

DAVE kept busy. He had miles of trapping trails to slash out, cuddies to build, snowshoes to make, wood to cut and stretcher boards to hew. He tanned two large moose hides to have leather for mittens, moccasins and a parka. Beyond the swamp, he found fine fur country on a higher plateau, and that meant more trails and cuddies. He didn't have enough traps and had to prepare deadfalls.

Gib went to the south end of the lake each morning and always was back before Dave returned. At the end of a week his cabin wasn't finished. Busy as Dave was, he gave Gib a hand to get a roof on and hew door planks. Gib's work had not improved and he liked to stop to talk.

Dave was relieved when Gib moved to his camp. He liked Gib but the fellow didn't have the bursting energy of a successful trapper. Dave thought of little except fur. Gib talked of Ketchikan and inconsequential things, such as girls and getting drunk, but Dave thought that if they didn't see each other too often they should get along fine.

A week later Gib found Dave working far back on the second plateau.

"Don't you keep track of the days?" Gib asked. "It's Sunday."

"I can't spare Sundays," Dave said.

"Day off does a feller good after being alone all week."

"Who'd you figure on visiting if I wasn't here?"

Gib chuckled. "Ten months would have been a long time," he said. "I was lucky to find you. Come knock off."

Dave looked at the sky. "See them mare's-tails," he said. "Winter hits quick in these mountains."

He went on working; Gib went on talking, but Dave's mind was on trapping. He was irritated the next Sunday when Gib returned.

THE first heavy fall of snow kept Gib away for a time. Soon it would be cold enough to begin trapping and Dave, ready for it, cut firewood and heaped it high about the cabin. The lake, chilled by a second snowfall, froze over the first clear night and he began to set traps. Gib, who now had only a mile of easy walking over the lake, overtook him on the trail.

"Sunday again," he said. "You ain't taken a day off since I came. You'll kill yourself, man."

"I been doing it for fifteen years and I'm still alive," Dave said. "Got your traps out?"

"No. Snow slowed me cutting trails."

Dave finished a set. When he moved on, Gib followed.

"One man leaves too much scent along a trail," Dave said. "Two leave twice as much."

"Meaning you don't want me along?"

"It don't help any."

"Hell! If you're going to be nasty about it—"

Gib walked back. Dave wondered if he'd been too rough, but the fellow was a trapper and should understand, and he should be setting out his own traps.

Dave was too busy to think much of it. He was out before dawn and back after dark and he took so much fur he was kept busy skinning and stretching till late. The second plateau had given him more than he'd counted on but he had nothing to do except work and Dave could be perfectly happy when he was getting results.

In mid-November he came home to find Gib sitting in the cabin. Gib was as good-natured as if nothing had happened and he had supper prepared. Dave was glad to see him but after they'd eaten, Gib talked more than ever, and faster. He was like an excited kid. Later, when Dave skinned his fur, Gib became silent.

"How many days' catch is that?" he asked at last.

"Just today's," Dave said.

"More than I've taken in a week." Gib's face twitched. "You've got all the best of this pocket."

"Lot of fur in your end."

"And you held out on me about that upper plateau."

Dave finished skinning a marten. "I didn't find it till after you came," he said quietly.

"I won't make wages in what you left for me."

Dave didn't speak. He knew how these things started.

"No wonder you don't want me around," Gib said. "You don't want me to know how good the north end is. To hell with you."

Gib left. Dave was sorry another rift had developed, but he saw it had been in the cards. Gib had no business in a fur pocket. You had to work for pelts and if you were alone you had to keep busy so you wouldn't think too much.

IN DECEMBER, Dave started taking even more fur than before and he wondered if the storage shed would be big enough. He was so busy he lost track of the days. Long after dark one evening he found Gib waiting for him in the cabin.

"Merry Christmas!" Gib shouted. "Even an old grouch like you ought to take one day off a year."

He waved to a bottle of whisky on the table. "Roast in the oven, too," he said. "Thought you'd never come."

He opened the bottle and slopped liquor into tin cups. Dave drank. He had no objection to liquor, though he'd rather give the same weight in a plane to tea, lard or extra traps. But Gib had come to make amends and that was worth much. Dave let loose and they had a good time, but after they'd eaten and Gib poured more drinks, Dave eased up till the bottle was empty.

Gib was jovial for a while but he was fresh to liquor and it took hold. Dave, keeping alert, got an impression the man was cracking up. Gib may have planned this party with the best of intentions, yet underneath was bitterness, and with liquor it came out. Next morning his good nature was gone. When Dave skinned his fur and hung it in the shed, Gib stared at the rich pelts.

"So you don't use poison," he said. "Double-crossing me."

Dave knew this was serious. "Get busy!" he said sharply. "Quit sitting in that shack. Catch yourself some fur."

All Gib's malevolence flared. "How?" he said. "After the raw deal you gave me. Hogging the best ground. Giving me no chance! A man who'd do that—I get you now. Wanting me to get fur so you rob me of it before the planes come."

It wasn't an accusation. Dave knew it was an idea that had just struck Gib. The man was lazy and he couldn't take loneliness or another man's success, but before Dave could find an approach to this new and grave problem, Gib started swiftly toward the lake and home.

Small men, Dave thought, could get along well in town. Plenty of people would listen to their small ideas, and just speaking them got the poison out of the system. The wilderness was different. If you couldn't get rid of a notion it festered, and no telling how far it would spread through you. Dave had fought it himself in the past.

He was more disturbed than he would admit. Six months must pass before a plane came, and that could be a long time. He went back to trapping, to working long hours; he tried to forget Gib Dodson—and he couldn't. He knew Gib wasn't getting out every day as a trapper should. Gib was hugging the stove and brooding.

Weeks passed, and winter had really come to the mountains. Snow was deep and cold intense. Some days Dave could not visit his traps.

A bad storm let up one noon and he decided to spend the rest of the day washing clothes. When he went to the lake for water, he saw something move halfway down the shore. A moment later an animal crawled slowly onto the ice.

The cross fox was dead when Dave

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"AFTER A DAY IN THE SNOW," by John Gannam. Number 11 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

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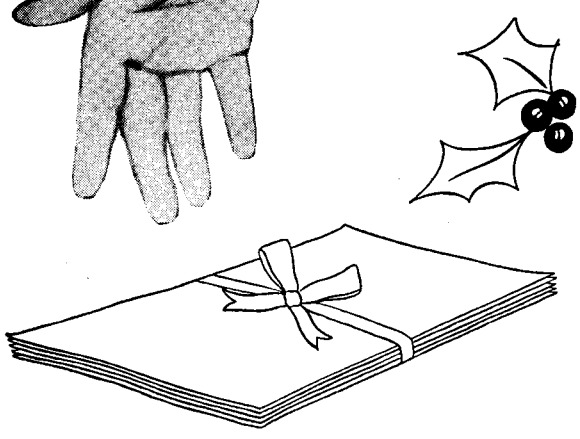

Hope and Crosby, in the movies, seldom see eye to eye. But there's one thing they really do agree on—they both think U.S. Savings Bonds make wonderful Christmas gifts!

SAYS BOB: "They're swell for *anybody* on your list. You couldn't pick a nicer, more sensible, more welcome present. Even Crosby knows that."

SAYS BING: "I hate to admit it, folks, but Hope is right. And remember this—you can buy Bonds at any bank or post office in the U.S.A."

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reached it. Froth at the mouth and scratches on the hard snow meant convulsions. Ten minutes later Dave slammed open Gib's door.

"Here's a pelt of yours," Dave said.

He looked around. On a shelf was a bottle half filled with white crystals. He dropped it into the stove.

"You won't poison any more fur," he said.

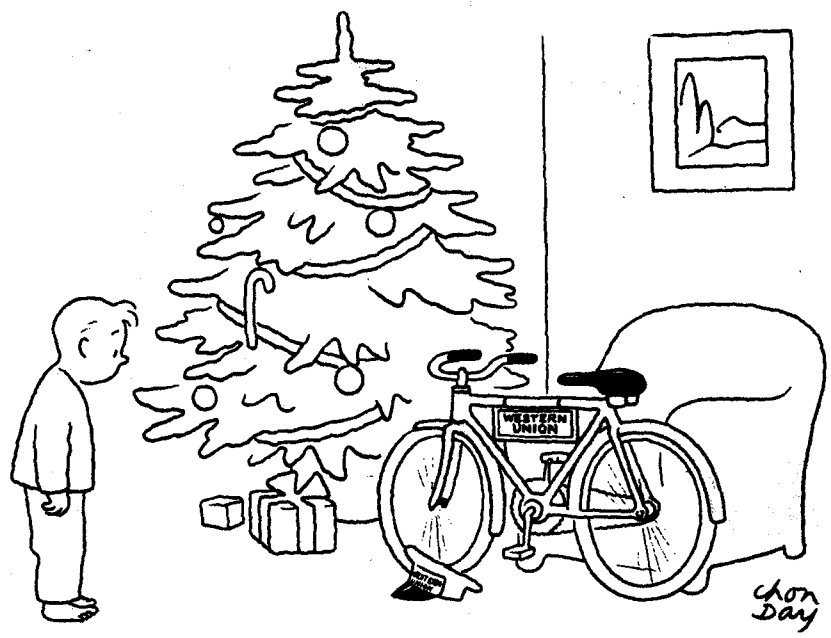
Gib stormed to his feet. His face, ordinarily so amiable, was totally different. Dave's anger cooled when he saw it. It wasn't that Dave was afraid. Here were symptoms he didn't like.

"Think you're a damned god running this pocket?" Gib shouted.

"I told you not to use poison," Dave said.

"And you gave me the no-good end where I got to use it."

Dave stepped outside and pointed to a trail. "That snow's four days old," he said. "You haven't looked at your traps since. Too lazy. So you scatter bait. Rob me of next year's catch."



COLLIER'S CHON DAY

DAVE went home and his anger grew. He was still fuming at bedtime but years in the wilderness had taught him a man must control his thoughts. If he brooded he'd go nuts. That's what Gib had done, and one man off-center was enough.

In the weeks that followed Dave accused himself. Gib needed support and you owed that much to another man even if he were a weakling. For the first time, Dave Harper found loneliness oppressive. It did not touch him but he could not escape the knowledge of what it must be doing to the man only a mile away. Dave had dropped Gib's strychnine in the stove, and he'd left a worse poison. Dynamite was made by a slow process, but it let loose with a bang.

It let loose in late February. Dave was going home at dusk when he felt a twitch in the left sleeve of his leather coat. He was already falling when he heard the rifle. His arms slipped from the shoulder straps of his pack and he rolled into thick brush and deep snow. It astonished him to know that in this instant of danger he had recognized the situation, analyzed it and taken action.

He had no weapon but he had no fear of another attack. Gib had seen him fall and would be unnerved by what he had done or he'd play it safe. If the bullet had only wounded, the intense cold would finish the job. Gib need only wait a few days. Then he'd have long months to cover all traces, work out an airtight story and take Dave's fur to his own cabin.

Dave heard a rustle of brush; heard it again more faintly. He crawled out and went toward the lake. It was darker but he could still see where Gib had returned to the trail from his ambush. At the lake Dave saw a black spot far out. It moved swiftly toward Gib's cabin.

He cooked supper, and while he ate and for long afterward, he struggled with the problem, and always he wound up against an immovable fact. With two men in a tiny universe and no laws except what they made, one answer was clear. Gib had made his laws. Dave would have to do the same and kill Gib before Gib killed him.

Dave was appalled. In all his life he'd never had occasion or desire to kill anyone. He argued that Gib had been unbalanced by loneliness. He should have recognized Gib's weakness and bolstered the fellow, should have taken a day off occasionally for a visit. But no matter how Dave argued he always came back to the essential fact that he could not hope to survive so long as Gib was alive.

For two days Dave fought the idea, and he wasn't helped by the necessity of constant watchfulness. He didn't dare let smoke show at his cabin in daytime, didn't dare look at his traps. Gib might try another pot shot and he could do it as safely as he had the first time. Dave finally decided he must act if he were to live.

He started early the next morning, crossing the lake before daylight and circling through the timber until he found a trail behind Gib's cabin. He followed it north and found a ravine where a creek had bubbled over the ice, leaving a sloping, glassy surface. At the bottom lay a quarter of moose. The trail beyond told how something had been dragged away, probably another quarter of meat.

Dave went on. The moment had come and again he tried desperately to find another way out. He wondered if he should play square, give Gib a chance. That would ease his conscience.

DAWN had come when he sighted Gib's cabin. Smoke did not rise from the stovepipe. Gib couldn't be home, for the temperature was low. Gib might be hunting him and Dave went forward and listened. He shoved the door back.

Nothing happened. Dave saw a figure on the bunk. Gib peered from his robe, astonished and terrified.

Dave felt completely dismayed: He'd come to kill Gib in cold blood, and he couldn't kill a man who was helpless.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Sick?"

"Broke a leg," Gib said.

Dave looked ahead to how he would have to take care of this man, lose time from trapping, do the work of two men, and he welcomed the chance. A moment ago he'd been ready to shoot Gib, and now he had to save Gib's life. It wasn't just or reasonable, and it was wonderful.

"I was packing in meat," Gib said. "Slipped. Two days ago. Dragged myself here. No fire since. Nothing to eat."

Dave started a fire. It would take hours to get the cabin thawed out so he could begin work on that leg, and he had meals to cook and splints to whittle.

Gib lifted himself upon his elbows when he felt the first heat.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Just happened by," Dave said.

The lie gave him a guilty feeling. For a time his relief had been so great that he was blinded to what Gib must be thinking. Dave, alive and unhurt, would know of the attempt to murder him, and Gib could be thinking of little else. Yet, even when Dave recognized this, his sense of relief carried him above it. As he boomed the fire, brought in wood and started a meal, his elation had a touch of hysteria. He didn't have to kill this man. He could look at his hands and not find blood on them. He cheerfully kept saying over and over again that everything would come out all right; Gib was silent. His gaze followed Dave and revealed his distrust and fear.

Dave set Gib's leg. One bone below the knee had been broken but it was a clean break. The carefully whittled splints were fitted and bound with strips of flour sacking. Dave remained until dark, doing the chores and making Gib as comfortable as possible. He returned the next day, and the next, every day; crossing the lake, cutting wood for Gib, shooting meat for him, cooking his meals. It cost Dave hours at the traps and his catch dwindled. He thought of how much he was losing but this failed to bring bitterness. He'd not killed a man.

Gib did not respond to Dave's cheerfulness. He lay week after week, brooding and suspicious. If Dave turned suddenly he found Gib glaring at him. Gib found fault and made nasty comments.

"You don't fool me," he said one day. "You figure to keep me alive till the planes come and then turn me over to the marshal."

Dave was astonished. "Why?" he asked.

"It's why you came here that day."

"Forget it," Dave said. "You've been a damned fool all along."

"I ain't any more."

Gib couldn't believe Dave had overlooked that pot shot; he thought Dave was only waiting till they were back in Juneau before acting. Still Dave didn't worry. Gib was helpless. When he was on his feet they'd have an understanding.

IN APRIL, Dave entered Gib's cabin one morning and built a fire. He had a queer feeling. Something was different. Gib didn't speak. Dave looked around. Gib lay on his back, swathed in his robe.

Then, as Dave fried moose steak, he understood. The corner behind the stove was empty. Gib's rifle had always stood there.

"I'll look at that leg," Dave said, and jerked off the robe.

The rifle lay along Gib's body. Gib's right hand grasped it behind the hammer and a finger was on the trigger.

Dave dropped on Gib and wrestled the weapon from him. He ejected the cartridges, splintered the stock with an ax; he battered the lock, hammer and trigger until the rifle was useless.

"So you figure the leg's all right," he said. "There's half a moose up the trail. And don't go past this end of the lake."

Dave went home. They were back where they'd started, except that Gib no longer had a rifle. But Gib still had an ax and a knife, the nights were long and dark, and the fellow was twisted and desperate. He'd wait, getting his strength and trying out the leg.

It was still cold enough to keep the traps going and Dave took more fur. After a couple of weeks he began to scout the other end of the lake. Gib was moving about, cutting wood and lugging in meat. He walked without a limp.

When his catches started shedding, Dave took up his traps. He'd never carried his rifle on the trap line but he did now, if only to keep it out of Gib's reach. When the traps were greased and stored, he had nothing to do except guard against Gib and scout down the lake.

Late in May the ice broke from the shore and lifted. The lake surface was no longer safe for walking, but elsewhere Dave could not find evidence Gib had come near him. Rains began to melt the lake ice and snow in the thick forest. Dave baled his fur for shipment and hid it in his tent far back from shore. He slept there too.

Nothing happened. Dave wondered if Gib had accepted the situation. Without a weapon he would have to take a big chance and perhaps he didn't have the nerve.

More rain and bright sunshine brought spring to the pocket. Ice in the lake rotted and a gale broke it up. A plane could come any day now and Dave was happy. He'd get out with his fur, get out with a free conscience.

A WEEK after the ice was gone he was splitting kindling on a stump before the cabin. It was a beautiful day for flying and he had an ear cocked for the first sound of a motor. Gib Dodson spoke.

"Lift 'em, you crook!"

Dave turned slowly. He was not prepared for the revolver Gib held.

"Didn't know I had it, did you?" Gib said. "But I'm not shooting till I know where you hid your fur."

Dave knew Gib would shoot. His eyes told that. He'd get the fur and shoot and there'd be no one to accuse him when he returned to the outer world.

A violent rage swelled within Dave. He'd played square, tried to be decent, and it had cost him his life. He wondered if he himself had been the weaker for not shooting Gib long ago.

"Lead me to the fur," Gib said.

Dave looked at the ground, calculating. "I'll show you," he said.

He half turned, lifted the ax as if to bite it into the stump, swung about and let it fly at Gib's head. He heard the revolver as he lunged forward; he saw the ax knock the weapon from Gib's upthrown hand. The next instant he was battering at Gib's face and body.

Dave had no thought now of not killing this man. He was compelled by his rage to do no less. He'd beat Gib senseless and end his life.

Dave fought heedlessly and unsparingly. He didn't try to protect himself. He battered through Gib's defenses; he kneed and elbowed and gouged, until at last Gib went down and lay motionless.

Dave staggered away to look for the revolver. He'd end this now, as he should have ended it long ago. He had a right to his little world and to protect himself in it.

The weapon lay on the trail to the lake. As Dave bent to pick it up he saw blood on his hands. It was Gib's blood, red, smeared across his knuckles.

Dave stared at it and at the revolver. This blood, he thought, was clean. Water would rinse it away. The gun and what he planned—he'd have that blood with him always.

He looked back at Gib. The fellow stirred. He was beaten but he'd live. And Dave was alive. He could always have clean hands.

He went to the lake and threw the gun far out. He squatted on his heels, rinsing off the blood, watching the red color fade. As the last traces disappeared, an airplane zoomed over the ridge to the west and began to spiral down.

THE END

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I TOLD YOU SO

BY DICK FRIENDLICH

"Oh, Ray has told me so many things about you," Evelyn blurted. She looked confused as though she'd said the wrong thing

THE city is big enough to swallow an ex-husband, as though he had never really existed, so the sound of that familiar voice at my elbow was like a doorbell ringing suddenly in the middle of the night. I hadn't heard it for more than a year.

He was asking the bartender for some small change to use in the cigarette machine. I turned around and there he was, looking so nice and sweet and scrubbed that I had to check the involuntary desire to reach out and pat his cheek, in the old way. I certainly should have felt silly.

He saw me, and his eyes widened with surprise. Then he smiled as though he were pleased and said slowly, "Well, *Marty*." Just like that.

"Ray, of all people!" was the best I could manage, but then Elsie Logan was with me and frankly, I didn't know the procedure. I turned back to her and said, sounding like a schoolgirl, "Elsie, this is Ray Quist, my ex-husband. Ray, Mrs. Logan."

He bowed gravely. "I have a friend with me at one of the tables. Won't you join us?"

It was the polite thing, and I didn't know if he really wanted us. Elsie cast a quick look at the far side of the room, and she must have seen that the only person sitting alone at a table was a girl. So she said she'd love to, but she was already late for a dinner engagement, which I knew she didn't have.

Ray guided me to the table where this young thing was toying with what looked like a Pink Lady. This would be Evelyn, of course, the one Rosalie Gibbons had told me about. If she was going to be the second Mrs. Quist, I thought, she'd better forget Pink Ladies. Ray detested sweet sirups in his drinks.

She was really quite pretty—all pink and white, big eyes and page-boy blond bob. Not what I'd call assured, though. She looked actually frightened when Ray introduced me as his ex-wife.

"Oh, Ray has told me so many things about you," she blurted. Then she looked confused, as though she had said the wrong thing. I laughed and said they undoubtedly were all lies.

At first, I wasn't entirely at ease myself. After all, I had lived with the man for a little over a year, and even though I had been done with him for a little longer than that, he had been mine exclusively. Typical feminine reaction, of course.

But when I realized that I had been brought there because of a typical masculine quirk, it became more fun. I caught Ray watching me eagerly as Evelyn and I exchanged banalities, and it dawned on me that this was his way of telling me that there was an abundance of fish in the sea. I could almost read his thoughts: "Look, Marty, look what I found. I'm not grieving a little bit about you."

It was so little-boyish, so typically Ray that I almost burst out laughing when I understood. I began to feel sorry for Evelyn, poor little thing. I could have told him then that she was much too naïve, too unsure of herself, to please him. He preferred the good companion to the adoring worshiper.

So I cut it short, pleading, like Elsie, a nonexistent date. As I laid my hand in Ray's, he held it for an instant, with a reminiscent smile.

I WASN'T very surprised when he telephoned next day. His reason, he apologized, was sheer curiosity. He wanted to know how I liked Evelyn. I said she was simply a darling girl and of course he was going to marry her.

"Nonsense!" He laughed. "We're only friends." Which made me fairly certain, naturally. Then he said there were a lot of things he'd like to talk over with me, and was there any reason in the world why he shouldn't take me to dinner tonight?

"I'm sure it's perfectly legal," I replied. "Why don't you come round here about six and I'll give you a cocktail?"

As I hung up, I thought about the last time I had seen Ray—before yesterday, I mean. It had been so breathtakingly abrupt. And so silly, too.

I had known him almost all my life, but until the day he proposed, I had never thought I was in love with him. That was just after Pearl Harbor, and his commission had come through. I, for one, have never subscribed to the doctrine that you'll recognize Mr. Right the moment you meet him, and Ray was handsome enough, had always been gay, always gentle. My feeling toward him might very well have been love, but I was not going to rush to the altar just because the bugles were blowing. I said yes—if we both felt that way when the war was over.

He picked up a bug and a medical discharge a month before V-J Day. We were married the week the Navy released him, and I must say that we were perfectly happy. For a while.

We had our first little disagreement one morning after we had been out on a party and Ray was feeling terrible. I pointed out to him that most people knew better than to mix gin and Scotch in large quantities.

"I wish you wouldn't always know what I should have done when it's all over," he snapped. This was, I knew, a reference to the discussion we'd had over his job at the agency. Since his old firm had gone out of business during the war, he'd chosen to join another agency instead of going into a partnership with a friend. At the time, I didn't say much about it, but when it became apparent that he was not very happy at the agency, I did mention that I had believed all along he should have taken the partnership. The remark seemed to irritate him.

After that, there seemed to be little differences of opinion cropping up all the time, about really inconsequential matters. Such as how much nicer it would have been had we gone to Balboa Island the first summer instead of going to that cabin Ray's uncle owned in the mountains, where it rained all the time. And that awful secondhand car that always broke down, when he could so easily have waited a few months longer for a new one. Little things like that.

The finish was absolutely ridiculous. One evening as we were preparing to go out, he asked me if I had any money, because he had paid someone a twenty-dollar bet that afternoon and hadn't time to cash a check. He had bet on the Red Sox to beat the Cardinals in the World Series.

Meaning absolutely nothing by it, I swear, I said, "How could you be foolish enough to bet on Boston? Why, everybody knew St. Louis was going to win."

For a moment, I thought he was going to strike me. I had never seen him look so angry. Then, with a kind of controlled vehemence, he grated, "By heaven, I've stood for a lot of your second-guessing but when you take in baseball, too, I give up!"

He whirled and strode out of the room. I heard the front door slam, and that was the last I saw of him until I heard his voice behind me, asking the bartender for change. His letter arrived next day. Very stiff and formal it was, saying that since we didn't seem to be temperamentally suited, would I have the courtesy to sue him for divorce. I did.

But when the doorbell sounded that night, I was remembering only our happy times, and as he came inside, with that shy, uncertain smile, I knew that he was remembering them, too. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to put his arms around me and kiss me, hard and hungrily.

AGES later—a few minutes, actually—we were down to earth again, sitting on the sofa and chattering like idiots. He would kiss my hand tenderly, and I would touch him on the cheek, the old familiar routine, and then we'd try to tell each other what fools we'd been.

I laid my head on his shoulder. "Darling, you were lured here by the promise of a drink, and a drink you shall have. Martini?"

"Martini," he said, and kissed me. I rose and went to the kitchen door. Then I turned and said:

"Ray, sweet, I could have told you the moment I saw Evelyn that she simply wasn't the girl for you."

He didn't say anything for a few seconds. Then he smiled slowly and gave a wistful little sigh.

"Yes, Martha, I imagine you could have told me."

It was funny, hearing him call me Martha. It had always been Marty. As I mixed the drinks, I recalled that "Martha" had meant that he wasn't pleased. I stopped suddenly and pushed open the kitchen door. The room was empty.

Today I received the wedding announcement, but I don't believe Ray had anything to do with that. He would never be so cruel. Evelyn must have sent it. I could have told him you had only to look at her to know she had a mean streak.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

make a claim for refund of $160,402.39. And I'm sure Name Withheld would be the first to yell when that loss of revenue was passed back to him through higher rates.

ROBERT E. ANDRE, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

How's that? What did you say about deducting 6% of line A from the Syntax?

FAIR FANETTE

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: We always enjoy Collier's but your copy for Nov. 15th is super. The cover of the two little cockers is the very most appealing picture of those adorable dogs that we have ever seen. In fact the whole magazine is a collection of art pictures—even the ads, and the funniest funny cartoons and interesting stories.

MRS. A. G. BUNDY, Long Beach, Cal.

PHILADELPHIA STORY

DEAR SIR: The lavish attention given to Philadelphia in your issue of Nov. 15th (Clipping the Clip Artists, featuring a Philly product, Mr. MacDougall) (Main Line Football, about George Munger, of Pennsylvania) makes this home-town boy glow with pride. Why, it was practically a Philadelphia story, because Golf Is a Game by Quentin Reynolds might just as easily have celebrated young Kelly's triumph in the British regatta. His father pointed him for the triumph from the cradle.

My Love Wears Black had its moments, too, although the pigskin bag giveaway was easily spotted. Mr. Cohen might be able to use this idea: A physician is about to certify the death of a rich mother-in-law from natural causes, when a visiting physicist from Chicago, on going to the family bathroom to wash his hands, finds that the Kleenex is radioactive. (From force of habit he had his Geiger counter in his jacket pocket.) The son-in-law is suspected but clears himself when it is learned that the Kleenex was planted by a vengeful servant girl whose boy friend was a janitor in a cyclotron lab, in order to punish the daughter for firing her.

WM. S. MAXWELL, Philadelphia, Pa.

RED TAPE

DEAR EDITOR: In his last chapter of The Morgenthau Diaries (Nov. 1st), Mr. Morgenthau told us many people could have been saved from Hitler's torture machines if proper precaution had been taken.

What about the poor children who are dying from disease and starvation right now? I have a three-year-old third cousin in Poland. His mother is dead; his father and grandparents have begged us to bring him here and save him from starvation.

The Red Cross told us to get in touch with the Immigration Department in San Francisco. When I called there, the man in charge told me the little fellow would have to be brought in on the quota; that it would take years because the quota was full, and then he banged the receiver in my ear. I wrote to the American consul in Poland and didn't even receive an answer.

There are hundreds of people here in the United States who would gladly open their homes to the poor starved children in Europe. Why can't we eliminate all that red tape and give these kids a chance?

MRS. B. R. WINFREY, Santa Rosa, Cal.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: I subscribe to your paper because I enjoy the funny pictures. Most of them, I find, are a very definite tonic in this peace-ridden country of ours. Would it be possible for you to print a special edition for me? When the paper is going the rounds through the family I am continually bombarded with questions: "Dad, why can't we have a Frazer-Kaiser?" "Dad, when are you going to buy us one of these console radios? Look they're only 129.95. (How much is that now?—130 divided by 5 equals 26.) See, Dad, only 26 quid and there you are!" Or are we? Perhaps you could also omit the adverts for whisky—it grieves a fellow who has to go out and drink what we know as tenpenny, the lowest form of alcoholic life.

H. M. HARMAN,
(Just an average Englishman)
Coventry, England

GRIEVED GOURMET

DEAR SIRS: Pommes de terre soufflées (Gourmet's Paradise Nov. 8th) or blown-up potatoes are produced not as the article states by pulling "French fries" out of boiling lard, then redunking them in same, but by steam. Sections of raw potato are kept in ice-cold water until thoroughly impregnated by the water. These chilled sections are then immersed in boiling hot fat. The heat of the fat acts on the internal moisture content of the sections to produce steam. The expanding steam seeking an outlet enlarges the potato sections.

It is quite evident that some wag at Antoine's pulled Author Lehman's leg. The net result may be that housewives from coast to coast will produce tons of grease-soaked French fries in their efforts to achieve pommes de terre soufflées.

C. F. PURSCHER, Baltimore, Md.

THE UNION FOREVER

DEAR SIR: Probably no stated fact in Lowdown on the Slowdown (Nov. 8th) could be successfully contradicted. But working on construction jobs every working day in the year, I have failed to see a single slowdown atrocity such as Hartwell cites.

What I *have* seen is intolerable labor unrest, material shortages and official hindrances. Let's soft-pedal the sour notes. Chicago isn't the U.S.A. as Hartwell seems to insinuate. It's not *all* cankerous.

CLIFF DEAL, Santa Monica, Cal.

. . . I feel the entire problem is religious. We must get back to "rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Sheer old-fashioned honesty will cause most of our labor problems to vanish.

J. H. DWYER, REP, U.B. OF C & J OF A,
Halifax, Nova Scotia

DO UNTO OTHERS!

DEAR SIRS: After reading Lewis Brown's and Sigrid Schultz' recent articles on Germany and all the articles on what to do with the Japanese, I wonder if the old idea of "Forgive thine enemies" will ever again find its way into international relations.

EILEEN WALTHERS, Bronx, N. Y.

NOEL

DEAR EDITOR: I am wondering if your Christmas cover will command the respect that "Praying Hands" did last year. I'll bet many others throughout the world saved that cover. Why not reprint it every year?

WILBUR SEIGAL, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

PROVED!

Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of Every 4

No matter how tough your beard, how tender your skin— *no matter how you shave*—here's actual *proof* of better shaves the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way!

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Yes, it's a proved fact! 1297 men tried the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way to shave—and reported *amazing* results! Actually, 3 men out of every 4 tested reported smoother, more comfortable shaves!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO: Wash your face with soap and water! Rinse! Soap face again. Do not rinse! Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into your beard. *In this way, you will get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave —and discover *real* shaving comfort!

Get a giant tube or big 9-oz. jar today!

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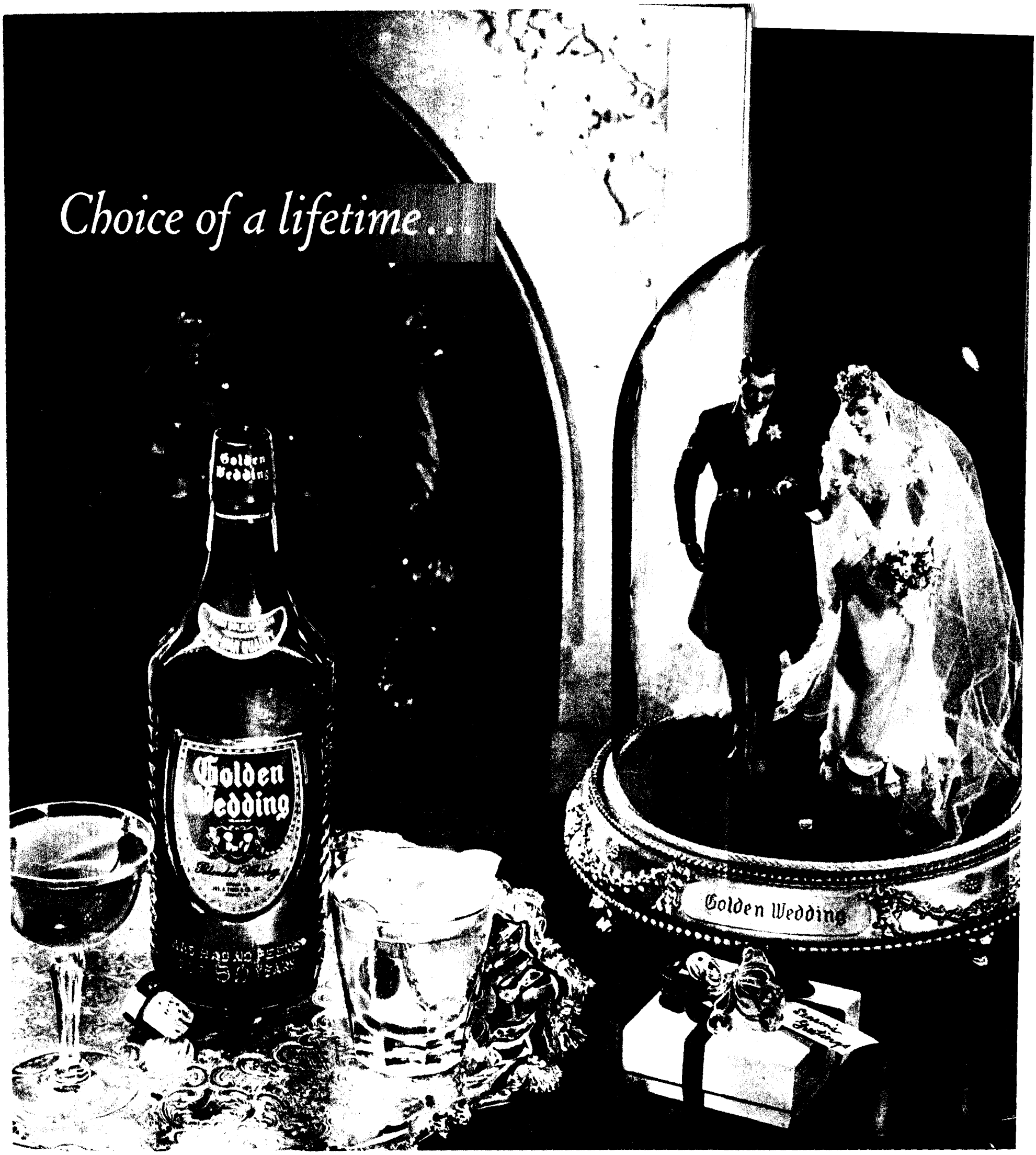

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Golden Wedding

Has had peer for year

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PENNSYLVA

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The author is the editor of Dinamani, a daily newspaper in Madras, India. He was an accredited correspondent for the combined Indian press at the United Nations and has traveled in parts of America

ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTH

BY A. N. SIVARAMAN

A dark-skinned newspaperman from India takes a tour through Dixie and learns what it means to be a "colored man" in the land of cotton

"YOU will have no trouble if you wear a turban," they told me. "You will enjoy the South. The people are very hospitable. The Negroes are nice fellows; they know their place and they are quite happy where they are." This epitomizes my Southern friends' assurances about the American South. But I decided to gc without the turban.

I had made up my mind not to return to India without seeing the South. I had been warned against going because of my color, which is not at all white. But the more people warned me, the keener was my desire to go there.

I made it a point before I undertook the journey to try to meet and discuss my project with as many Southern friends as I could see in New York. While some assured me that I need not at all be afraid of anything, there were some others who said, "You had better watch your steps." If I mentioned that I was an "East Indian," I should have no difficulty at all, was the general impression that I got.

But since I was going South on a study tour, I made up my mind that I would not reveal my identity till I had for some time played the role of a "colored person."

I first went to Knoxville, Tennessee, with an introduction to the Tennessee Valley Authority from a State Department official who had also arranged for my hotel accommodation. I had no trouble at the hotel.

I did not want to waste that night without an experiment, so I went out on my own and entered a third-rate restaurant.

As soon as I entered, one of the waitresses ran toward another waitress, who in turn went to the cashier, and there was almost a conference of the entire staff, which it appears finally decided to accept me. Perhaps they decided that if I were a Negro, I would not have dared to come in. After I was taken to a table, I found that I received more courteous attention than most of the others. The waitress actually chided me for not telling them that I was not a Negro.

At the hotel I always received the most courteous attention. It was obvious that the manager had taken the precaution of keeping everybody informed that the man with the dark complexion was not a Negro.

I was not quite at peace with myself whenever I rode the elevator, because the young colored elevator girls seemed to wonder at me. They could not understand why I was admitted into the hotel in spite of my color. They were too immature to be irrational! One girl even asked me whether I considered myself a colored person or not. I am not at all sure that I gave her the right answer.

During my 15 days in Tennessee, I was impressed by one fact: The moment the people knew that I was not a Negro, they were more than anxious to make me feel at home. It is not the color, but the historic background which is the main factor behind segregation.

This was brought out very clearly when I was talking to Mr. X in the agricultural department of the TVA. He invited me to his home for dinner. I mentioned the fact that some people mistook me for a Negro, and added that by my definition, I was a colored person.

When I mentioned that, my would-be host blushed terribly and said, "If you have the slightest trace of color in you, my invitation is now canceled." I was slightly embarrassed, but he recovered from his self-inflicted shock and said, "No, what I mean to say is I couldn't have a Negro as my guest. *My grandfather owned slaves.*"

When I was leaving Knoxville, the train for Chattanooga was about an hour late, and I was sitting in the waiting room for whites. I was bored with being stared at, and went across the street to a small, dirty-looking restaurant, sat near the counter and asked for a cup of coffee.

The waitress stared at me, the usual conferences followed, till the manager came to me and said, "You can go out. We don't serve colored people."

I coolly replied, "I am not a Negro."

Stumped, perplexed, and dumfounded, the manager went away from me. Obviously he took three minutes to recover, and as a result of some secret signalings I found a cup of coffee before me.

There is another side to this story. I was just sipping that cup of coffee when a white person came and sat near me, and greeted me, "How are you making, my friend?"

I immediately recognized that he was the person who had been sitting near me in the waiting room, and I asked him if he would have a cup of coffee with me.

He said, "No, thank you. I came in just to see if you were being waited upon and served. I was anxious that they should not behave foolishly."

As I left the restaurant, the manager apologized to me and said, "Sometimes we get some niggers from the North who walk in. That was why . . ."

Put Out of Jim Crow Section

The real South began for me when I left Chattanooga. On the train I was shown to the "colored" section of the car. I personally had no aversion to sitting there, but I wanted to know the lay of the land. I went to the conductor and said, "I am a United Nations correspondent from India."

He stared at me. "Then you can't sit here. You have to go and sit on the other side with the whites. It's more comfortable over there. I shall ask someone to remove your baggage to the other car."

When I went and sat in that white section, there were eight ladies and four drunken rowdies. Immediately as I went and took my seat, the four men got up, and two of them sat in front of me, one of them by my side, and another behind me. The one sitting at my side made some nasty gestures toward me, and the one behind me was saying something which put me in mind of what I had heard about the Ku Klux Klan. Actually, they were more drunk than color conscious, but what bothered me was the fact that the ladies in the compartment felt amused instead of feeling disgusted. It took them about fifteen minutes and a secret chat with the conductor before they started behaving like co-passengers.

An hour later almost all the passengers had got down at one station or another, and I was all alone when four young ladies entered the car. The conductor had directed them toward my side of the car. But here they found a colored person. "Holy smokes, why did that conductor send us here?" And there was a lot of argument among them. Two of them were trying to rush out and get down from the train. You could read agony in their terror-stricken faces.

On my part amusement changed into pity, and I said, "Ladies, I can understand your excitement. I am not a Negro. I am from India."

That brought peace to their minds. They sat down, and the first thing one of the ladies did was to pull out a bottle of whisky in that dry county and come out with a friendly gesture! She confessed her first reaction at seeing me was really terrible. She was mad at the conductor for driving her into this trap!

In Muscle Shoals, Alabama, I had opportunity to talk to an 86-year-old man from Mississippi who had owned a plantation himself. He was sure that segregation of Negroes was bound to vanish in the course of years, but he wanted to die before it vanished. For him it was unthinkable that any Negro should try to shake

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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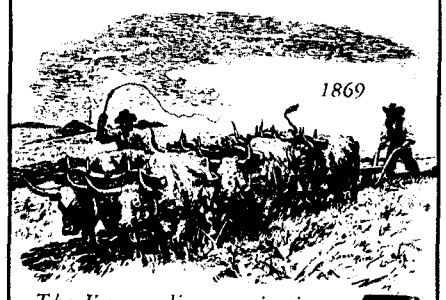
KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN—



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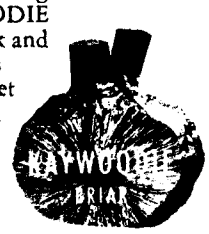

*Eight recent surveys confirm preference for Kaywoodie.

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DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE $3.50
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CONNOISSEUR $15, NINETY-FIVER $20, CENTENNIAL $25.

hands with him. The poor old man was running a race toward death and wanted to overtake the color bar.

The next stage in my visit was a place called Starkville, Mississippi, and the problem was how to reach there. Railway facilities were meager, so I traveled by bus.

At Starkville my host was a highly cultured, well-placed public servant with the broadest of human sympathies. He took me to the Sunday school and introduced me to all the members there. I had discussions with many of them on the status of the Negro. They seemed to have no doubt in their minds that the Negro was happier where he was than where the Northerner would like to place him.

I drew my friend's attention to the lack of educational facilities for the Negroes.

Whites Must Be Educated First

My friend had his explanation: "But you cannot expect us to bother about the education of the colored people till we are sure that the whites have had enough. We have not done enough for the education of the whites here. We don't have the money. We don't have industries. The North could help us to industrialize ourselves. They are not giving that help."

The journey from Starkville to Jackson was by car along with my friend, who discussed with me the color problem and asked me how it compared with the caste system of segregation in India.

The caste system in India is more or less like the color caste in the South. The one difference is that the older section of the present generation in India is apologetic about it, whereas in the Southern states of this country the attitude is different. In India the younger generation is determined to destroy the caste, and there is no segregation in public places like schools, railway trains and toilets.

The Indian caste system was based on certain customs associated with religion, and is not the same as secular segregation. The leadership in India, social or political, is in the hands of people who believe in the removal of caste segregation. In the Southern states the liberal is forced to keep his thoughts to himself.

By the time I reached Jackson I had spent about 15 days in the South, but there had been nothing very adventurous about the whole thing. My hair isn't kinky, and I don't wear a hat.

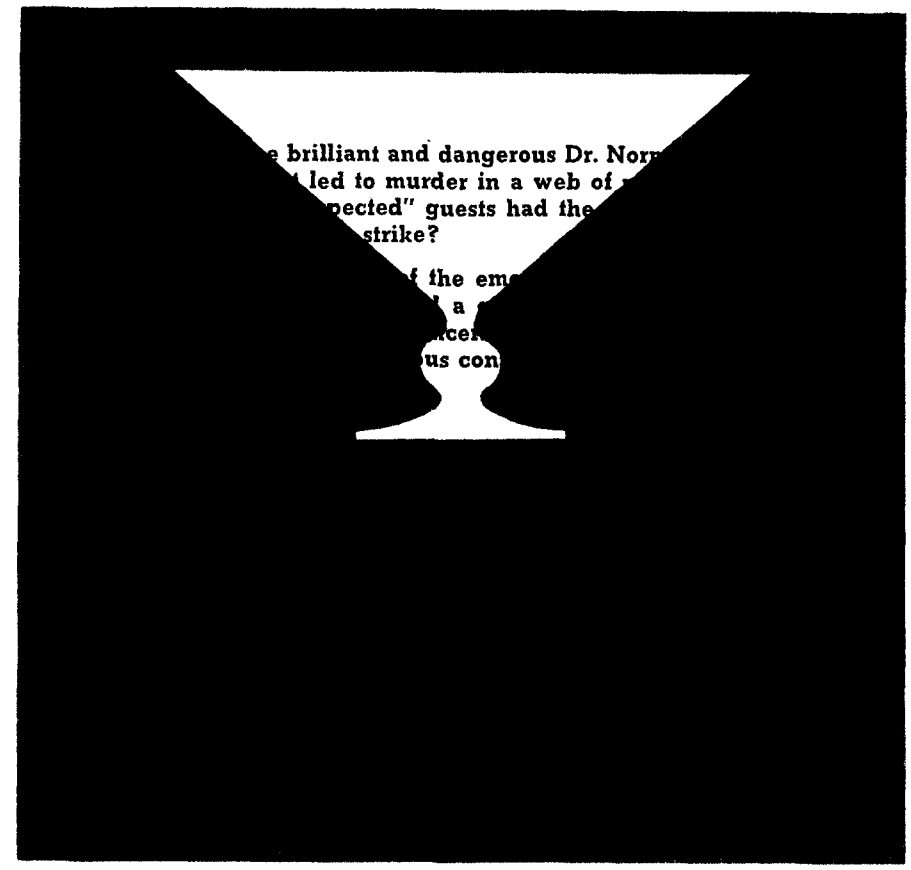
In Jackson I stayed at one of the top-notch swanky hotels, swanky even by New York standards. My friend had gone to the hotel in advance, arranged my reservation, and even deposited my baggage in my room. So I had only to go to the desk, pick up my key and go upstairs. I went and stood before the elevator, and the colored girl there stood slightly embarrassed and puzzled. I got into the elevator.

She turned to me and said, "You'll have to step out. *We* colored people are not allowed to ride these elevators."

I smiled somewhat stupidly. It went against my grain to say that I did not belong to her race. I could not say that I was not a colored person. So I gently mentioned to her, "Please don't be bothered. I am a guest in this hotel and I am going to my room."

She took me upstairs but I know that she was trembling with fear. If by chance I was not a guest, she was sure to lose her job. She was, therefore, immensely tickled to death with joy when an hour later she found me shaking hands with a white person. I had already learned that in the South it would be an atrocity for a white man to be polite to a Negro.

It was at Jackson that I really ran into a situation which almost amounted to an adventure. From Jackson I was going to Baton Rouge, and my host took me to the railway station to buy my ticket. While we were at the counter, I saw two men run toward a cop, and a few min-



utes later the cop came to me and said, "You'll have to go to the other side."

I kept quiet, and my friend told him I was an Indian. He was not concerned with that. Two men were objecting to my presence and he could not let me stay, and that was that. It required a lot of persuasion by my friend before the cop would leave us to ourselves.

I had no reason to expect any trouble the next morning when I was to take the train. But it was forty-five minutes late, and I was feeling somewhat hungry. I went to the ticket clerk and asked him whether there was a coffee shop in the railway station. He showed me the colored section of the waiting room. I took that opportunity to tell him that I was not a Negro. He apologized (for what I do not know) and directed me to a restaurant across the street.

I walked warily into that restaurant and introduced myself to the waitress. "I am a newspaperman from India, *from India.* I want to avoid any misunderstanding. I would like to have some breakfast."

She stared at me, moved toward another waitress, and after the usual conference, she came to me and said, "Sir, I could see that you are an Indian, but most people here will not be able to know that. Will you please sit in that corner?"

I replied, "No, I don't want to embarrass you."

"Sir, I hate to see you go without breakfast. Do please sit there, or if you insist I shall serve you in here."

I assured her that I was not that hungry, and that I appreciated her sentiment. Then I decided I would try another place and went into a neighboring restaurant. I approached the counter, and this time it was a stout, rough, tall type of person. I repeated my formula, "I am a newspaperman from India, *from India.* I want to avoid any misunderstanding. I would like to have some breakfast."

He turned to me, stared me in the face menacingly. "You don't look to me like one. You have to go out."

I was not willing to retreat at the first assault. "I don't mind going without breakfast, but I do mind your taking me for a liar." I pulled out my purse and was going to show him my papers, when he dived under the counter and came out with a club thirty inches long and about two inches thick. In a moment I found it within eight inches of my head, and in another half a moment I was away from the restaurant by thirty yards.

I went back to the depot. I thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing, and repeated this story in good humor to the ticket clerk. He insisted upon taking me to the diner in the train, and did not leave me till I was fully fed. He paid the check.

At Baton Rouge I expressed a desire to see the all-Negro college which was located within a few miles of the city. As we were approaching the college, my host asked me if I would like to shake hands with the colored person that I was going to meet. I was not able to understand that question at all for a moment.

A little later I understood the significance, but I simply said, "Oh, yes, most naturally. I expect to shake hands with any person that I see. Won't you?" His reply was not quite definite.

Three Handshakes for the Dean

We were introduced to the dean o some department (I think it is safe no to mention names). The dean extende his hand toward me and I shook hands Both of my white companions followe suit. He was very proud of the college i which he was working, and he assure me that the lynchings we hear about i connection with the South are not ver common, that life is quite smooth wher segregation is accepted. He thought tha lately the state was giving more atter tion to Negro education. I said somethin about India, and he said, "Here we hav constitutional rights, and we are askin for nothing more than those rights."

When he mentioned the Constitutio I was able to see a sudden change in th faces of my companions. Finally I toc leave of the dean and shook hands wit him again.

This time my two companions did n shake hands with him.

On our way back, my companio said, "We shook hands with him ar wanted to make him happy, but that fe low is talking about constitutional righ He must be shown his place. I ha never shaken hands with those darki but I did so today. I like those fellow but when they talk of constitution rights, they must be shown their place."

I recalled an episode in the life of Th odore Roosevelt, who was chided by sor of his friends for tipping his hat to a N gro who showed him that courtesy. Th odore Roosevelt's reply was, "I want to show that in good manners, the wh man is as good as a Negro."

THE END

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NOBODY'S CAT

BY FRANK DUFRESNE

THE case of the Joneses' cat is typical. Some boys are teasing a scrawny alley kitten when Sis Jones comes to the rescue by smuggling it up to the apartment hidden under her coat so the elevator man won't see it. When she puts it down on the kitchen floor the thin back pops up defensively, the ears button down tight against the head, the ragged tail puffs out, and there it is; a spitting little ball of dirty fuzz and sharp claws defying the whole Jones family.

Nobody owns it, of course. There's an old saying that nobody ever really owns any cat, that while a cat loves the comfort of a good home, it only tolerates people. In the case of the Joneses' kitten, its ruffled feelings are soothed gradually by careful patting plus a saucer or two of warmed milk. Even then the back-yard urchin is choosy, displaying fine instinct about where to repose its trust. Sis is accepted first, Mother Jones next and to lesser degree, Father Jones not at all. The cat seems to sense that the head of this house is strictly a dog man. Nevertheless, kitty has a home and no telling how long she'll stay if she doesn't grow up and get herself involved with a tenor-singing tom down the street.

That's when Father Jones takes over. A batch of kittens around the place? Blessed events of this kind coming off every few weeks? Father decides the time for action has come. Early one Sunday morning when Sis and Mother Jones are still abed, he takes kitty for a ride in the country. Instead of placing his problem pet with the Humane Society where they have a system for handling unwanted animals, Father Jones dumps kitty along the roadside, well over in the next county.

A dog, deserted under the circumstances, would probably wear itself out trying to find the way home or appeal to some human for food and shelter. But not kitty. As naturally as though it were a completely wild creature instead of a product of some 5,000 years' domestication, it slinks into the brush and starts earning its own living. Almost before Sis realizes her pet is gone it has caught and eaten a couple of grasshoppers, pounced on a baby cottontail rabbit, plundered a robin's nest and found itself a hideaway under a haystack.

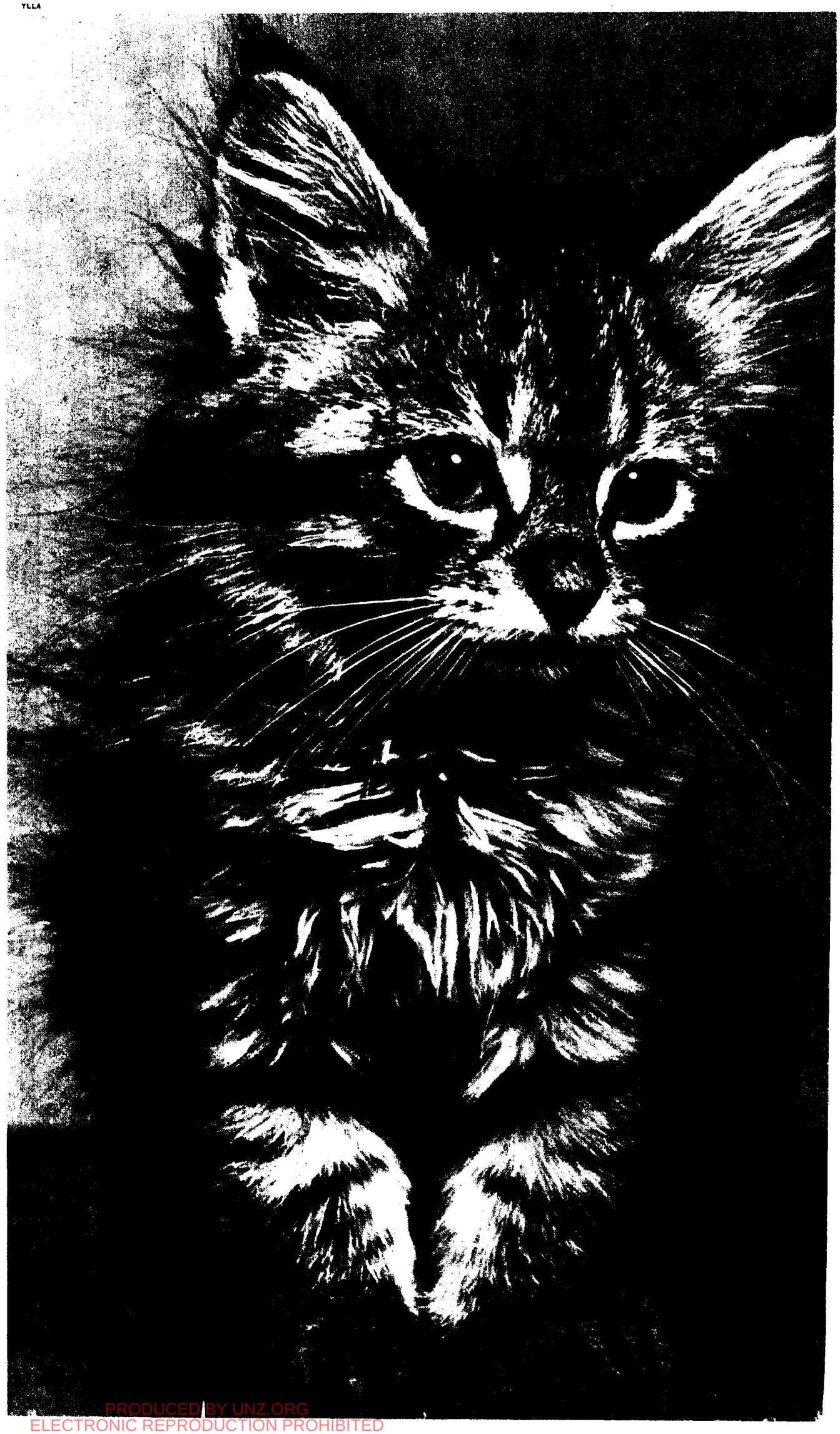
Of all the animals domesticated by man, none has retained so much of its wild instincts as the house cat. None can return so quickly to its original way of life in regions so distant from the land of its feral ancestors.

Most of our common, short-haired cats came from North Africa, home of the wild Caffre cat from which they were domesticated at least as far back as 2400 B.C. Kitty's forebears got away to a noble start over there because the Egyptians held them in godlike reverence. They were associated with the moon and the sun, and with the goddess of love and pleasure. Ancients of the Nile kept their cats in temples, pampered them with carefully prepared foods, groomed them tenderly. When the last of their nine lives slipped away, the bodies were wrapped in scented linen and laid away in special cemeteries. One unfortunate man who killed a cat by accident was stoned to death by his fellows.

If the cats had stayed in Egypt this blissful existence might have continued indefinitely, but the Romans and Greeks, doubtless believing that good fortune attended the keeping of cats, started sneaking them across the Mediterranean. The outraged Egyptians organized special expeditions to bring back their cats, but the damage was already done. Kitty had started on a prowl that was to take it completely around the world. It was to learn the ways of the peasant as well as the prince. Plenty of places it ran into trouble. Witch trouble, mostly.

It was a dark day for cats back in 1662 when a witch named Isobel Gowdie on trial in Scotland stood up in court to blame it all on the cats. She said that when she and her sister hags wanted to do a Grade-A job of deviling *(Continued on page 50)*

YLLA



Kitty was royalty once, but today 25,000,000 prowling felines signify trouble for Americans

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MARIA ELENA ROCHA DE ARAUJO

LATIN AMERICAN KIDS

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

An artist gives us a close-up on some interesting young people

Granny (Bolivian variety) lends a hand with the baby

WHEN Collier's sent me to South America to sketch and paint whatever struck my fancy, I took one look at the children—and wanted to paint them all! Here are a few of them.

The girl I met in Manaus, Brazil—and whose dark eyes are staring straight at you—is one of my favorites. Her name is Maria Elena Rocha de Araujo and she is nine years old. Part Indian, part Negro, part Portuguese, she is a real Brazilian, a product of one of the world's greatest melting pots. Her older sister works for a family which runs a boardinghouse for the crews of the Panair do Brasil air line operating on the Amazon, and Maria helps her.

The little girl really works. She takes care of all the babies in the household (there are plenty!); she chases rats out of the rooms; she does the shopping at the water-front market; she is busy every minute, but apparently happy. As a matter of fact, kids like her who live in the tropical sectors seem to be happier than those in South America's western highlands. This may be because in the tropics life is less difficult than elsewhere and there is little or no class distinction or racial prejudice. (The schools of Brazil are filled with children ranging in color from blue-black through all the shades of brown and copper to white, and no one is favored because of his skin.)

The youngster whose picture is next to Maria's is

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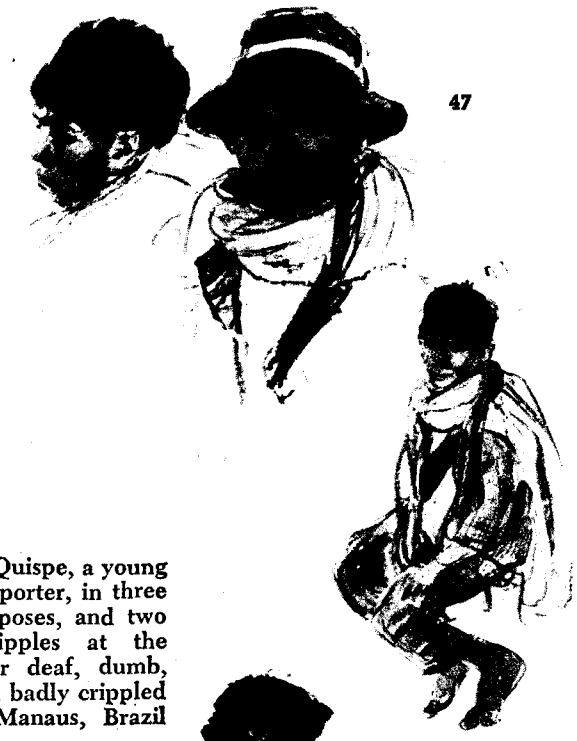
ANTONIO ANCCALLE



Mariano Quispe, a young Peruvian porter, in three different poses, and two small cripples at the school for deaf, dumb, blind and badly crippled kids at Manaus, Brazil

YEDA ZALDUANDA

Antonio Anccalle. A Quechua Indian (all Quechua names include a double "c"), he is eleven and lives in the village of Omuto, high in the Cordilleras. Schools for Indians being few and far between, he will probably not get an education, but he will work hard. He works now—herding llamas for his father—and, like most of the children he knows, he probably sneaks out behind the family mud hut with a pal and chews coca leaves—surreptitiously, because cocaine can be produced from coca leaves.

In a couple of years Antonio probably will tote a coca bag wherever he goes and enjoy his chewing openly. He could do worse—he could smoke opium—but in time the coca habit will destroy a man's appetite and diminish the will to better his place in society.

Antonio is regarded as legitimate although his mother and father may not have been able to afford the price of legal marriage. In Pisac I saw a mass wedding of eight middle-aged couples. They brought along the children to see the show, and a good time was had by all. Those youngsters have a tough time in the mountains. When they are old enough to walk it is up to them to lug the babies around in carrying clothes on their backs. Antonio no longer does any baby carrying; his younger brothers and sisters handle the output.

The girl in the lower right-hand corner is Yeda Zalduanda. She is a lush, full-fashioned Amazon glamor girl who matured as fast as the tropical growth around her. On her thirteenth birthday anniversary she posed for me in her party dress and wearing high-heeled slippers! American radio broadcasts and movies are exactly to her taste and she is definitely influenced by them. Thus far she has had no boy friends, but it won't be long before her parents will be ousting young bucks from the parlor.

In Maria de Araujo's home town, Manaus, there is a school for deaf, dumb, blind and crippled children—the Instituto Montessoriano Alvro Maia. Two of the inmates, as I sketched them, appear above Yeda's portrait. The sketches in the upper right-hand corner are of an eleven-year-old boy—a porter named Mariano Quispe—in the "white" city of Arequipa, Peru's largest center. "Quispe" is the equivalent of Smith, Brown or Jones in this country. Mariano took it from the landowner on whose farm he used to work. Since he had no name, the chances are that he, too, is illegitimate—perhaps found in a safe-deposit box in the outside wall of one of the schools run by nuns. His position in life, as a porter, is a cut or two above a burro's. Even so, I liked him—I liked all the kids I met down there under the equator. ★★★

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

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THE REASONABLE MISS YOUNG

BY JIM MARSHALL

You don't have to be an autocrat to make a million out of the movies. Just be sweet, but firm. Look at Loretta Young

MISS LORETTA YOUNG was being sweetly reasonable about the whole thing. She didn't want to be kissed and that was all there was to it. This was strange, because Miss Young was just a bondwoman, newly bought for $18, named Rachel, about to become a wife-in-name-only to Mr. William Holden, and not supposed to have a mind of her own.

Plot? Aw, you remember. The one where the Indians set fire to the log cabin with flaming arrows. However, there was an off-screen twist this time. The cabin was built on land farmed by a war veteran, who said, gosh! he could use that cabin for a home. So a crew fireproofed the inside, and they just burned off the roof and then put on a new one, and moved in the vet and his family. Nice, huh?

But before this happened the loveless marriage with Mr. Holden had been threatened by Mr. Robert Mitchum, a bold and intrepid scout; the Shawnees had attacked and Mr. Holden had decided to make Miss Young a real wife, after all . . . (Are you following all this closely?) . . . Anyway, just before the wedding ceremony everybody tried to remember the wording of the rite. Mr. Norman Foster, the director, remembered some. Miss Virginia Lane and Mr. James Rowe of the RKO publicity department, remembered some. Your correspondent remembered some, and Miss Young remembered some. All the parson remembered was that he was supposed to kiss the bride.

Mr. Mitchum, the proud father of two children, was off somewhere mixing up a drink called a White Cow, and Mr. Holden was sitting in his private dressing room wishing to gosh he was home with his wife and three little ones and a decent haircut. Probably they too could have remembered some of the words, if they had been around.

The minister still thought he ought to kiss the bride.

"No," said Miss Young, "I do not think I ought to be kissed. I don't want to be kissed." She said this in a sweetly reasonable manner, sitting out there in her drab long dress on the steps of a log cabin in a frontier stockade. It was supposed to be back in western Pennsylvania in 1795, only it was on the banks of the McKenzie River in the Cascade Mountains of west central Oregon, in 1947.

The actor who was to play the part of the minister still kept saying that, as the ceremony ended, he would kiss the bride. It was standard practice, he said, and moviegoers expected it; not to do it would be a break with tradition; it might cause rioting in small-town theaters where audiences are traditionally tradition-minded.

"I shall not be kissed," said Miss Young, still sweetly reasonable . . . She wasn't, either.

Miss Young has been sweetly reasonable now for twenty-one years and even before that was no volcano of passion. She started in the movies twenty-nine years ago, age five, and since then has reasoned her way sweetly through more than a hundred pictures ranging from Naughty but Nice to The Farmer's Daughter and Rachel. She has a good chance for an Oscar in 1948.

She was born January 6, 1913, in Salt Lake City, where Youngs are as thick as Smiths in other towns. Mr. and Mrs. Young had four children—Polly Ann, Betty Jane, Gretchen and Jack. The parents separated and Mrs. Young brought her family to Hollywood—with no intention, it may be added, of becoming a movie mother. Instead, she opened a boardinghouse.

When Gretchen was five, her uncle, Ernest Traxler, who knew people in the studios, took her down to George Melford at Paramount and said maybe she would do for a kid part in a new picture starring Fanny Ward and Theodore Roberts. Mr. Melford said, well, she might, and bring her back tomorrow.

". . . and have her face washed," he added, as an afterthought.

A Good Job of Weeping

Her first chore was to lie on an operating table and weep moodily. She did this so well that other jobs came her way, and the rest of the family, entranced by this glamorous development, soon was working too. Polly Ann and Jack worked under their own names; Betty Jane became Sally Blane. As they grew older and the boardinghouse started to make money, Mrs. Young hauled them out of camera range and sent them to the Sacred Heart Convent School in Alhambra, California. After some years of this the older girls went back to acting, but Gretchen stayed in school, coming home week ends.

She was home one week end when Mervyn Le Roy, a director at First National, called the house and said that Polly Ann should report at once at the studio. Polly Ann wasn't in, so Gretchen went down herself, asked for the part, got a test and was assigned to Naughty But Nice with Colleen Moore. What Polly Ann thought about all this has never been recorded.

Gretchen kept the move a secret from her mother, and it was weeks later that Mrs. Young found out that her youngest daughter was playing hooky. When she did find out she just sighed, said all right and hired a private teacher for the girl. Gretchen, meanwhile, became Loretta, and she has been Loretta ever since, except for a short spell when Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, for whom she was making a picture, thought she was Laurette Taylor. She was very sweet, even about that.

Miss Young didn't really get going until the advanced age of fifteen, when she became something called a Wampas Baby Star—a distinction much sought after in the Hollywood of the day. That year, too, she played with Lon Chaney in Laugh, Clown, Laugh, as well as in lesser epics so strangely named as Loose Ankles, Fast Life and The Careless Age.

Two years later she married Grant Withers, a large, virile young man who was a favorite with adolescents. Her sweet reasonableness about this alliance lasted a year and then the marriage was annulled.

One day in 1939 she was summoned to a radio rehearsal by an executive named Thomas H. Lewis, who told her to be down at the studio at 11 A.M. Sunday. She replied very sweetly that this would be impossible, as she would be in church, at Mass, at the time. Mr. Lewis thought quickly and said, what a coincidence, he would be at Mass, too—if she didn't object. So they were married on August 4, 1940, after a long courtship.

They have three children: Judy, an adopted baby born in 1935; and two sons, Christopher Paul and Peter, born in '44 and '45.

She says today that she now has half her family; eventually she wants six children. She is a girl who believes in leaving the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, and living up to it. One of the best guarantees of a happy marriage, she once said, is "the sweet dependence of the female upon her husband."

She is terrified if she hears dogs howling after she goes to bed—a leftover, she says, from reading Dracula when a girl. When she finally goes to sleep she usually dreams she is being chased by a cow composed entirely of slabs of bacon, but efforts to trace this back to Dracula have so far failed.

Quite early in the history of movie publicity somebody invented the idea of having actresses give out like Delphic oracles on a variety of subjects, mainly love, courtship, marriage and how to use leftovers. There was the era of My Favorite Recipe and My Favorite Book—and some of the stars were mightily surprised when they read about their favorites in the newspapers and fan magazines.

Miss Young herself is on record concerning love (favorable); hate (the world could well do without it); the most important thing in life (health); my worst fault (forgetting people's names); hunches (I just don't have hunches); my favorite hobby (antiques); the greatest influence in my life (Mother); and what causes divorce (lack of understanding on both sides).

Her favorite book, incidentally, is one called The Screwtape Letters, but she has no particular interest in food, poetry, sports, jewels or the opera.

Quite Content With Her Lot

She is just a rich little working girl and intends to stay that way, having observed the trials and tribulations of some stars who decided to become independent producers. So she just takes her six-figure fee for a picture and leaves the headaches to strong, voluble businessmen.

Her latest picture is The Bishop's Wife, shown in England as part of the Command Performance by American players during the wedding festivities of Prince Philip and Princess Elizabeth. For this, she went to England with her husband, one child, and seven trunks—one full of soap and things for friends there. The Bishop's Wife, incidentally, is high on the eligible list for 1948 Oscars.

She is popular with crews on her pictures. On the Rachel set she offered to pay personally for extra safety guards for lampmen working high above the stage. She is the godmother of several babies, the most recent of them being the daughter of Billy Curtis, a midget who is stand-in for child actors. She has trouped too long to be anything but natural and hasn't had a flare-up since she and a sarcastic director fought it out twenty years ago. She walked off the set; he wrote her a sarcastic apology and she came back, admitting he'd probably won. She just can't be sarcastic.

After she had decided not to be kissed by the pastor in Rachel she got to thinking maybe the poor minister might think it was something personal—which it wasn't—and decided she wasn't going to be kissed by anyone, not even Mr. Holden, her husband. Not at the ceremony, and not even in the fade-out. That made everything regular all around.

Sweetly reasonable, too. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

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NOBODY'S CAT

Continued from page 45

the populace they changed themselves into cats. So you could never tell for sure whether the sphinxlike creature crouched on the hearth was a cat purring contentedly, or maybe Isobel Gowdie muttering curses. Kitty's standing, never too secure in early Europe, fell to an all-time low.

The Scotch folks tried to drive out the evil spirits of cats by roasting them alive on spits. England developed the idea by using brick ovens. In Belgium cats were tossed out of high towers on the second Wednesday of Lent. Never the ones to be outdone, the Irish tied the tails of two cats together and threw them over a clothesline to claw each other until only the tails were left. From this pastime came the legend of the Kilkenny cats.

About the time when tabby was having such a brutal time of it in Europe another series of pussies started coming off the assembly lines in China and India. The wild Pallas cat of Asia is credited with siring the Persian long-hairs—the Fancy Dans of the kitty kingdom. As in Egypt, the early cats of the Orient lived royally. Mandarins prized them; rajahs fondled them on silken laps.

Only in Japan did kitty run into trouble, and even then amends were made. In one Nipponese village there is (or was before the B-29 era) a statue dedicated to cats sacrificed to make catgut strings for the native musical instrument samisen. Here incense was burned to assure departed cats that the manufacturers regretted the necessity of making them into banjo strings.

Yankee tea traders sailed back from the Far East with the first highly prized long-hairs, and while reasonable attempt was made to keep them separate from the already established European short-hairs, all you have to do is look at the nondescript strays in your own neighborhood to realize the futility of it. Not without cause did the pyramid builders link their felines with the goddess of "love and pleasure."

A Chaos of Mixed Breeds

Today, there are probably 1,500,000 cats in Greater New York alone; 30,000,000 for the entire country! Persians, tabbies and Manx have been crossed and recrossed into Mendelian chaos. You even hear tales about kitty mating with native wild animals such as was supposed to have resulted in the Maine coon cat, the hippety-hopping, bobtailed rabbit cat of Southern swamps, and hybrids from martens, even skunks.

Biologists, however, deny the probability of cats wooing outside their own family circle.

Nine out of ten of these cats are more or less vagrants in city streets, or prowlers of the open spaces; upward of 25,000,000 felines have been loosed in this country by thoughtless people. In the cities, particularly, many cats are bearers of contagious diseases. Nine lives? Experts scoff at the phrase and point out that the house cat is susceptible to such human ailments as common colds, tuberculosis, rickets, pleurisy, laryngitis, plus distemper and mange. Loose kitty in the city is likely to be an unhealthy specimen.

But it is in the wood lots and on the farm lands that the Egyptian immigrant is reviled by the blackest names. Bird lovers and game administrators condemn them to death without mercy. They say that of all the Carnivora the cat is the most completely armed to deal out death. The strongly muscled body is as flexible as a piece of spring steel, its velvet-sheathed, retractile claws are like fish hooks, enabling it to leap high in the air to bring down flying birds or climb trees to reach their nests. Its eyes are larger in proportion to body weight than in any other animal, and the pupils narrow to pin points to give it vision in the brightest sunlight or spread over the entire iris at night to catch the faintest moon glimmer.

Jim Stuber of the Ohio Division of Conservation, who has been keeping a sharply critical eye on kitty for the past thirty years, says there are five cats to each farm in his native Buckeye State, or a total of 1,250,000. He says these hordes of free-ranging cats kill vast numbers of quail, pheasants, rabbits, squirrels and songbirds. Stuber gives them little credit for destroying rats.

"There's a dump on the edge of my town infested with rats," he says. "But where are the cats? They're all out combing the fields for birds and baby bunnies, that's where they are."

Most other wildlife people feel the same way. Game wardens generally take a pot shot at every feral house cat they see while on patrol. Some states even write into the regulations that hunters may, and wardens must, shoot any cat found ranging the game fields. A nationwide survey by an outdoor writer resulted in his naming the cat among the three worst predacious mammals in America.

In Oklahoma post-mortem examinations by research men of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service were made of 84 cats caught in traps set for coyotes over a period of three years. In this limited test, kitty's record wasn't as bad as the birdmen thought it would be because quail, meadowlarks and other songbirds accounted for only 4 to 6 per cent of its food. Cottontail rabbits and small rodents formed the bulk of the diet. Camp garbage supplied one fourth of its living, and insectivorous food one eighth. Kitty had even picked up a few lizards and frogs.

But Jim Stuber says, "Sure they eat a few grasshoppers and crickets. But they also eat wild game and that's where the damage is done. Supposing each one of Ohio's 1,250,000 wild farm cats kills but one rabbit, or but one bird a month. That's 15,000,000 a year just for one state. It's too much."

Stuber's proposal that all cats be licensed or pay the penalty has died in many a state assembly. Opponents are quick to compare it with the old fable wherein the rats organized and decided to bell their hated enemy and then couldn't figure out how to do the job. How are you going to license cats, they argue, when less than 10 per cent of them are claimed by owners? There are instances when deliberation of housecat legislation has been stalled by loud and prolonged catcalls from the galleries. But the plan keeps bobbing up in different forms, and game men hope that a determined legislature and a brave governor may see the thing through to a finish.

The real culprits behind most of our cat troubles, says Ohio's Jim Stuber, is the thoughtless person who kicks a cat out into the village streets to become a yowling pariah, or worse yet, lugs a sack of mewing kittens out into the hinterlands and turns them loose to grow up into savage killers of songbirds and small game. In this he has the stanch backing of Dr. W. A. Young, managing director of the Anti-Cruelty Society in Chicago.

Dr. Young has handled a parcel of cats in his time. A few years ago he helped pick up 77,000 in the alleys of Boston. Last season 21,000 vagrant cats in the Windy City were brought to the society. A good many of these cats acquired homes where decent treatment was promised. The rest were humanely destroyed.

In the Old World the process for reducing cat populations is made to show a profit and, ironically, Uncle Sam does a good part of the paying. From Holland, Switzerland, Russia and other Eurasian countries come bales of catskins—sometimes mislabeled genet—which find their way into the American fur garment and glove trade. But Jim Stuber sees no possibilities in this for the United States. "It's hard enough to get anyone around here to kill a stray cat," he says, "much less skin it for market."

The truth seems to be that in spite of low-percentage ownership and generally poor care a lot of people are very fond of cats. How else can you account for the well-attended cat shows going on in every sizable community all through the fall and winter season? Exhibitors spare no expense in importing such rare varieties as the ticked, bunny-coated Abyssinian with its fondness for water, the lustrous-furred Russian Blue, or the snub-nosed, silky Persians of many hues.

Blue Bloods of the Feline World

High in the social register are the "monkey" cats—the vociferous, blue-eyed Siamese which are born pure white but develop into two distinct color phases as they grow older: seal points and blue points. Darker than the Siamese is the chocolate-colored Royal Burmese with points—face, ears, feet and tail—deep seal brown. Here and there among al the blue bloods at the shows are plebeiar domestic short-hairs and tabbies. Topping the exhibition may be the tailless Manx, the aristocrat with the highest I.Q of all cats, according to its owners.

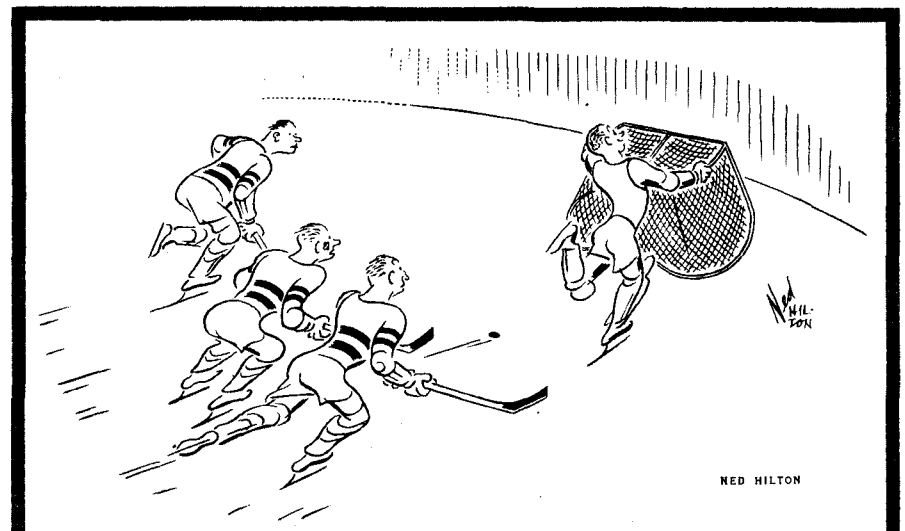
It is not these proud exhibitors whc balk cat legislation. No one deplores any more than they the scrambled mixture: of homeless felines that have given kitt such a bad name; no group has workec more zealously to preserve pure blooc strains, to promote better treatment anc training. Dr. Young, this time speakin as president of the American Cat Asso ciation, pleads their cause when he say that "cats are the most misunderstooc animals in the world" and claims tha they are "extremely intelligent."

Game administrators have no quarre with the high-born show kitties, nor in deed with the pitifully small percentag of properly housed and fed commoner: But the feral house cats, the pets tha roam the fields and byways at all hour of the day and night, are quite anothe matter. Evidence is strong that they ar sly, silent killers; miniature lions an leopards in fact.

Those who enjoy the companionshi of their cats can do much to ward o abuse. They can help by confining kitt during the night hours and by feeding well in the morning before allowing out of doors. They can perform eve greater service by delivering all surpl cats to the local pound or anticruelty s ciety.

No real admirer of kitty can feel oth than distress at the criminations heap on the many wayward descendants what was once a noble clan. Pamper by royalty they were, but now they p lage the countryside or slink like wai among the ash barrels. Perhaps the ar mals themselves feel some of the sham Perhaps their doleful caterwaulings e press something of their resentment having fallen so low after centuries high living with Pharaohs and potentat Maybe the back-yard serenades th bring old shoes and alarm clocks flyi through open windows is the feline v sion of You Made Me What I Am T day, I Hope You're Satisfied.

THE END



SPORTING ODDS

At one stage of a spirited ice-hockey game between McGill University and Boston College many years ago, the officials had thumbed so many players to the penalty box that there were only three McGill men on the ice and Boston had only one, the goalie.

Nonchalantly the three McGill men skated down with the puck for a certain score. But the Boston College goalie was ready for them. He picked up the net and rushed it to the boards, mouth to the wall, and there he held it until the clock had freed his teammates from exile. The frustrated Canadians protested, but there was nothing in the rules to cover the situation.

Soon afterward the rules and the net were changed and a limitation was placed on the number of players to be banished at any one time.

—John E. McNary, Dorchester, Mass.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

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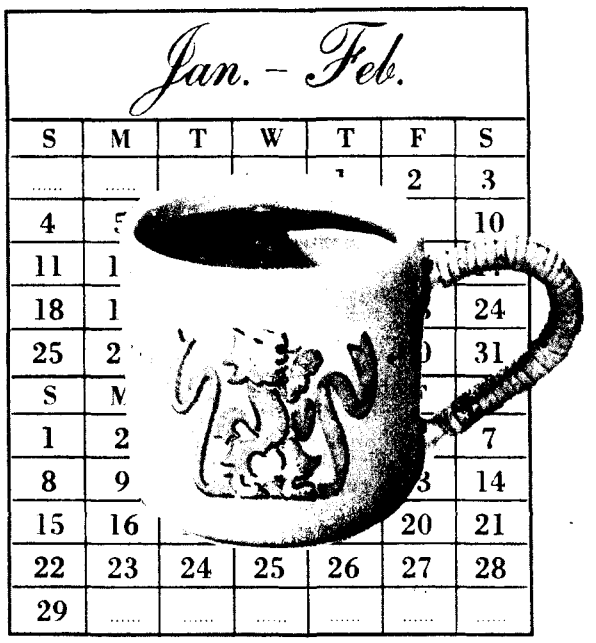
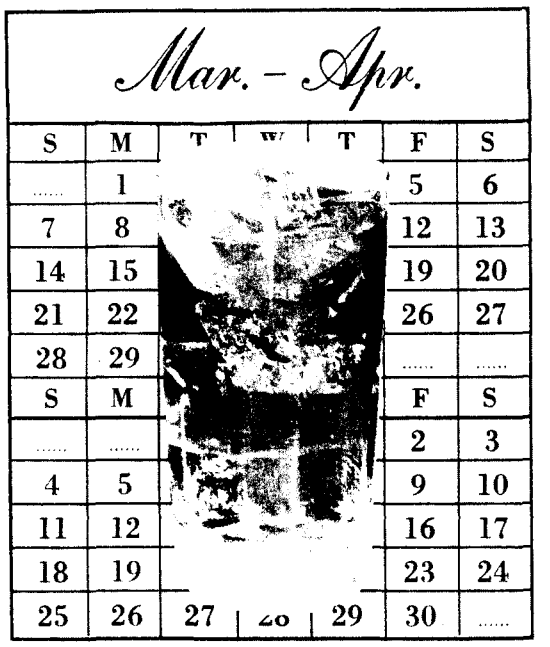
Kinsey

Drink of the Month

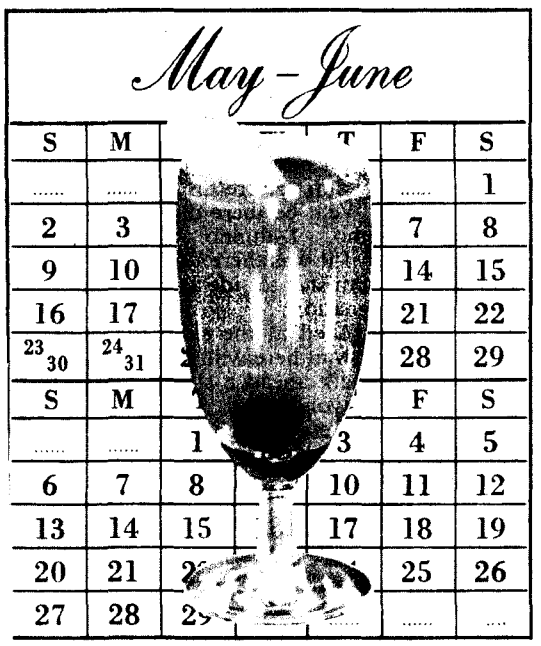
Gift of the Year



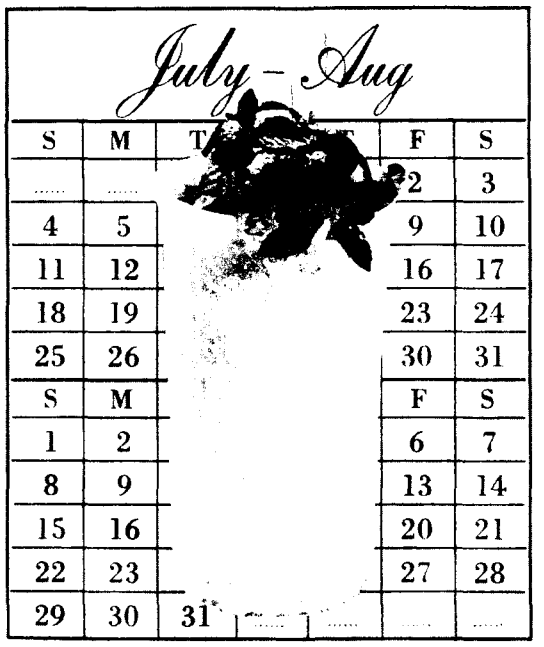
KINSEY TODDY: *Put lump of sugar into mug, fill with ⅔ boiling water. Add 2 oz. Kinsey, stir, garnish with lemon slice.*



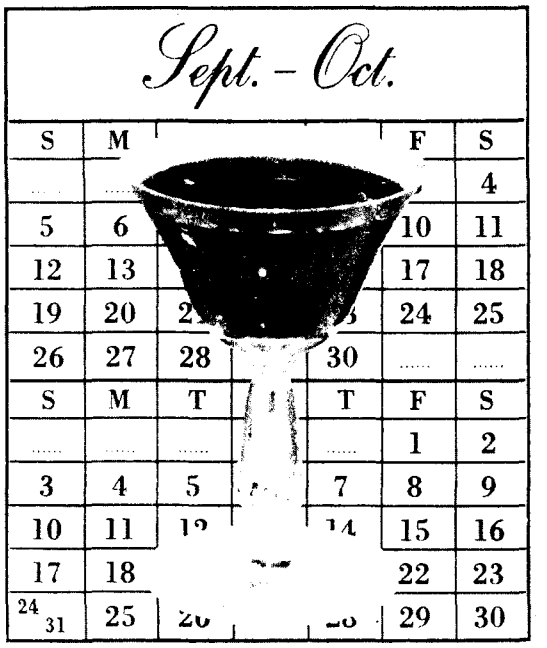
KINSEY HIGHBALL: *Pour 1 jigger smooth, flavor-full Kinsey into glass full of ice cubes. Add ginger ale, soda or water.*



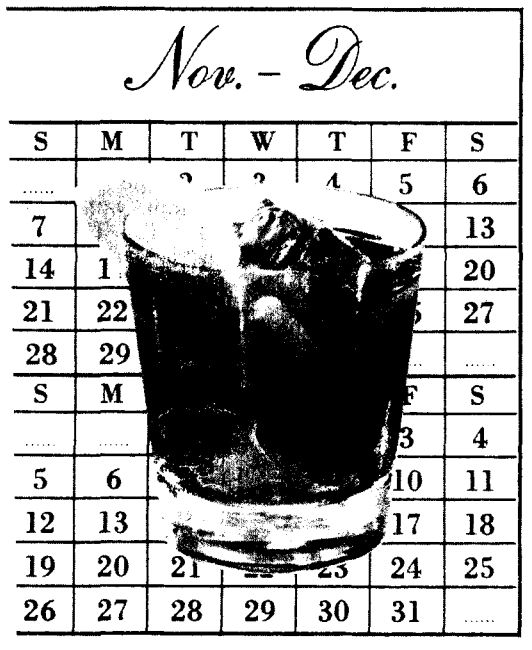
KINSEY SOUR: *Mix juice of ½ lemon, ½ tsp. powd. sugar, 2 oz. Kinsey. Shake with ice, strain into glass, decorate as shown.*



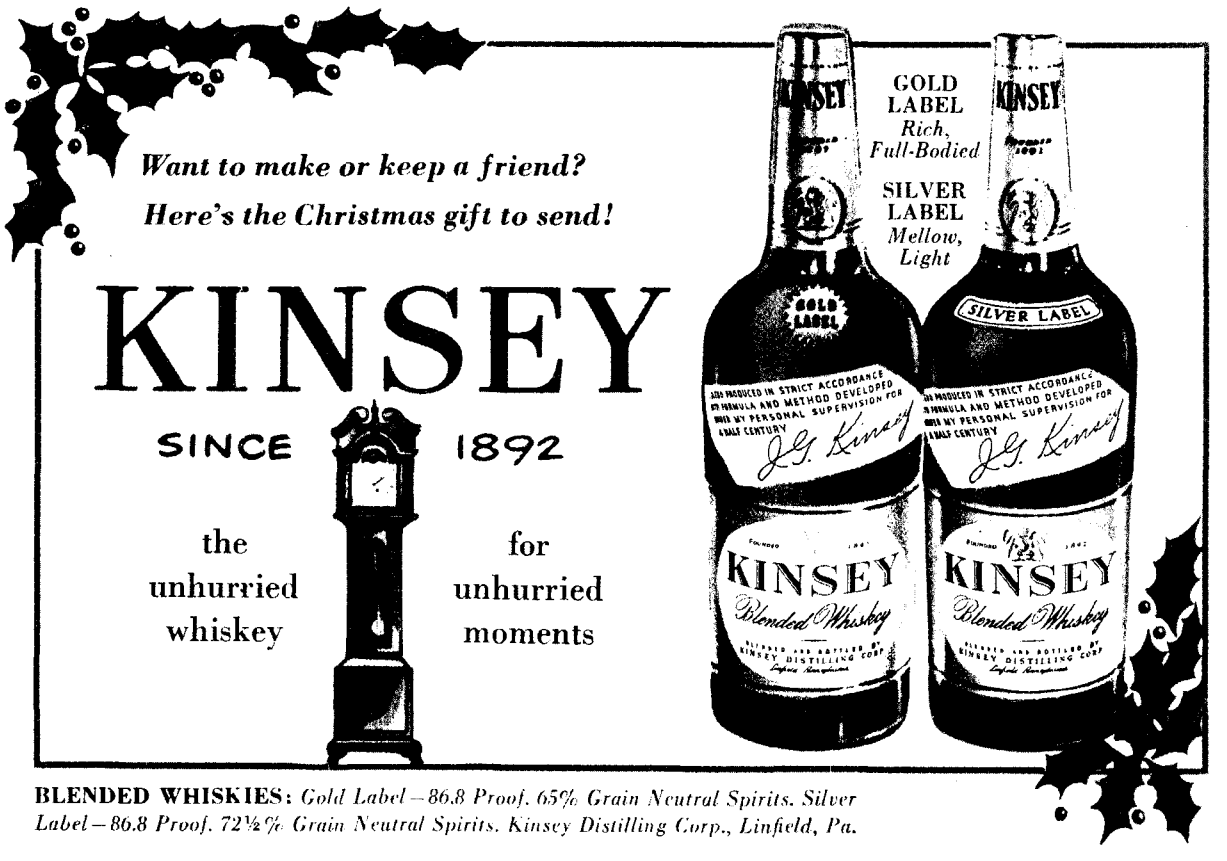
KINSEY JULEP: *Bruise mint in tall glass. Add tsp. powd. sugar, 2 oz. Kinsey. Fill with shaved ice. Stir. Top with mint.*



KINSEY MANHATTAN: *2 parts Kinsey . . . 1 part sweet vermouth . . . 1 dash bitters . . . stir with cracked ice. Strain. Add cherry.*



INSEY OLD FASHIONED: *½ lump sugar . . . dashes bitters . . . 3 tsp. water. Muddle. Add oz. Kinsey, ice cube, lemon peel, fruit.*



BLENDED WHISKIES: *Gold Label—86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label—86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.*

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THE NEXT HILL

Continued from page 15

down from the wagon. Esau and Uncle Harry were carrying big buckets away from their wagons. Jed went up to them.

"Lord, now I'n get me some water!" boomed Uncle Harry, grinning childishly.

"The mules an' horses," cried Jed, "they'n have water now too! The rain'll fill up the pools again!" The old-timer in St. Louis had said there'd be water in pools all along the way for the animals. There had been, at first. But then they'd come to parched country, and the pools grew smaller and smaller. Yesterday morning the mules had finished off what remained of a sorry-looking hole of thick, brown water. Today there had been none. But now—now the rain would fix all that!

ESAU placed a bucket on the ground. He made as if to go back to the wagon for another bucket when Jed stopped him.

"There's a wind fixin' up too, Pa. Maybe we ought to keep the buckets off the ground. Then the water'll be fit for drinkin'."

The two men opened their mouths to argue, but at that moment the wind howled down upon them. Jed's mother and Aunt Clara and Missus Cotter cried out from their wagons. The two men picked up the buckets as if that had been their intention anyway. They raced back toward the wagons. Jed stood watching the weird sky. There was a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach, suddenly, just as there had been last night. That wasn't a rainstorm at all!

Uncle Harry had seen what it was, for now he came running up to Jed. He still carried the bucket, as if it were glued to his hand.

"Lord A'mighty! Lord A'mighty, look!"

Esau was there, too, his big shoulders bent to the wind. "Oh, Lord! First it was Sam, an' now us."

"Pa, you an' Uncle Harry cover the mules an' get under them wagon sheets. Then—"

But he didn't have time to say anything more. For they were already running back to the wagons. The buckets stood on the ground beside him.

"Hang on to the reins!" he shouted after them. Then he, too, boarded his wagon.

None too soon. For the fury of the wind struck them then, bringing sand that ate into the spokes and shredded the huge Osnaburg sheets. The sun went out and a blackness fell over the country. Jed could hear Missus Cotter mumbling. He guessed that she was praying, for every once in a while he caught the word God.

He figured the wind could grow no stronger. But it did. It was so loud now he could no longer distinguish separate sounds. He looked at Missus Cotter. Her lips were tight. She was watching the ripped sheeting overhead as it flapped viciously against the bows. One thing that was happening helped to keep his mind partly off the storm. The louder the roar outside, the closer Mary crept to him. Once, when the wagon swayed dangerously, Jed felt her grip his arm like a vise. He drew her to him tightly, but said nothing.

When at last the wind died down and he opened the flap, Jed saw what it had done.

"Mary! Take the reins!"

He waited until her small hands closed over the reins above his. Then he jumped to the ground and ran ahead to what remained of Uncle Harry's wagon. His father was already there.

The wagon lay smashed on its port side, and where two wheels should have been facing the sky, only grimy hubs were left. The spokes were scattered beyond the wagon in splinters. The team was gone. The water barrel lay smashed on its side, the ground beneath it damp. Only the little water in his father's barrel remained, now.

"Help me, Pa!" Jed began cutting away the sheet to get into the wagon. Uncle Harry was lying in a strange position. He kept turning his whitened face from side to side, muttering.

"What is it, Uncle Harry?"

Aunt Clara mumbled something about his back, a sprain maybe, she didn't know. "How do I know what it is?" she wailed, standing in the midst of the wreckage. "How in the world can anybody know anything in a place like this? Why did we ever go an' leave Mister Landemere's farms anyway? What good's land of your own if you'n never get to it?" At the back of the wagon, half buried under the crumpled sheet, little Tom and Jenny Owen were whimpering for attention.

"Maybe you better tell your ma," said Esau.

Jed did. His mother looked at him for a moment, and then the weariness that had been in her eyes for so many days vanished.

"I'll fix a bed here in the wagon," she said quickly. "He'll be all right here. You an' your pa can fetch him over." . . .

Clara Owen was no help to anyone the rest of the day. She sat in Esau's wagon and from time to time she raised her arms, only to let them drop in her lap again. Uncle Harry lay restless beside her, talking of water. The heat was worse than it had been before the storm but Clara seemed unaware of it. It was only when Jed and his father had picked up from the wrecked wagon what they could afford to carry that Clara spoke.

"You can't leave—not with him this way!" She climbed down from the wagon and placed herself in front of Esau. "You can't leave here now. It'll kill him!" she screamed. She began to beat Esau's breast, but he caught her hands and spoke tenderly.

"I know, I know, Clara." He squinted at the western sky, as empty as the land. "But God knows we can't stay, either. Can't stay in this desert much longer an' expect to live."

Jed smiled. His father was almost acting like his old self again.

MARY had come down from her wagon to help. She put an arm about Clara. "He's right, Missus Owen. We gotta move on. To that river, an' then toward the mountains. We have to!"

"But my God, he's hurt!"

"I know—" began Mary.

"Mind what I say now, woman," admonished Esau. "We got less than a quarter of a barrel of water for all of us now. We lost your water. We lost your team. We lost all the horses." He paused, breathing heavily. "My great God, we gotta reach that river!"

Without waiting for an answer, he motioned Jed to help him lift Clara into his wagon.

Presently the two teams began pulling westward again.

Mary was on the seat beside Jed now. Missus Cotter was busy under the sheet with little Tom and Jenny Owen. The wheels grunted and groaned over the naked earth, and the mules slobbered tiny bits of foam at each step. Jed marveled at their endurance.

"I'm glad Ma's got Tom and Jenny to look after," said Mary. "Keeps her mind off Pa."

"Way I feel," Jed remarked, "I'm gonna sit me in the river stark naked an' let the water cover me an'—"

"Jed?"

"Huh?"

"Now let's see—who do we know that gives good Christmas parties?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

"I'm scared."

He didn't look at her, but he could hear her breath coming quick and short. She was scared all right. "Ain't nothin' to be scared of, Mary."

"But first it was Pa—an' now all this new trouble—an'—"

"An' what?"

"Jed. Maybe—maybe we're really lost."

Jed winced. Quickly he said, "We're gonna see that river soon. Sure we are, Mary."

"But—"

"Don't you believe me? Don't you trust me?"

She looked at him squarely, then smiled. "I trust you, Jed."

He looked up sharply after she said that. He cracked his bull whip, high enough above the mules to miss them. Then he began humming softly, to himself. . . .

Camp that night was the loneliest they had yet made. The silence was complete, save when a coyote or a wolf howled. Jed sat watching the two wagons until even they seemed to disappear.

He hadn't climbed the hill in the west tonight when the sun went down. There just didn't seem to be any point. No matter how sharp the sunset might have been, it couldn't show up any mountains on the horizon. It just couldn't. The man in St. Louis was loco.

Once Jed was tempted to fetch some water from old Sam's jug. His throat ached for just a taste of it. But after the barrel on his father's wagon was empty it would have to do for all of them, and Uncle Harry would be wanting more than the rest of them. Jed turned his thoughts away from thirst, rested his head on his knees and tried to think of nothing. . . .

Next day when the sun burned midway in the west, the exhausted mules stopped in their tracks. They had reached their limit.

Jed and his father got down and went a little way off to talk. "D'you have anythin' to say now, son?" croaked Esau. His voice was hardly recognizable.

Jed shrugged his shoulders. The water barrel, he knew, stood empty now. He looked westward at the long slope of land heaving up before him. He struggled, trying to speak honestly. They couldn't last much longer. Not without water. He tried wetting his lips, but there was no moisture on his tongue. He supposed he should go up and wait on the slope there till the sun went down. Then, if he saw the mountains he'd at least know the river was around here somewhere close.

"Now don't go frettin', Pa." It hurt to talk. "We'll be there directly."

"Dunno. I dunno. Them mules'd smell it if it was there." Esau shook his head from side to side as if to emphasize his resignation.

Jed looked at the slope again. "Pa, you just wait here with the wagons. I'm gonna walk ahead a stretch an' just see what's beyond."

Esau offered no objection.

JED did not see the mountains. But what he did see beyond the hill made him want to cry. The river was there; he could see where it had cut through the dry, hot earth. It was the river, sure, because there were clumps of grayish willows growing on its banks. He was tempted to run down and sit in it, naked, the way he'd planned. It cost him an effort to turn back to the wagons.

He found his father sitting on the ground, his mouth open, his back against the wagon wheel. Esau would not believe what Jed told him. He seemed not to be listening. Jed looked at his father again. Esau's help was essential if the barrel was to be filled. Jed went to the Cotter wagon, took out old Sam's jug. He opened it. He shook it. Not more than a mouthful in it. He felt the bottom of the jug. It was wet. The heat, since they left the Mississippi valley, had shriveled and split its walls. He put it back on the wagon.

Somehow, when he told them of the river, Jed persuaded them to bring the wagons up the long slope and down the other side. Yet when they reached it actually saw it, instead of water they found a dry, sandy bed. This was the river toward which they had journeyed so long. But from where Jed looked first he'd seen only the banks and the willows but not the bed.

"My God, Esau!" wailed Jed's mother. "What—what we gonna do?"

Esau did not answer. He stood dumb beside Clara, looking at the dusty rock. Mary was by her mother, staring too. A drop of perspiration hung to the tip of Missus Cotter's sun-browned nose. From the wagon Jed could hear Uncle Harry sobbing for water.

Jed dropped to his knees. There was no much use in standing up any more. He saw Mary looking at him. She had trusted him when he said they would have water

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Almost without realizing what he was doing, he began to dig. First slowly, then faster. Frantically now, he pulled away the stones and sank his fingers into the sand. It was rough going, and it made little sense. But he had to do it—she'd trusted him.

"Jed," said Mary.

He looked up at her. She had fetched a pick from her wagon. "Use this, Jed. Then I'll get the spade from your father's wagon."

NO ONE else offered to help. No one paid any attention. Mary's nearness had the effect of urging Jed on. His back ached and the trickle of sweat from his forehead made it hard for him to see. From time to time he could hear Uncle Harry calling for water. Once, he paused and looked around. Mary was still beside him. The others were sprawled on the ground, their faces hard and bitter and motionless.

"Feel anythin', Jed?"

He shook his head. The blade of the spade was as dry as when he'd begun to dig.

"Your uncle is bad. Ain't makin' much sense. He—"

"Mary, you know where your father's old whisky jug is?"

She nodded.

He explained about it. "It still has a mouthful of water. Give it to Uncle Harry."

When she had gone, Jed felt suddenly so exhausted that he sat down. There was nothing to do now but wait until the sun in mercy sank below the horizon. This wasn't the river they had been struggling toward. How could it be? Where was the water?

When Mary came back she said, "You'll have to dig some more, Jed."

"It's dry, dammit! This ain't our river. Can't you see it's dry?"

"Are you sure it ain't our river, Jed?"

"Look at it!" he cried. "It's dry!"

"Dig, Jed!" she urged him. "Dig some more."

He couldn't see at all now. He imagined he'd been digging for hours. His arms ached from one end to the other. His back ached. Each spadeful of sand seemed heavier than the last. The hole went down for nearly two feet.

Suddenly he stopped digging. "Mary!" He dropped to his knees, stretched out on his belly and reached down into the hole. His tired fingers touched what he had been seeking: the first trickle of water.

"Mary!" He sat up and stared at his wet finger tips.

The girl flung herself on the ground beside him and reaching down scooped out a handful of precious water. Instead of drinking it herself, she held it up to him. He wet his lips, but her hand trembled so he had to steady it. He took in a little and then asked her to take some.

"No," she whispered. "You finish it."

He couldn't help himself then. He drew the water between his lips and when it was gone he held his mouth tight against the palm of her hand.

When the sun went down that night, and the water barrels on the two wagons were full, Jed stood alone on the top of the hill west of the enheartened camp. Even Uncle Harry felt better now that he had water. Jed stood quiet, keeping his eyes on the horizon. For a while heavy clouds threatened to cover it, but they broke and he could see the sun sinking rapidly in a blaze of color. Just as the sun began to disappear altogether he saw them—the mountains! There they were, just as the man in St. Louis had said. Now there would be only a few more days to go before they reached the lush, rich land that would be their own. Jed stared at them until they were lost in the darkness.

THE next day Jed drove the Cotter wagon. He took the lead, Mary seated beside him. A cool wind touched them, urging them together. Jed smiled. Behind him he could hear the music of the water in the barrel, swishing and gurgling against the staves. There was enough water now for everyone.

Very quietly he began to sing. It was as if he wanted none but Mary to hear. He sang so softly she was obliged to lean still closer to him. She had to bring her head next to his. Which was exactly what he wanted.

THE END

A STAR TO LIVE BY

Continued from page 11

I saw how it worked. What am I supposed to do? Deny science? Say science is wrong?

Padre: Not for a minute, lad. That's one of the mistakes that got us into the fog we're in—the mistake of thinking that science and religion are at war. They're not at war, Joe. Every truth that science discovers is just another proof of the wonder and magnitude of our universe. All the discoveries—your radar set, penicillin, atomic energy—what are they all but revelations of the infinite spirit which runs the universe, which orders it, and which has authored all these wonders? Science is but a discoverer of God's truth. Follow me, Joe?

Joe: You mean I don't have to choose between science and religion?

Padre: That's what I mean, Joe. One of our big gyroscope companies recently discovered the secrets of the flight of the ordinary housefly. They took patents on what they found out, and they hope to get the gyroscopic principles of the insignificant little fly into our giant airplanes. You see, Joe, scientists aren't bashful. They know they can't make a fly, but they'll seek out the secrets of how God makes one! That's what science is, Joe. It is a quest for God's truth. The more of it we discover, the closer we are to God.

Joe: Putting it bluntly, Padre—what is God?

Padre: God is defined in the Bible as a spirit. That doesn't mean a ghost. It means the thing you have in mind when you say of a man, "I like his spirit." In our finite minds it is hard to grasp the idea, and some of us never can grasp it unless we give God a long white beard and set him on a cloud. It takes work to think of what God is. Try it, Joe. Think of God as a spirit of love and understanding, an orderliness and plan in the universe, a purpose in the life of man, an essential goodness and a moving forward toward high ideals.

Joe: As we'd say in the Army, Padre, you're up at 25,000 feet. Come down to earth—that's where my problems are. Take the cost of living—it scares a guy. Where's it going to end? Are we all going broke? I just can't make enough, Padre—the dough won't stretch that far. On top of that, a guy can't find a place to live. Then you turn on your radio and the commentators tell you, "Watch out for a depression!" and "There's going to be another war!" I feel like I'm hanging onto a life raft, Padre, clinging every minute to keep from going under. That's what life's like nowadays. That's the peace we fought for.

Padre: Sure, Joe. That's the kind of civilization we've built up. It has a lot of fear in it. I'm on the same raft. Maybe my deacons will take it in mind next week to fire me. And, brother, I give them plenty of reason. Everybody's that way. Uncertainty is part of our age. But haven't we always had uncertainty? Let me read what Jesus said to the people nearly two thousand years ago. This is from the Sermon on the Mount, Joe. Listen—

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . .

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

"And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, *shall He* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith?"

Joe: That's beautiful stuff, Padre. But do you mean to say that God is personally looking out for me? That if I, Joe, and my wife and kids were thrown out in the street—that God would find us someplace to live? Gee, Padre, don't give me that!

Padre: "Not a sparrow falls but your heavenly Father knows it." Remember that from the Bible, Joe? And this one —"The very hairs on your head are numbered in the mind of God."

Joe: Yeah, what about my buddy? I guess the hairs on his head were numbered too. And maybe God wasn't looking when he got his head blown off at Leyte, eh, Padre?

Padre: The Book of Job was written about that very problem, lad. Does God look out for each one of us, personally? If so, how do we account for kids who went to flaming death in airplanes, or little children who are crippled, or people who get hit by cars? Well, Joe, we've got to grow up with our religions. God isn't a busybody of a mom with a couple of billion apron strings—one for each blithering child. God is the love and goodness in us. So instead of watching over us, God is *in us*, and each of us is a part of God.

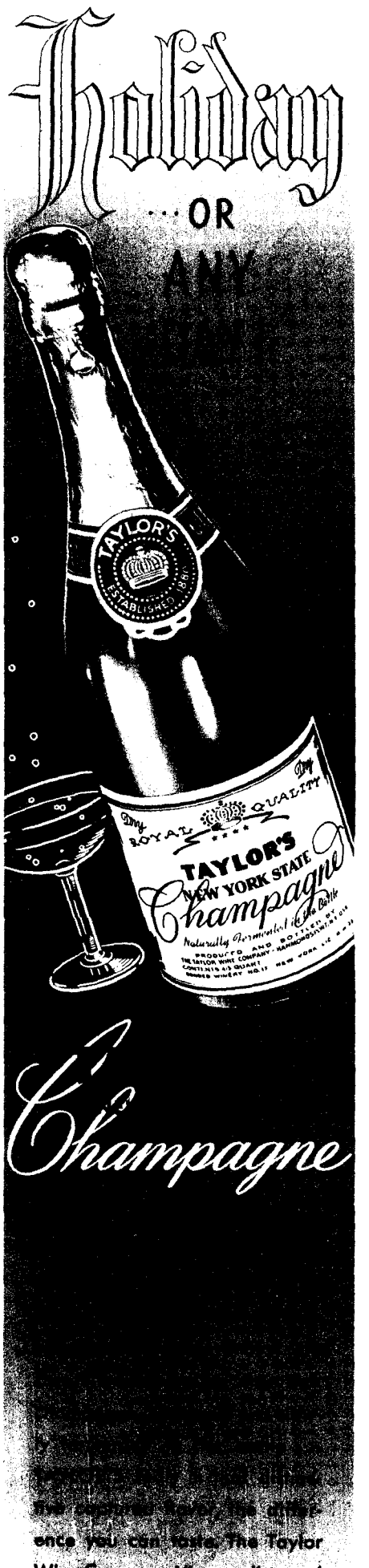
Religion doesn't promise immunity, Joe. It would be at a premium if it did. Man, would our churches be packed every Sunday! When you and I were out

DESK MOTTO FOR A TIRED BUSINESSWOMAN

Overwork'll
Darkly circle
Pretty eyes,
Likewise
Make you crabby,
Logy, flabby,
Interfere
With healthful cheer,
Ruin your curves,
Fray your nerves,
And line your brow. . . .

"DON'T DO IT NOW!"

—Ethel Jacobson



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there in Guinea I saw many a fellow shot up with the Bible on his breast. *Religion isn't a rabbit's foot, Joe.* We've got to get rid of the idea that it is. I used to tell the pilots, "Prayers won't hold your planes up. Only aerodynamics will."

Joe: You mean we shouldn't pray, Padre? You mean prayers aren't worth a hoot?

Padre: Prayer opens the door of your inner self to the spirit of the universe. It allows the God inside you to communicate with the God all around you. That's why prayer has brought many a plane in safely. Not because it gave magical immunity, mind you—but because it gave the pilot peace and calm and courage, and enabled *him* to bring the plane in safely. That's why we say the power of faith moves mountains. Do you follow me?

Joe: In a way, Padre. I used to pray a lot in the foxholes. Just talkin' to God, like. I think without that, I'd have died of plain fright.

Padre: And plain fright would have made you a bad soldier. You might have got yourself killed. See, prayer wasn't a rabbit's foot. It didn't draw a magic ring around you and say, "Jap bullets detour here." But it gave you inner peace, Joe—another name for courage—and so you ducked at the right time and you held your ground.

Joe: I still could have got killed.

Padre: Certainly. Remember what we said about immunity? No guarantees. Religion, Joe, is concerned with the indestructible part of man. So it isn't what happens that counts as much as it is *how we take what happens.* The faithless are rocked by feather taps, but the believing man is unmoved by a bludgeon.

Joe: But, Padre, aren't you being impractical? That kind of faith is okay for Sundays. But how about day-to-day problems? I've got my wife and kids in two rooms. Is this faith you're talking about going to get us a bigger place to live? Is it going to buy groceries and pay the rent? Is it going to put dough in my pocket if I lose my job, Padre?

Padre: Still thinking about *things,* aren't you, Joe? I can't say I blame you. That's our civilization. We've put our faith in *things.* And then war showed us that you could bomb, burn and sink *things*—and what were we left with? Practically no faith at all. Now some people would have us reclaim ourselves with *things*—the same old rat race. Oh, no, Joe. The only faith that's worth having is pegged to that which is indestructible. You can't bomb love and compassion. You can't sink it, or burn it.

Expel the faith in *things* from your mind, Joe. It's phony. It will let you down.

Joe: Padre, maybe I'm a simple toot. But I can't visualize this "love" and this "spiritual" stuff you're talking about. If you want me to believe in something, give me something real that I can see and understand—something I can put my finger on.

Padre: Many a man has asked the same thing, Joe. The answer is *people.* Human beings are fragments of God. Believe in people, lad—in the love and compassion and the goodness that's in all of them. Tom Paine believed in people. And Jefferson did. And the faith of men and women like them brought us democracy. Lately we've been losing faith in people, not everywhere, but in some parts of the world. What happens then? You ought to know, Joe. You just fought a war about it. But the big war is still going on, Joe. It's a war between the lovers and the haters of humanity.

Joe: You're not talking about America and Russia, are you?

Padre: No. That's just a symptom. I'm talking about the big war that's going on in man's soul. It crosses international borders, Joe. It's the war that Admiral Byrd had in mind when he said we need a world organization to keep the peace "until man can learn to control the evil within himself."

Joe: We must be going backward, Padre. Talk about your love of man! Over in Guinea, when the chips were down, there were no "wops" and no "hebes" and no "niggers." They were all Joes. Now look!

Padre: Sure. It happened in the first war, too. We thought it would be different when we got home. We would all be buddies, same as in the trenches. But when the boys got home they got afraid. And fear brings hatred. So before you knew it they were hating the colored folks or the Jews or the Irish.

That kind of fear is unhealthy. It's a fear in our inner self, a shriveling up of our spirit. We get feeling that we're not getting enough of the pie, that the other fellow is getting the best of us, that we're losing out, that the world is against us. How that generates hate!

Joe: Why don't you pastors and priests and rabbis get busy on all that, eh? Where are you fellows? Getting us to sing hymns and put a quarter on the plate! Is that all religion can do?

Padre: There's a lot of religion that's

COLLIER'S "Somebody slipped a piece of mistletoe in my hair. It finally turned out to be quite a party" HANK KETCHAM

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just claptrap, Joe. Take some folks—they think that if they don't drink, smoke, or cuss they're religious. Well, Hitler didn't do any of those things.

Some others feel that if they go to church and sing hymns and say the responses on Sunday, they are automatically religious. Let's get it straight, Joe. Going to church and singing hymns, and all that, are merely the way a man can *express* his religion if he really feels it inside. It doesn't make him religious. A man can be deeply religious without ever going near a church. And he can be pagan and empty, though he's never missed a Sunday for forty years.

Joe: Why are religions different, Padre?

Padre: They aren't. Only the window dressings are different. It's like you, Joe—if you were going skiing you'd wear snow togs, if you were going to play tennis you'd wear white ducks. But it would be the same Joe inside.

Joe: Say, maybe there aren't enough of you guys. Maybe there's a shortage of padres—maybe that's what's wrong with religion.

Padre: There's no shortage. We have 140,000 ministers in the United States. That's one for every thousand people—the exact same ratio we had in the Army. The answer, Joe, is that people won't come to church at all if they ask for bread and are handed a stone. We've got to fill their *real needs,* same as we concerned ourselves with the real needs of you lads in the Army. I may be wrong, and I've made lots of mistakes, but I'm taking a stab at it here in Greens Farms.

We've got a Young Couples Club, for example. It's not just a prissy group to drink tea and waste time on Friday evenings. It's a serious group where the problems of marriage are threshed out. We can see the rising divorce rate—nearly 40 per cent now—and we're worried about it. Our young couples get frank aid in marital adjustment—and we don't dodge the sex issue either.

For the teen-agers we have talks on preparation for marriage, on courting, on necking and petting. We don't pull punches, Joe. Those are vital problems in the lives of young people. Talk about delinquency and promiscuity! Why *talk* about it? We're trying to *do something* about it?

Mental health is a big problem, too. Can the church sit back and dodge it? Not the living church, Joe. In Greens Farms we have two doctors and two psychiatrists who work with the church. When I find a parishioner in trouble—tied up in mental knots, or full of inner conflicts—I have to decide whether I, a clergyman, can handle it or whether one of the doctors or psychiatrists should be called in. Sometimes the docs will send patients to me—people who are okay physically and mentally but sick spiritually, people who don't believe in anything. See, Joe, we work as a team—the mind doctor, the body doctor and the soul doctor.

Of course I give sermons on Sunday. I try to deal with some of those day-to-day problems you were talking about. I had one sermon, for example, on the high cost of living and what the people should do to bring prices down. I talk a lot about what Congress is doing, and the United Nations, and how we are going to prevent another war.

Sometimes when you come into our church on Sunday you'll find petitions on the entry table to sign and send to Congress. We put the names and addresses of our senators and congressmen in the church bulletin—so people can write to them. We're pretty active, too, in a world government organization here in the parish. See, Joe, religion isn't up on a cloud. When you believe in something and know where you're going, you can get awfully busy with things right underfoot.

Joe: I guess that's part of the things that have been bothering me. Why is it, Padre, that in the Army you chaplains could be regular fellows—in fact you tried to be as much like the boys as possible. But in civilian life, I don't know, you try to be as *different* as you can.

Padre: Joe, you've got a good gripe there. Lots of pastors act like little tin gods because they're afraid they'll get bounced out by the trustees if they don't. It's a business proposition, Joe. In the Army a padre was independent. He didn't have the hot breath of the deacons on his neck.

Joe: You mean our padres could use a little courage, eh?

Padre: I do, lad. It takes courage to come down off Mount Olympus and mix with the people. And yet the best parish work in history was done by One who did mix with the people, and so the critics called Him "a wine bibber and a friend of sinners." He was called Jesus.

Joe: Maybe we should get back to fundamentals. Maybe that's our trouble in this world.

Padre: Christmas is a good time to do it, Joe. Christmas takes us back nearly two thousand years. "Peace on earth. Good will toward all mankind." That happens to be a Christian fundamental, Joe. But it is just as much the rock and root of all religions. Study them, Joe—Buddhism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Judaism and Christianity. Every one is based upon *love.* I mean the love of man and fellow man.

Joe: And Christmas is a time to begin, eh, Padre?

Padre: Yes, Joe. You have come to me at Christmas, as you did in those rough days of the war. You had a need then, but perhaps your need is even greater now. And I wonder—what can I give you?

Joe: Now wait, Padre. I didn't come to *get* anything. I just came to talk. You know, as we said in the outfit: "Take your T.S. card to the chaplain and get it punched."

Padre: What is the spirit of Christmas? Why, the spirit of *giving.* We give gifts at Christmas—all kinds of things like ties and vanity cases and electric trains and sleds. Those are grand symbols, Joe.

Joe: Symbols?

Padre: Sure. They're the outward evidence that we want to *give.* But the priceless gift, Joe, is that which we give of ourselves.

Take the kids, Joe. Christmas is a children's holiday, we say. And we give them lots of these symbols of ours. But I hope we don't forget to give them the *real gift.*

Joe: You mean—really caring about them?

Padre: Yes, letting the love shine out of us so it may warm them. And letting the faith shine out of us, so they too may share it and build—as they build with the blocks we give them—great towers of faith within themselves. There, my lad, is a Christmas gift!

Joe: Yeah. Yeah, I see what you mean, Padre. For the kids . . . and for others. Thanks, Padre.

Padre: I remember my old granddad, Joe. He came from Scotland with just a change of clothes and a Bible in Gaelic. He lived to be ninety-six years old, the last twenty years on crutches. I remember him putting his hand on my head and saying, "Remember, lad, that God is always with you." Granddad left me no money. He left me a little land. But the big thing he left me, Joe—was faith.

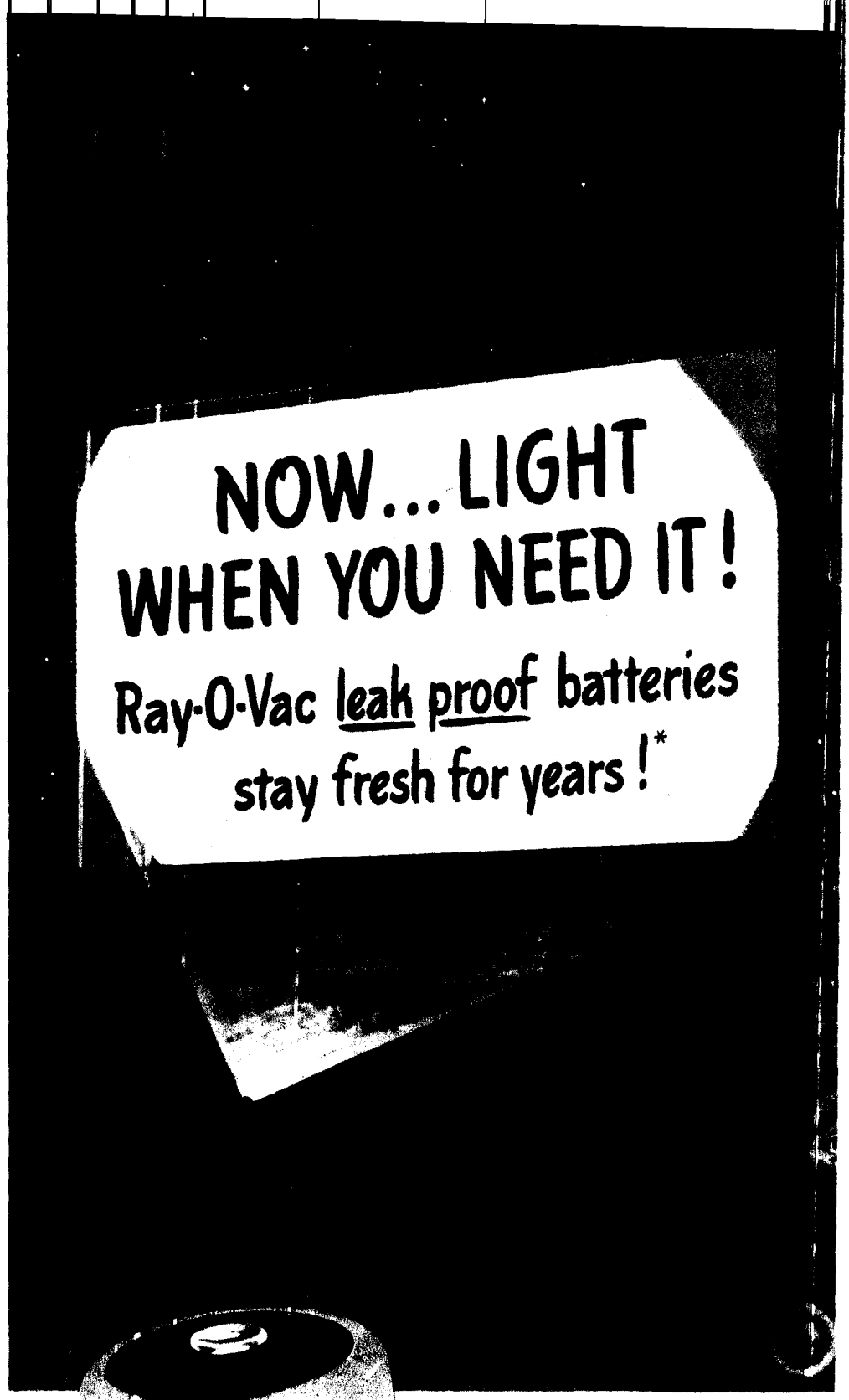
Joe: Something to believe in, eh, Padre?

Padre: A belief in God, Joe. Not in a rabbit's-foot god or a god with two billion apron strings, but a belief in the God of love which gives life meaning and purpose, and which takes away fear.

Joe: You mean—a star to get your bearings from, Padre?

Padre: Exactly, Joe. A star to live by.

THE END



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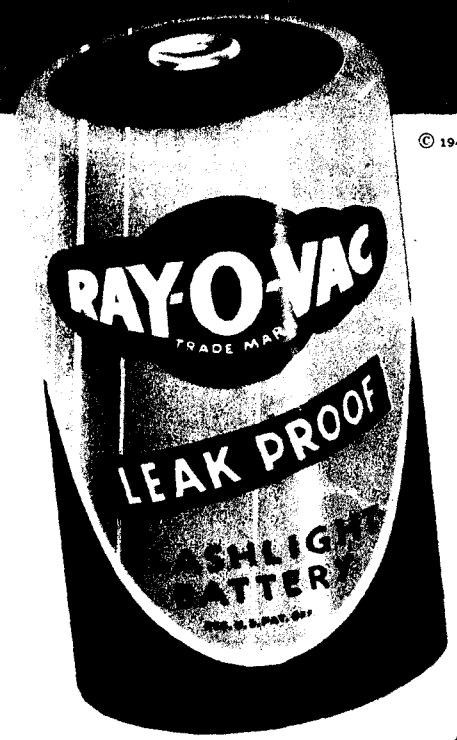

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THE LAST WORD

He could never bring himself to say it

BY MORTON THOMPSON

THE door to the private room opened without sound and without sound the nurse was there. She stared at the woman in the bed. The woman was unconscious. She was an orderly, arranged shape under a taut counterpane. She was breathing. The nurse said to herself: *Breathing shallow. Breathing slow. Wrong color. Blue lips.* She summed up what she saw. She felt for something else. It was there. It was in the room with her. It was no stranger. *It won't be long,* she said to herself.

And there was nothing else. Now the picture was complete. Now she looked away from the woman. She looked at the husband. He had been watching her steadily. Their eyes met and he shifted apologetically. *A fat little stone,* she said to herself. *Wondering when he can get away. All the feeling of a stone.* She smiled at him with her lips, ritually. The small, stout man stared back at her. *Mind's a million miles away,* she diagnosed. *Back in the hardware store—no, he was an accountant—back in his books. Everything upset. Who'll make him supper?* She looked back at the lonely, nearly dead woman in the bed. No change. *Never should have opened her up,* the nurse decided. There was nothing more to say to herself. There was nothing more to note. She smiled again at the small, fat man, turned and soundlessly left the room. The door closed behind her. She was gone. The room arranged itself without her. The man and his wife were alone, again.

The little fat man stared at his wife, savoring their aloneness. He licked his thin, almost bloodless lips. Tears were beyond him. He looked at her. He thought with all his might: *I love you.* The woman at whom he directed this thought breathed tiredly on, a little more slowly, as if he were not there. *Eileen,* he said again inside himself, *listen to me. Because I love you.* On his face there was no change of expression. He might have been examining a set of books. And when he said *I love you* this second time and there was no response to what he felt, his eyes faltered. His mind went back 20 years. He was sitting in her parlor. He was looking at her through his always misty glasses and they were not married yet and he was saying, *I love you* inside him, just as now. He wondered if she had ever heard him.

He knew he was a stick. There was no need to look at him twice. He swallowed. Deprecatively, his plump, ink-stained hand touched the bed. His fingers smoothed an infinite wrinkle in the counterpane. He had always been a stick. In the year of the bread lines, other bookkeepers were working. Not many. But some. Not him. And she'd never say anything, for she was as quiet as he was. And

Eileen was crying. George said nothing. Standing there he was thinking, I love you. I love you, Eileen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

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he'd tried. Everywhere. For enough—not even for a present, on the last day—*but enough for a Christmas meal for her.* And there was nothing.

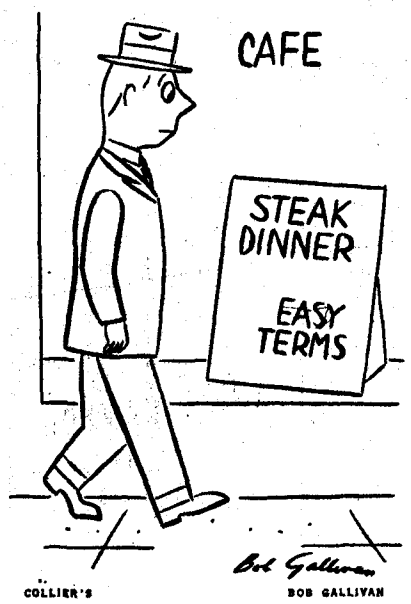
When he came home at last, he couldn't say anything. He hung up his hat. He turned to her. She blinked. She smiled, seeing the package under his arm. She looked up at him and smiled. Then she stopped smiling. "George!" she said. And again, "George! Where are your glasses?" He looked at her. He smiled uncertainly. He couldn't quite see her at that distance. He held out the package. "Your good gold glasses!" she breathed. He knew then she was crying. He wavered toward her. She put her arms about him. He said nothing. Standing there he was thinking, *I love you. I love you, Eileen.* It was awkward, *I want to give you everything,* he thought with all his might. It was hopeless. *How can I prove—how can I say how much I love you?* It was terrible to have so much to say and not to say it. In the bed beside him the dying woman's breath came more slowly.

Outside the room, down the hospital corridor, the nurse made a last few notes on a chart. She looked at her watch. Two orderlies wheeled a patient past her toward the elevator and surgery. She looked up.

"Seen Dr. Brill?" she asked.

The orderlies said no. The nurse looked at the chart. Then she looked at her watch again. She hung up the chart. She picked up the phone and called Dr. Brill. Upstairs, they said he was on his way down. When the doctor came they moved together down the hall.

IN THE room the little man sat numbly, a small island of silence. He took off his glasses; they were the same glasses, he thought dully. He polished them. He put them on. He folded his hands in his lap. The years rushed by, the quiet, mild years. Each day was the next and the one before. There came the day, finally, when he could have his own office—that was a thing for a man to lay at a woman's feet. That was the year they moved to a quiet, upstate town. "In strictest confidence," the doctor had said, "the altitude will be better for her. Upstate." He remembered how puzzled she was when they moved upstate. He looked at her. Her eyes were closed. Her breathing was very shallow now. Suddenly he became a little lonely. He did not know what was happening.



He half rose, bending toward the bed. The sound of her breathing came to him. He breathed again. He settled back. He settled back. He swallowed. *I love you, Eileen,* he thought with all his might. His lips began to move a little.

The door opened soundlessly. The small plump man with the neat worn clothing and the gold-rimmed spectacles moved apologetically back in his chair. The doctor entered. Close behind him came the nurse. A smell of ether came with them. The doctor smiled at him with his mouth and in the same movement reached the bedside and took up the dying woman's wrist. With a moist towel the nurse hurried soundlessly to the other side of the bed. While the unconscious woman's face spoke to the doctor, the nurse sponged gently, routinely, at the dry, bluing lips.

"I'm afraid that's all we can do," the doctor said suddenly.

His voice burst the quiet. The little fat man all but jumped. They looked at him. He licked his lips. The sound had been fracturing. What were they talking about?

"Is she all right?" he said at last.

He's so stupid, the nurse thought. *Even now—he's so stupid.*

"She's under morphine," the doctor said kindly. "She is unconscious. There's nothing we can do. She's slipping away quietly."

"Away?" he echoed. There was terror and death in him, now.

"It is almost over," said the doctor. He hesitated.

"We have a problem, Mr. Pollard," he said. "It is something you will have to decide." He looked at his watch. "Your wife has perhaps a half hour—certainly not more than an hour—to live. We can bring her to—" he looked at the woman in the bed, then looked quickly away again. "She is quite comfortable, now," he said. "She is sleeping peacefully."

THE small anonymous man swallowed. They looked at him. *What must it have been like to be married to him!* the nurse thought. She smoothed her uniform pityingly. They waited.

He stared at his wife, breathing only when she breathed. *Don't go, Eileen,* he begged frantically, soundlessly. She breathed another breath. *Ah, she breathed!* he thought. *They're wrong. She's not dying. She can't be.* He looked up. The doctor appeared to be talking. He looked back at his wife. And now he knew. Now he moved closer to the bed, closer to her. *If it's true—it's our last chance, darling—talk to me, talk to me for the last time—I want to tell you—we'll talk together—you're not gone yet—we've got an hour, maybe—"*

"You will have to tell me now," the doctor's voice broke in.

Pain is terrible, the little man said silently, panting. *But it will be brief. A little pain. And we can know each other, and hold each other—and say to each other—one last word. Know me, darling! Oh, Eileen! Just for one moment—*

"I'd like to say something," the little man's voice whispered in the silent room.

"I know," said the doctor, "A farewell. A last word. I know how much it means to you. And yet—"

Bring her to! he thought wildly. *Of course—bring her to.*

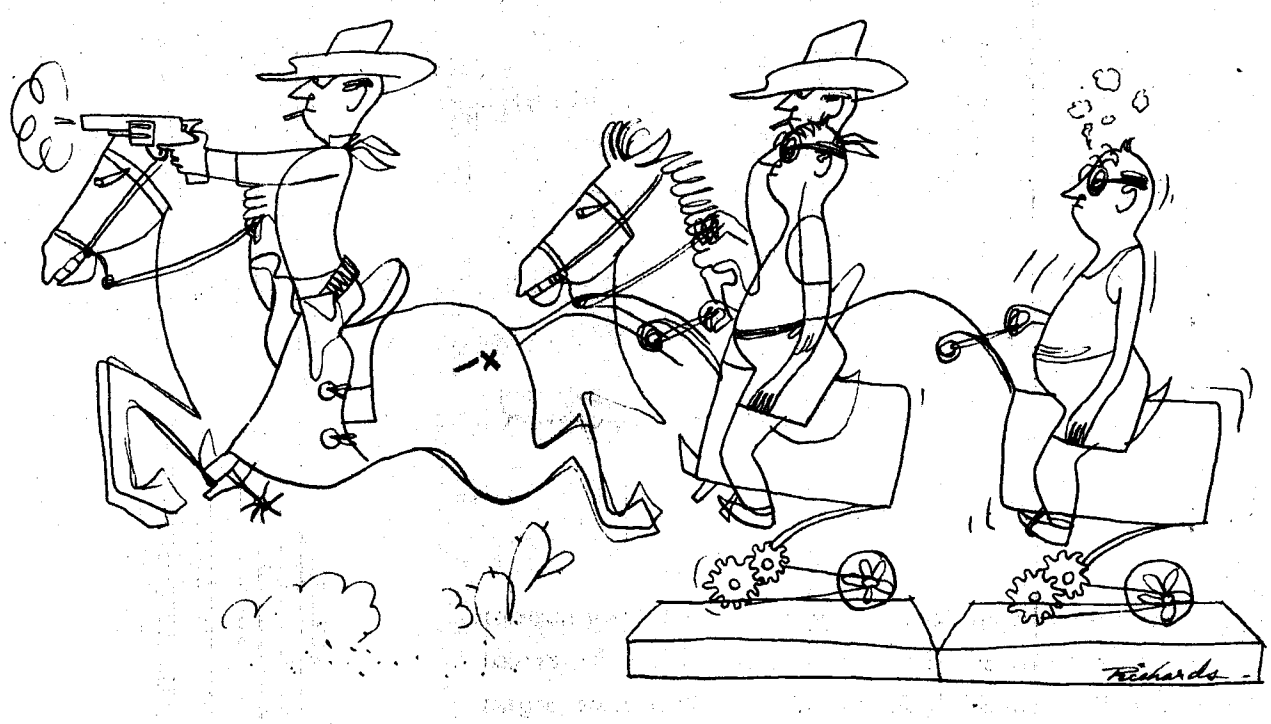
He turned to the doctor. He lifted his head humbly.

"Let her sleep," said the little man quietly.

The door shut soundlessly behind them.

Now the room was very quiet. Now they were alone, again. The little man stared at his wife. He leaned a little forward. *I love you. All I ever want—I want to give you everything.* He thought with all his might: *I love you! Listen to me, Eileen! Because I love you . . .*

THE END



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December 1, 1947

Dear Friends:

On Christmas morning as for the past four years, in hospitals throughout our Country, many thousands of wounded war heroes will smile with pleasure, when members of the American Legion Posts and their auxiliaries, the Disabled American Veterans, and other civic organizations come to their beds to distribute "Gifts to Yanks Who Gave."

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THE CRUSADERS' DOGGIE

BY MILTON GROSS AND AL HIRSHBERG

Basketball was a forgotten sport in New England until Doggie Julian and his Holy Cross hoopsters spread the gospel—and incidentally grabbed the N.C.A.A. title

THE people of Worcester, Massachusetts, showed no signs of mania until last May 9th. On that day 35,000 of them—who didn't give a hoot when domestic politicians, foreign noblemen, Hollywood movie stars and Washington generals and admirals paraded through their streets—lined the avenues to cheer Holy Cross' N.C.A.A. championship basketball team.

At a reception following the half-mile-long parade, which included worshiping delegations from Boston, Springfield, Providence, Rhode Island, and Nashau, New Hampshire, 8,000 more strained the Worcester Auditorium to its crossbeams to watch Christmas fall in May.

The Elks, Knights of Columbus, B'nai B'rith, Masons, Chamber of Commerce and the Holy Cross Marching and Chowder Club showered Coach Alvin (Doggie) Julian and his Crusaders with tickets to movie shows, suits of clothing and gift certificates on most of the shops in town.

Since Holy Cross had won the title almost two months earlier at Madison Square Garden in New York City, this recognition and largess would seem somewhat tardy. It would have been, were it not for the fact that the Crusaders' basketball championship and Worcester's acceptance of the sport itself constitute a pair of minor miracles. New Englanders are not prone to clasp miracles to their bosoms in a hurry, as the witches of Salem discovered.

Except for little Rhode Island State in Kingston and isolated Dartmouth at Hanover, New Hampshire, New England had been an insular territory in a basketball sense. The sport was born there, but through the more than fifty years since Dr. James A. Naismith attached a pair of peach baskets to the balcony in the Springfield Y.M.C.A. College gymnasium, New England singularly had remained a basketball no man's land.

Three years ago Boston, which has supported hockey handsomely as its major winter pastime, gave basketball and Holy Cross the back of its hand. Seven double-headers tried at the Boston Garden in the 1944-1945 season drew a total of 29,000 spectators. The Garden took an $11,000 loss.

If Holy Cross, as one of the attractions, could be taken as a criterion for the entertainment offered, even that handful of spectators had been rooked.

What obviously was needed to turn this desert into green pastures was a man of missionary mind, who could spread the gospel besides importing a few talented hands to help with the menial job of playing and winning.

A Prophet Comes to the Wilderness

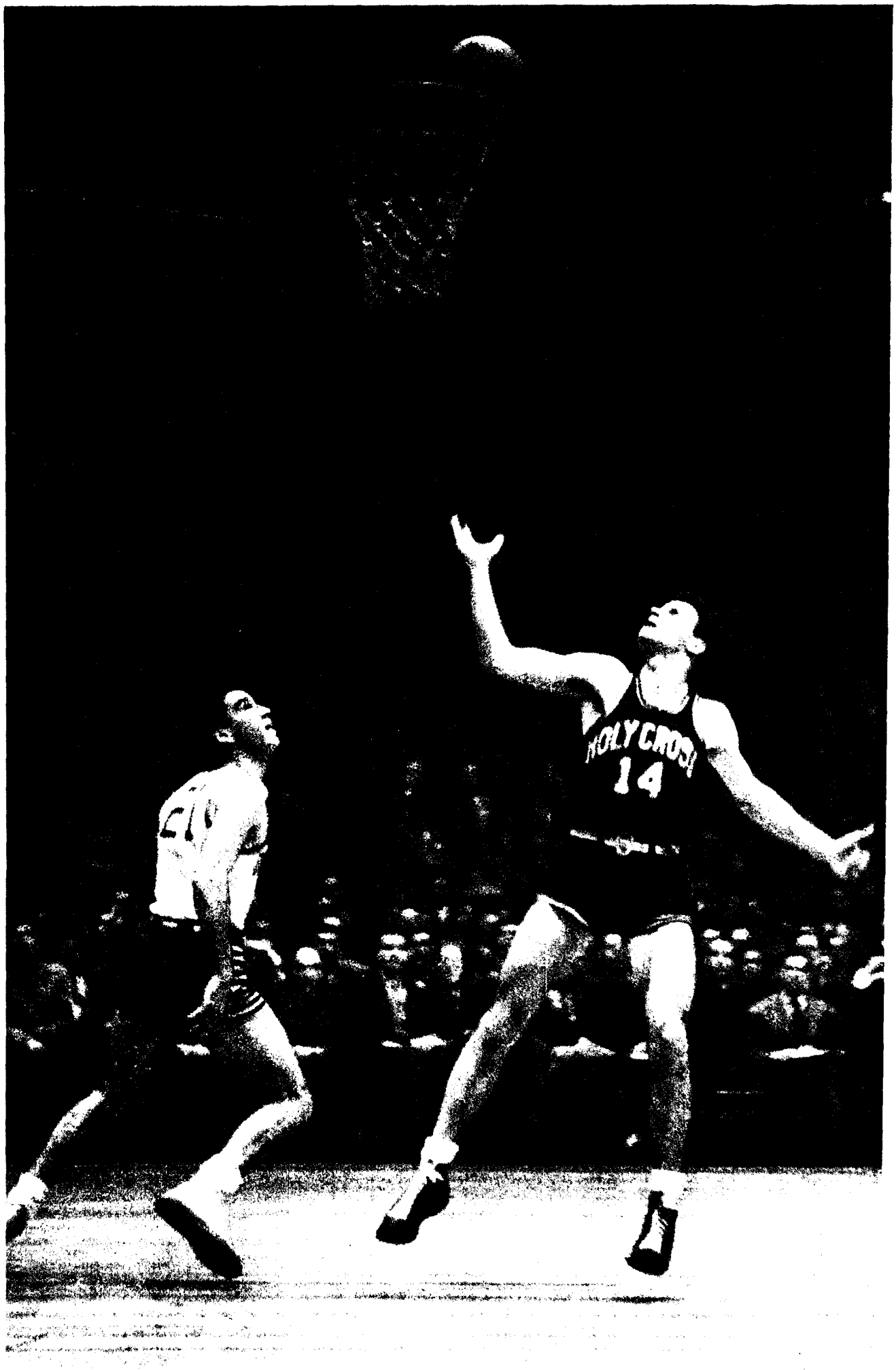
Doggie Julian was that man. No evangelist ever effected so general a conversion in such barren territory in so short a time as the 44-year-old Julian. To him basketball was a religion and had been ever since his high-school days in Reading, Pennsylvania, when he was allowed to work out with the touring talented Original Celtics, high priests of the game.

Julian came from Muhlenberg, which he had lifted from the status of a college team charging 25 cents admission to one with a national ranking. When he arrived at Holy Cross in the fall of 1945, he did so under the mistaken impression he had been hired primarily as a big-time basketball coach and, incidentally, as a football backfield coach. He hardly had his hat and coat off before he learned he had his shay before Old Dobbin.

Among other things, Doggie discovered Holy Cross had no home basketball court and no gym for practice. As an assistant football coach he couldn't conduct his basketball practices at a sensible hour, because gridiron workouts came first and they weren't over until 7 P.M. And there were no players of established reputation or talent held over from the previous season.

As incidental obstacles, Julian was met with little student interest, little more of the same from the outside, reluctant co-operation from college authorities and a basketball tradition, such as it was, of mediocrity or worse.

Basketball, dropped three times in Holy Cross athletic history, had been resumed in 1939, but with no appreciable improvement over the previous depressing seasons. It remained a sport coached by



Dermie O'Connell (14) of the Crusaders leaps at a shot at the basket after slipping through Paul Merchant of Oklahoma in the N.C.A.A. finals

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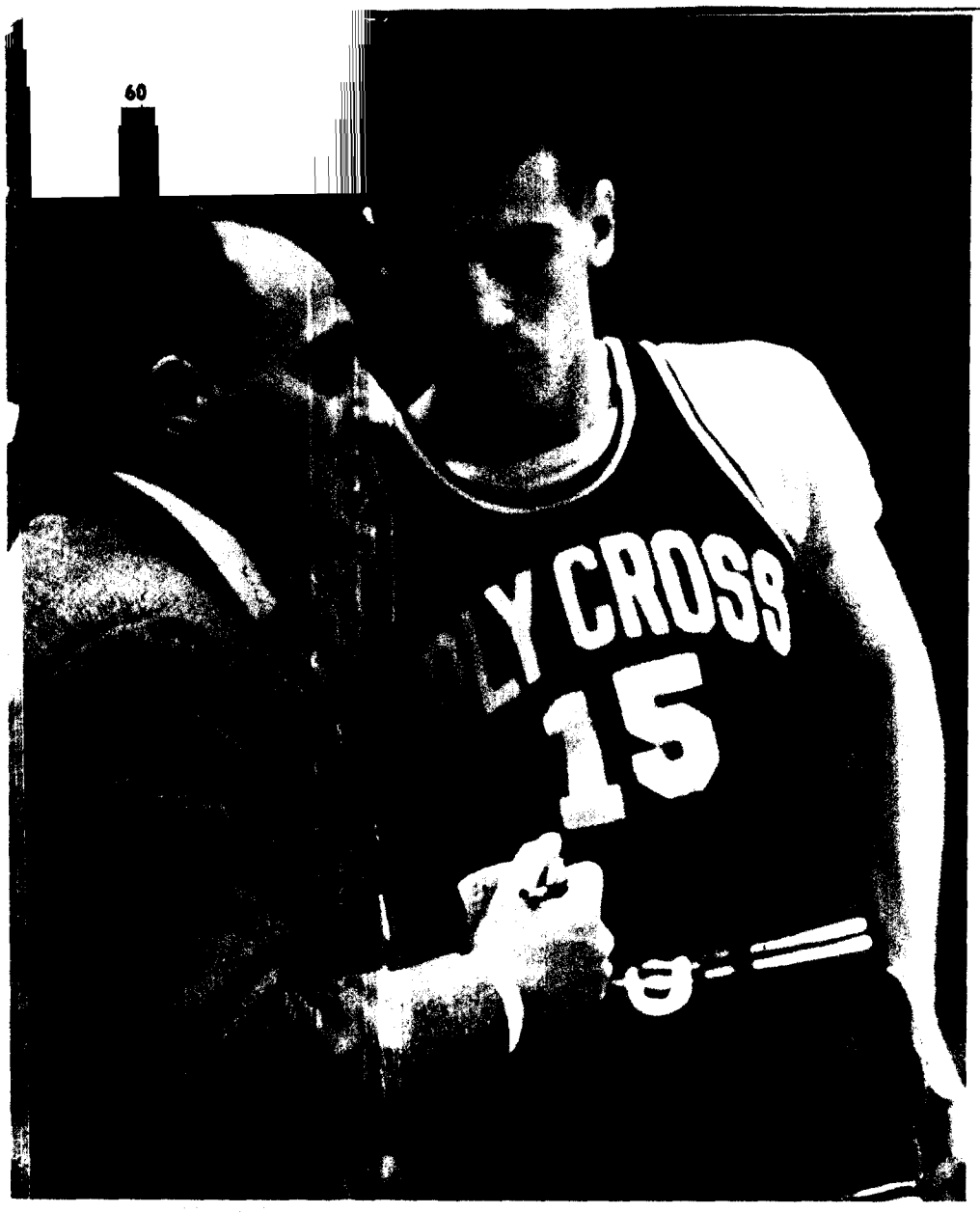
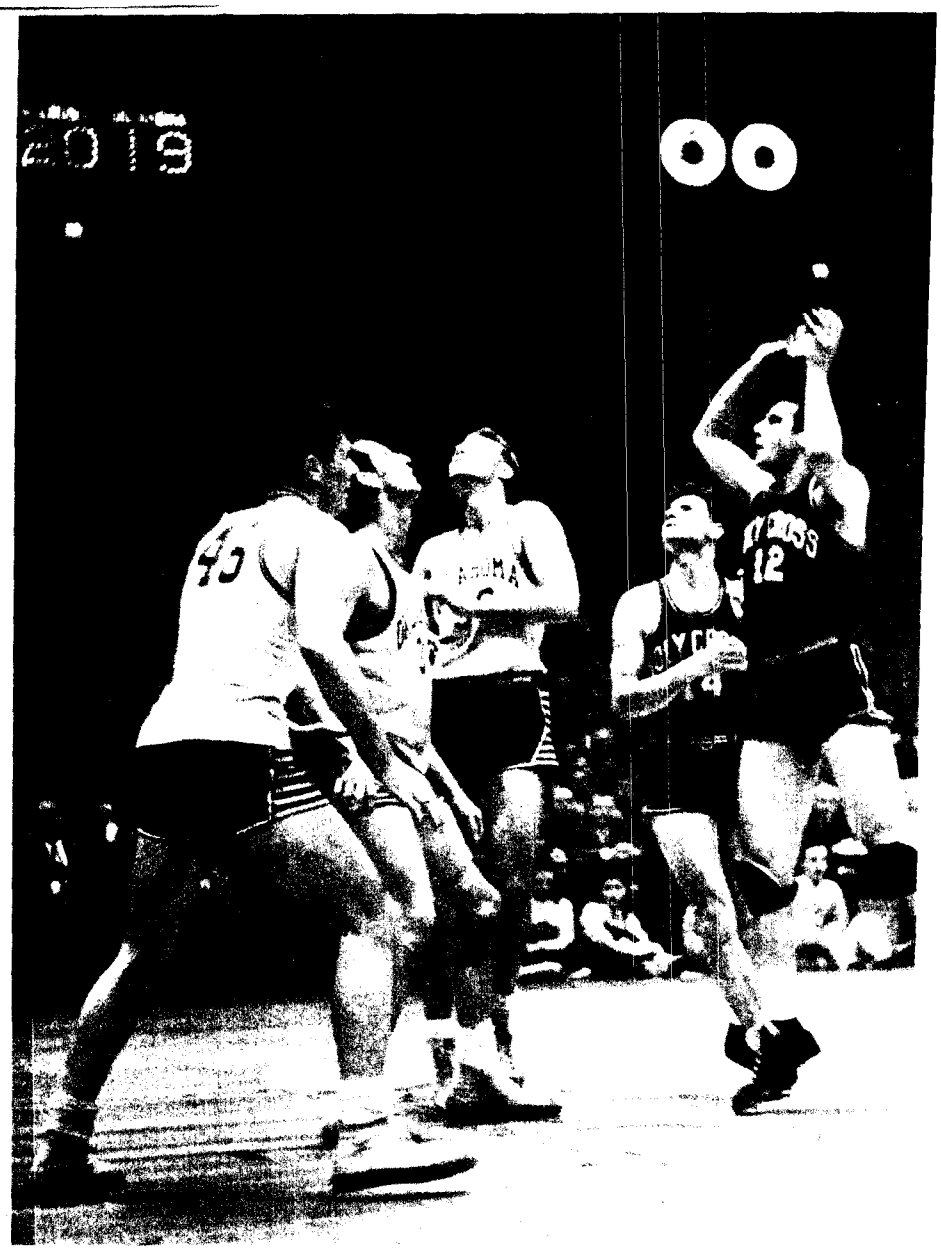


Coach Doggie Julian gives last-minute instructions to Jim Riley before he sends him into the finals against Oklahoma. The Crusaders won by 58 to 47



Holy Cross' captain, George Kaftan, makes a basket against the Sooners. Shown also are Holy Cross' O'Connell (14) and Oklahoma's Courty, Landon and Reich

somebody else's assistant, and the Crusaders' schedules were the leftovers after Vassar, Wellesley and Smith had finished picking the bones.

And even in such company, Holy Cross had done no better than win 22 and lose 36 in the six seasons preceding Julian's arrival. In the two years since Doggie arrived at The Cross, disillusioned but determined, forty wins have been recorded in forty-six games against the nation's best opposition.

"If it weren't for Doggie, college basketball would be at least five years behind its present standing in New England," Walter Brown, Boston Garden general manager, and Bill Mokray, his basketball director, insist. "He made the game a paying proposition for us and his college when it looked as though it just wouldn't go here in New England.

"It's not just winning the championship that did it. I think we'd be over the top even if the title had gone somewhere else," Brown says.

"But Doggie and his kids did here what nobody else ever was able to accomplish before. They went out and made everybody basketball-conscious. They did everything but carry placards on their backs to remind people that basketball was a major sport everywhere else in the country."

To start the 1945 season, Doggie inherited four holdovers from Hap Riopel, an assistant football coach who had preceded him as basketball mentor. These holdovers were Bob Blinn of Springfield, Joe Dacey of Johnson City, New York, Bernie Prusaczyk and John Whalen of Worcester.

In a way, they resented the influx of outsiders whom Doggie had coaxed into his basketball desert—George Kaftan, Dermie O'Connell, Charley Bollinger, Joe and Dave Mullaney, Ken Haggerty and Ronald Anderson from the Greater New York area and Ed Krause from Julian's home town of Reading, Pennsylvania.

Keeping Peace in the Squad

For one thing, the newcomers were superior players. Julian solved the dissension in typically Doggie fashion by throwing the holdovers a bone in early practice sessions when he would alternate one of them with four of the invaders who were regulars.

Internal harmony, of course, was a prerequisite under the conditions Julian faced, since at many of the practice sessions the coach was present only in spirit. Holy Cross had an Orange Bowl football team in 1945 and Doggie, being the backfield coach, could spare only minutes for his basketballers, who did their practicing in an old barn near the college grounds.

It was a drafty, rickety structure with a badly splintered roof and floor, in which Julian and his boys had paced out a makeshift court and hung baskets at each end. But every difficulty had adjusted itself by the time the Crusaders traveled to Madison Square Garden for their first game under Doggie against City College of New York.

With Haggerty, an ex-G.I. and transfer from Fordham, controlling the ball and the game, The Cross confounded the experts, who had quoted the Crusaders a definite underdog. Holy Cross won by ten points.

Under the impetus of this victory, Doggie threw himself around like a canine chasing its tail. A gathering of as many as two people in New England was enough to warrant his appearance and a speech about the wonderful game of basketball. He and his players roamed the streets of Worcester like crusading hordes, engineering the construction of baskets in back yards, attempting all the time to wean future customers and players to their game. And the campaign soon showed results in attendance.

His team's third game, a victory over Dartmouth, drew 5,500 people to Boston Garden, 2,000 more than had ever before bothered to see a college basketball game there. The day after this win Julian was forced to leave for Miami with the football team for its Orange Bowl encounter, despite his basketball team's brilliant getaway.

Doggie envisioned his dreams going bust while he was away with the football team for two weeks. Bowling Green, a team of talent and stature, was Holy Cross' next opponent. Minus its coach, a basketball team composed of virile youths could not ordinarily be expected to apply itself to practices. But these were no ordinary players he had pep-talked into a crusading unit.

Julian returned to Worcester on the night of Jan. 5th, five days before the Bowling Green game. Haggerty and Mullaney were at the station.

"Coach, we can whip those guys," Mullaney bubbled. "We know just how to do it. Kaftan, O'Connell and Bollinger went down to New York with us last week and watched them play at the Garden. They're tough and big, but they can be taken. Look, here's their offense."

Kneeling there in the Worcester station, Mullaney and Haggerty outlined Bowling Green's style to Julian in the dust of the pavement.

"We've been working out our own offense and defense to match theirs while waiting for you to get back," Haggerty said. "What do you think, Coach?"

Holy Cross won, 69-63, before 12,000 customers, who saw six-foot-eleven-inch Don Otten so completely bottled up that he later said, "This was the toughest night I ever had on a basketball floor."

Value of Locker-Room "Sings"

That night Julian initiated locker-room community singing, which has become a ritual for Crusader basketball teams after each practice session and game. "It makes for good fellowship and relieves the tension," says Julian.

The Crusaders are thoroughly sold on their coach. Whatever he says is gospel. Doggie, for example, has a standing rule against drinking soda tonics, ice-cream sodas or any other soft drinks from the time practice starts until the season ends.

The team takes the taboo so seriously that Dermie O'Connell and Bob McMullan and Frank Oftring, who joined the club for the 1946-1947 season, called Julian late one evening to ask his permission to have a plate of ice cream.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

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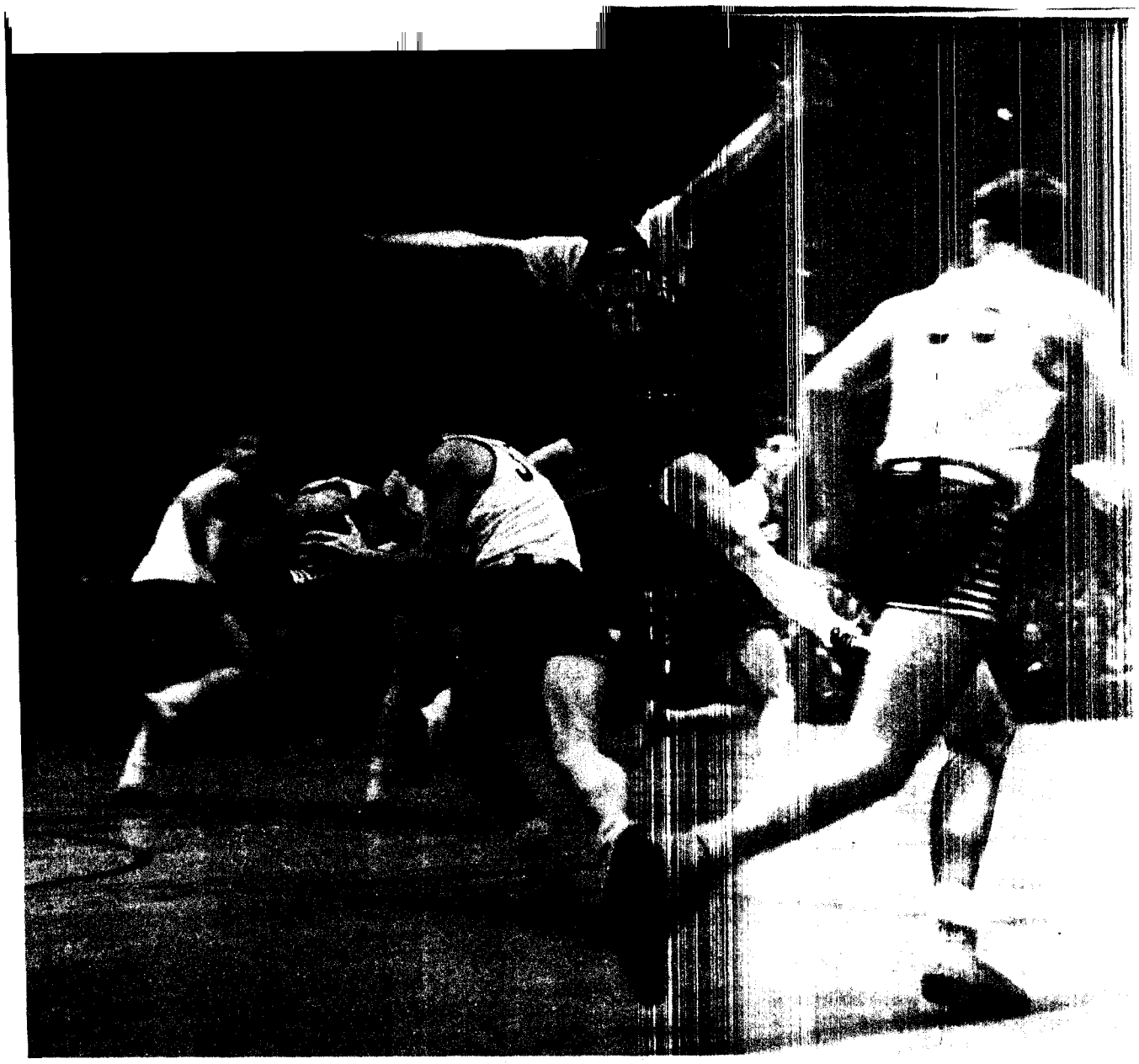


Following a rebound, Oklahoma makes a typical Western-style fast break down court as Joe Mullaney (11) of Holy Cross leaps to block the path of Oklahoma's Jack Landon. Advancing down the court is Dick Reich (36) of Oklahoma

As one of his preseason conditioners, Julian insists each player know the basketball rule book *in toto*. The value of this thorough preparation became evident to Doggie's pups in a game against Temple two seasons ago.

In a scrimmage under Temple's basket, Haggerty, trying to retrieve a rebound, slapped the ball through his opponents' hoop for a goal. As the Crusaders were the last to handle the ball before the score, Referee Eddie Boyle awarded the ball to Temple after the basket, and the Owls responded by completing another quick two-pointer before Julian had time to register a protest from the bench.

Haggerty, however, rebounded from his own chagrin at having given away two points and rushed at Boyle just as the Temples were putting the leather through the hoop. Because Temple had been *credited* with the first two points, Haggerty argued, Holy Cross rightfully should be awarded the ball out of bounds after the basket instead of being doubly penalized. The second basket, therefore, should not count. Boyle agreed, admitted his error, nullified the second Temple score and awarded the ball to Holy Cross to put into play.

Underneath his professional veneer, Doggie is just a guy who likes people. The fact that Bill Gallagher is one of the team is proof of that. Gallagher is a student, but not a player, at Holy Cross. He is blind, yet he is considered one of the basketball squad.

Encouraged by Julian, who spent much of his spare time explaining to Gallagher what went on at practices, one by one the players lost their timidity and became attracted to him. Gallagher sat on the bench at every game Holy Cross played in the past two seasons, except the three on the road during the last Christmas vacation.

Bill lives with the others now and eats with them. They take turns cutting his meat and reading his lessons to him.

His Emotions Are Contagious

A nervous little man with a generous nose and boundless energy, Julian has the epidemic faculty of communicating his enthusiasms to whomever he meets. His family always is on an escalator, ascending and descending the emotional scale with him.

Last season during the week Holy Cross was scheduled to oppose Canisius, Doggie came into his breakfast room, picked up the morning paper, immediately turned to the basketball scores and proceeded to turn green.

Canisius had walloped strong CCNY. Doggie pushed his plate of breakfast eggs from him. Mrs. Julian thereupon lost her appetite. When Christine Marie, Doggie's six-year-old daughter and the youngest of his three children, saw her parents despondent, she burst into tears which cascaded into her cereal bowl.

Dermie O'Connell appears to be the favorite of the Julian household, particularly of pert Christine Marie, who regards him as her particular pin-up boy despite his quaint New York accent with which he has translated his name to "Doimie."

Christine Marie hangs on to Doimie's hand with all the passion of her six years and looks little daggers of jealousy at whomever O'Connell favors with his Irish smile.

While the team was in transit from Worcester to the tournament, O'Connell left the little girl's side as she dozed and went to the diner for lunch. When Christine Marie awoke, she frantically asked her mother, "Where's Doimie?"

"He's in the diner having something to eat with a blonde," joshed Bob Curran, the war returnee who beat out Bollinger for the regular center post last season.

"Mummy," Christine Marie said hurriedly. "We've got to get Doimie away from that blonde before Daddy finds out."

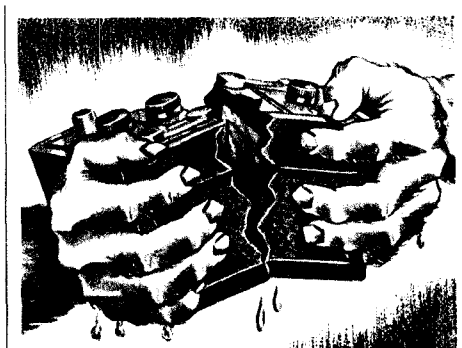
Holy Cross currently is building a gym for Julian's team, which attracted 166,000 people to its games last season. Doggie even has been relieved of his duties as assistant football coach so that he can concentrate on retaining the N.C.A.A. basketball championship.

Since winning the championship, Doggie has turned down four attractive offers to coach basketball at other colleges. He didn't say why, but certain members of the Boston Basketball Writers' Association know the reason.

A few weeks after last winter's triumph, Doggie was presented with a traveling bag by the Hub scribes. They hastened to add the gift was not a hint for him to hit the road.

"I'm not thinking of moving on yet," Doggie said. "It's not time, although it probably will be when I see a basket in every back yard in Worcester."

THE END



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Precious pre-war

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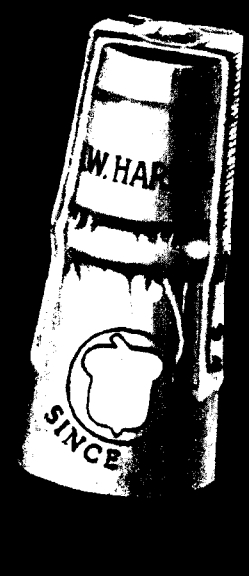

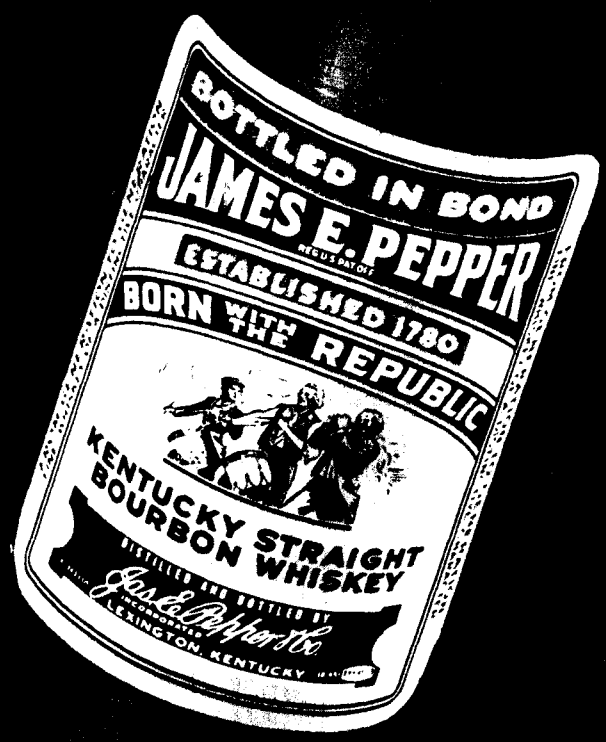

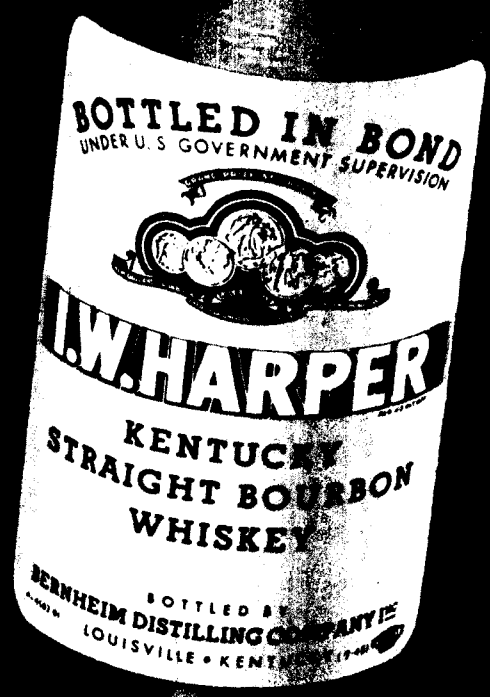

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THE HOUSEBROKE HOG

Continued from page 19

"Ma'am?" Uncle Steve said.

"The children mentioned her. Rosebud."

Rosebud must have been outside and heard her name. Or maybe it was the smell of the food on the table, because she came toddling in the front door. She weighed just over two hundred pounds and Uncle Steve made us keep her scrubbed until she shone all pink and white. Ella had named her when she was just a baby pig and cute and we first started keeping her in the house, but she had grown a lot since then. She went over and snorted at Miss Nancy's ankle.

It must have taken Miss Nancy by surprise. For a moment she sat there and you could see her trying to move but not moving. Then she screamed and rose with a sort of springlike motion to stand in her chair and the chair went over backwards and Miss Nancy was falling to the floor in a wild flutter of petticoats.

It was something to see, and Rosebud was always a curious pig. She started after Miss Nancy, making grunting noises of amazement. Uncle Steve started after Rosebud. He got her by the ear and booted her a couple of times and she headed for the kitchen door. She knocked it open before Ella and I could get out of the way and went over us and out the back door, squealing.

When I got up I could see Miss Nancy straightening her petticoats and Uncle Steve looking in every other possible direction. Then he saw Ella and me. "Eddie!" he said.

Ella and I went out the back door after Rosebud.

We hid in the guava bushes again where I could watch the automobile. It just sat there, big and bright with the sun shining on it. "I bet I could drive it," I said.

Ella said, "Eddie . . ." I looked at her and she looked like she was afraid of something. "What did Miss Nancy mean about that juve-nile court, Eddie?"

"I don't know. I don't know what a juve-nile court is."

"It's where they take children away from people," Ella said. We were twins, but she always knew a lot of things I didn't. "You don't reckon . . .?"

MISS NANCY came out the door and along the walk toward the car. Uncle Steve came after her, but she wasn't speaking to him. She held her head high and her mouth tight and she walked along without looking at him. Mr. Elbert Adams jumped out of the car and held the door open for her and she got in. Uncle Steve stood there at the gate, saying nothing. Mr. Adams turned a crank in front of the automobile and all at once it began to shake and make noises again. Mr. Adams got in and drove off and Uncle Steve went back into the house.

"Come on!" Ella said.

"Wait," I said.

But she wouldn't wait. She ran off toward the house and I climbed the fence and stood there in the road looking at the tracks the automobile had made. They were deep and clear in the sand, wider than wagon tracks and with ridges across them. The Plutney boys wouldn't believe me when I told them an automobile had come to our house, but they would have to believe it if I showed them the tracks. So I got some boards and built a shelter over part of the tracks to keep the rain off. It might be several days before the Plutney children got here, and I wanted proof.

When I went in the house Uncle Steve was walking back and forth across the kitchen. Ella watched him from the back door and her mouth was trembling a little. "Come in my house," Uncle Steve said, to all of us or nobody, "and tell me how to raise my kids!"

"Yessur," Uncle Oscar said. He was washing dishes and he had his Saturday bottle on the sink beside him.

"Sticking her nose in my business," Uncle Steve said. "I ought to have lambasted her one."

"Yessur," Uncle Oscar said.

Uncle Steve stopped walking. "Only it was such a pretty nose," he said, looking off into the distance.

"Uncle Steve, can the juve-nile court take us away from home?" Ella asked.

Uncle Steve went over and picked her up. "I don't know where you hear all these crazy things," he said. "It must be from those Plutney girls."

"Miss Nancy said—"

"Don't you worry about Miss Nancy." He put her down. "You and Eddie dig some worms, if we're going fishing." And as we were going out of the door he said, "That woman must be crazy. Because she can't be mean and that pretty."

"De pretty ones is de meanest," Uncle Oscar said. "Yessur."

"She needs a lesson," Uncle Steve said.

ON THE big day, Uncle Steve scrubbed us and put clean overalls on us and drove us into Tonekka in the wagon. The courthouse sat right in the middle of town. It was brand new and the biggest building I had ever seen. We went up the steps and through some corridors and then Ella and I were left alone in one room while Uncle Steve went into the court itself.

Ella was scared. I was scared too, but I didn't want to admit it. Uncle Steve had said there was nothing to worry about and of course I believed him. But I was still scared. Ella and I sat there alone and didn't talk. We waited a long time and finally a man came in and said the judge wanted to see us.

What I expected was rather vague: a big room with a judge all in black perched like some huge buzzard at the end of it. Instead there was Uncle Steve and Miss Nancy Hilton, and behind a high desk was Uncle George Murphy. He wasn't our uncle really; just an old gentleman that sometimes went fishing or hunting with Uncle Steve.

He said, "Hello, Eddie. Hello, Ella."

His desk was so high we had to look way up to see him. He looked imposing all right, even though we knew who he was. Neither of us felt we could say, "Hello, Uncle George" to a judge, and we didn't know what else to say. So we kept quiet.

He said, "Eddie, how do you like living with your Uncle Steve?"

"Fine," I said. Ella nodded her head.

"Is your Uncle Steve ever mean to you?" the judge asked.

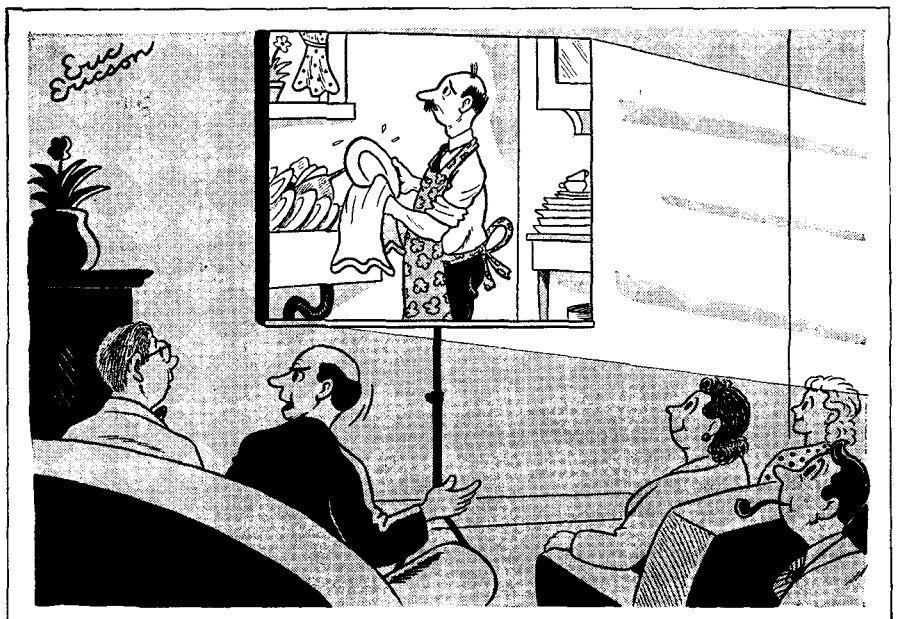
"He won't let me shoot his big rifle 'less'n he's there," I said.

The judge cleared his throat. "If you didn't live with your Uncle Steve, where would you live?" We looked at him. I was trying to think of an answer and I couldn't. He said, "After your mother died, if Uncle Steve hadn't come for you, where would you have gone?"

I looked at Ella, and Ella started to cry. Something hard formed in my throat, and the inside of my stomach started to tremble and I got that scary feeling which I don't like to remember even now. Because after mother died we had been alone for two days before Uncle Steve could get there, and we were only six then. "I don't know," I said.

Miss Nancy knelt down and put her arms around Ella and patted her and talked to the judge. "I don't mean the children are raised without affection. It's the physical conditions in which they live. A drunken Negro cook—"

"He's a good cook," Uncle Steve said. "And he don't drink except on Saturdays."



"Do you notice the propaganda his wife gets into their home movies"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

"And a—a hog living in the house!"

"Rosebud is completely housebroke," Uncle Steve said.

"And this little girl with her hair cut like a boy's and wearing boy's clothes!"

The judge leaned over his desk. "Would you like to have long hair, Ella, and to wear dresses?"

Ella had quit crying. She looked at Miss Nancy and she looked up at the judge. "With a hair ribbon?" she asked.

"That's right," the judge said.

"Eddie would say I was a sissy." Uncle Steve started to laugh, and stopped. Ella's face was set. "But I'd like it on Sunday," she said. "I'd like it to dress up."

"I'll buy her a dress," Uncle Steve said.

The judge leaned back and I could just see the top of his head. After a while he said, "I want a few minutes to think this over." And then: "I'd like to talk to you in my office, Mr. Crandall."

The judge stood up and stepped backwards, and disappeared. Uncle Steve went around behind the judge's desk, and he disappeared too. Miss Nancy was talking to Ella and after a while I had a chance to peep back of the judge's desk. There was a little door there and I went through it and was in a corridor. I went down this and there was an open door leading to an office and beyond this another office. In the second office sat the judge and Uncle Steve and there was a bottle on the desk between them.

"She's a good teacher," the judge was saying. "And good teachers are mighty scarce. There were two years we didn't have any teacher at all over to Grasshopper Slough."

"I know," Uncle Steve said.

"Maybe Miss Hilton is a mite more missionary than teacher," the judge said. "Maybe she thought she was going to a foreign mission when she came to Florida. But she is honest about the children. She's trying to help them. And if we make her too mad she might quit and we wouldn't have any teacher at all."

"We can't do that," Uncle Steve said.

THE judge poured from the bottle, filling the two little glasses. He drank one and smacked his lips. "So you won't mind if I decide Miss Hilton ought to visit your kids once each week, just to see how they are getting along? It'll make her happy. It might help the kids too."

Uncle Steve picked up his glass and emptied it. The way he was grinning you'd think it was a mighty good drink. "I think that's a fair decision," he said.

The judge reached for the bottle again. "How're the fish biting?" But before Uncle Steve could answer the judge saw me in the outer office. "Dang it, boy!" he said. "Don't you know it's against the law to bust in on a judge in his chambers?"

It sounded not only against the law, it sounded plumb indecent. I backed out of there quick.

So once a week after that, on Saturday or Sunday afternoon, Miss Nancy used to come to our house. The first two times she came with Mr. Elbert Adams in his automobile, but the second time he brought her, something had happened to the sand ruts in front of our house. They had got all smoothed out somehow and the automobile got stuck and Uncle Steve had to pull it out with a pair of horses. Uncle Steve said he was very sorry about the automobile getting stuck and he told Mr. Adams not to worry, we'd always have horses to pull him out. But Mr. Adams never came again, and Miss Nancy used to drive out alone in a buggy.

Ella and I enjoyed the visits, especially Ella. Miss Nancy would comb Ella's hair and bring new ribbons for it, and she'd help her with the dresses Uncle Steve had bought. She would straighten up our room and put pictures in it, and read to us. And nearly always Uncle Steve was around, helping.

ONE day when Miss Nancy was reading to us with Uncle Steve standing in the doorway listening she stopped and looked up at him. "Mr. Crandall," she said, "it isn't necessary for you to be here when I am visiting the children."

"The judge's orders," Uncle Steve said. "He told me to learn everything I could about raising kids." Then he grinned at her. "Besides," he said, "I enjoy it."

I could see Miss Nancy trying to keep from smiling. "I wonder—"

I was never sure what she wondered, because just then Rosebud waddled in and began to rub against Uncle Steve's leg, grunting affectionately. Uncle Steve put down his hand and patted her on the head. And now Miss Nancy's face was so set it looked almost ugly. "I have asked you, Mr. Crandall, to keep that animal out of the house while I am here."

"It'll hurt her feelings," Uncle Steve said. . . .

I was the last person to realize that my Uncle Steve was in love with Miss Nancy. At the age of eight, boys do not pay much heed to such matters. Girls are more precocious and it was from Ella that I first heard about it.

Miss Nancy was trying to plait Ella's hair, which wasn't really long enough for plaiting yet, although it hadn't been cut since that day at the Juvenile Court. Ella, with her head braced against Miss Nancy's pulls, said, "Uncle Steve is in love with you, Miss Nancy. Are you in love with him?"

"What?" Miss Nancy said, her face getting all pink. She glanced up at Uncle Steve who was standing beside her, learning how to plait Ella's hair; and then she

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looked quickly back at Ella again. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Sara Plutney—"

"It doesn't matter," Miss Nancy said.

But Ella could be as stubborn as Uncle Steve. "He used to court Sara Plutney," Ella said. "And he don't any more. Sara says he's in love with you."

"That's ridiculous," Miss Nancy said, her face bent low over Ella's head.

"Is it, Uncle Steve?" Ella asked.

And Uncle Steve said, "You'll have to ask Miss Nancy. It could be true and still be ridiculous. Depends on the circumstances."

"Is it ridiculous, Miss Nancy?"

It was a long moment before Miss Nancy answered. "I am engaged to Mr. Elbert Adams," she said finally.

"You mean, to marry?"

"Yes," Miss Nancy said.

ELLA pulled away, turning to look at her. We were all looking at her, and her face wasn't pink any more but kind of white and tight. "Of course," I said, "he does let you ride in his automobile."

There wasn't much ring to Miss Nancy's laughter. She looked from me to Ella and then to Uncle Steve. He didn't move but looked straight back at her. Her gaze wavered away, then came back to him. Her lips were half parted.

That's when Rosebud came in. She went past me and past Uncle Steve to where there was a deerskin rug between him and Miss Nancy. She curled up on this and went to sleep.

"Mr. Adams does not live in the house with a hog," Miss Nancy said. Her voice sounded cracked, as though all the words were about to fall into pieces upon the floor. "Not even a housebroken hog. He is serious, and hard-working, and—and his children would be properly raised! And—" Her voice shattered then and she ran out of the room, crying.

After that Uncle Steve kept away from the house whenever Miss Nancy was visiting. Before time for her to arrive he'd saddle his horse and ride off to the Plutneys', or to Tonekka, or maybe he would just keep working all Saturday afternoon and into darkness. He didn't even talk to us about her, and her face had a thin, bitter look. Tom Plutney said his big sister Sara had said Uncle Steve was silly to think he could compete with Mr. Elbert Adams, who not only had an automobile but lived in town and had more money than the rest of Tonekka County put together, and Tom and I got in a fight and I made his nose bleed.

It was the first time I had ever been able to lick Tom Plutney and I was proud of it. I was telling Miss Nancy about it, walking out to the pasture to show her a new colt Uncle Steve had given me. "You ought to seen Tom Plutney," I said. "The blood was all over his chin."

"You are getting too big to fight," Miss Nancy said.

"No'm," I said, "just big enough to lick Tom Plutney. He can't talk about my Uncle Steve like that again."

"What he said was not against your Uncle Steve. Against me, perhaps."

"Ma'am?"

"You wouldn't understand," Miss Nancy said. "I'm not sure I understand."

Ella had gone ahead and now she shouted, "There he is, Eddie!" The colt had come from back of some scrub palmetto and I ran after him.

Ella and I caught the colt and started back, one on each side of him, the mare close after us. "Where's Miss Nancy?" I asked.

"Over there," Ella said. "By the palmetto."

Just as I saw her she screamed, a short, strange cry that choked almost before it started. As I stared at her she swayed, but it was like a tree with its roots in the ground, coming straight again without really bending her body. At the same time the old mare neighed shrilly. The colt snorted and whirled away from us.

Ella and I started to run. Then we both saw the snake. It was coiled with head and tail erect, and we could hear the whirr of its rattles, and we both stopped, held with that clammy, bloodless fear that only a rattlesnake can impart.

It was big, a thick brown pile against the brown grass. The flat vicious head was raised and bent forward on its slender neck, less than two feet from Miss Nancy's ankle. When she moved, the snake would strike.

She was looking down at it. Her face was bloodless and terrible. She shut her eyes, but that was the only movement she made. She stood there with her eyes tight shut. And very slowly, very gently, her body began to sway.

She could not keep her balance long in that terrible, half-frozen rigidity. She would have to take a step or fall.

I began to run in frantic circles, looking for a stick, or something I could use to strike at the snake and draw its attention. But there was nothing except open prairie. Ella had run to a clump of palmettos, but she could not break them.

"I'll get Uncle Steve's rifle!" I shouted. But it was two hundred yards to the house and I could never make it back in time.

Then I saw Rosebud. Half dainty, half awkward on her small feet she was coming toward us across the prairie, following our trail like a dog. "Rosebud!" I shouted. "Here, Rosebud!" And at Miss Nancy, "Be still! Here comes Rosebud!"

That's all there was to it. Rosebud saw the rattler. She let out a loud snort of delight and broke into a gallop. Miss Nancy felt her rush past and opened her eyes to see Rosebud with the snake's writhing body around her head and neck. Then Miss Nancy fainted.

IT WAS just before dark when Uncle Steve rode into the back yard. I rushed out to him. "Something's happened!" I yelled.

He didn't seem to hear me. "Eddie, I know you and Ella think a lot of Rosebud, but hadn't you just as soon have a new puppy?"

"I wouldn't swap Rosebud for a hundred puppies."

"Oh . . ." He uncinched his saddle, his back to me. "I know where there's a mighty good-blooded hound puppy. And the man would be willing to swap."

"Miss Nancy would be mighty mad."

"What?" Uncle Steve said.

"Come on," I said. "I'll show you."

Miss Nancy was sitting in the middle of the living room floor and she had Rosebud's head in her lap. She looked up at Uncle Steve and there were tears in her eyes. "We've got to do something for her!" Miss Nancy cried. "She's dying."

Ella and I were talking at the same time, trying to explain what had happened. Uncle Steve knelt down beside Miss Nancy and Rosebud and he looked at first one and then at the other. "She's just sleeping," he said. "A snake can't hurt a hog as fat as Rosebud."

"I tried to tell her that," I said.

Miss Nancy looked at me through her tears. She looked at Uncle Steve. "Sometimes," she said, "it is very difficult for schoolteachers to learn anything."

"I would have got rid of Rosebud a long time ago," Uncle Steve said. "But the kids like her. And besides, I'm stubborn as a hog myself."

"When I was looking at the snake," Miss Nancy said, "I couldn't think of anything. I just felt cold. But afterward, I thought how close I had come to dying. And I thought of what I would have missed, if I had died then. I thought of what a fool I had been."

"You can't talk like that about the girl I want to marry," Uncle Steve said.

"Oh, Steve . . ." Miss Nancy said.

Between them Rosebud slept happily with her stomach full of snake.

THE END

WE ARE PLOWING A NEW DUST BOWL

Continued from page 13

wheat was something that even machinery couldn't lick.

Absentee owners were the first to let their land "go back to grass." Those who bought at boom prices were unable to meet payments. Farmers who had expanded their holdings and were well enough fixed to hold on said, "We'll let the land rest." But none of it rested. Almost none of it went back to grass. Instead, the rains stopped and the winds picked up the dust from some 23,000,000 acres of loose open soil and hung a shroud over the land.

How closely has the old pattern been followed to date? Too close, say the soil men and the farmers who have stuck with the soil conservation program. Once more, in the face of a world-wide shortage of food and rising wheat prices the sod is being turned under and wheat acreage is being vastly expanded. Once more mechanization is being stepped up, this time through self-propelled combines, high-speed tractors and fast-cutting plows. Once more the sodbusters are moving west into the more arid sections.

Enter the "Suitcase Farmer"

But this time something new has been added to the drama on the Great Plains. It is the big-time, large-scale operator, known in the wheat belt as the "suitcase farmer," sometimes called a "suitcaser," whose acting, the soil men say, is likely, once more, to bring down the black curtain. These men are strangers who flit about in private airplanes and who would have a tough time explaining the difference between a rolling colter and a moldboard, yet call themselves farmers.

While driving through Washington County, in Colorado, I stopped to look at a plow. The tractor was huge. The plow was made up of four gangs, each cutting a 12-foot strip of sod. It was the disk type. Near the corner of the field stood a tent, a wind sock on a bent willow pole, and a truck filled with steel drums of Diesel fuel, oil and a collection of spare parts. It was lunchtime and the young tractor driver, his face covered with a mask of gray dust, had time to talk.

"I don't know how many acres the field is," he said, in trying to answer my question. "It's 16 sections. They don't go by acres in this country. I cover about a hundred acres a day. Takes me a week to plow up a section, but that's too slow for the guy who's putting in the crop. Next week my boss is bringing in another outfit."

Still answering my questions, he continued:

"No, sir. My boss doesn't own the land. All he does is custom work for the big operators. The guy who owns it lives in Dallas. He's got land in Texas, New Mexico and Colorado. Wheat is all he grows on it."

Walking back to the road I noticed the vegetation on the unplowed ground. There was some bunch grass, some native buffalo and blue grama. The field was vast, with the panoramic spread of a seascape. There was some sage, a little mesquite and dwarfed juniper, placed in piles for burning. The juniper told a significant story. It indicated that the average rainfall over the long stretch was probably not more than 10 or 12 inches annually. You can't grow wheat very long on that little moisture.

That afternoon, farther south, I saw the granddaddy of all plows. It was pulled by a Diesel tracklayer and cut a swath 60 feet wide. Ahead of it, like hogs digging for truffles, two bulldozers were rooting out troublesome tree growth and brush.

It was the same in all the grassland of eastern Colorado and northeastern New Mexico; in the Panhandle sections of Oklahoma and Texas. It is the same in Montana and the western parts of South Dakota and Nebraska. Everywhere, land that was once considered adaptable only for grazing is going under the plow.

Ten years ago this type of land was a drug on the market at $5 an acre. Today it is being gobbled up by big-city operators at prices ranging from $35 to $50 an acre. Nearly all the tax delinquent land in South Dakota—and South Dakota had plenty—is once more back on the tax rolls, and checks from as far away as Wichita and Amarillo are keeping the current assessments paid up. No one knows how long it will last.

"They can farm circles around us little fellows," said a Nebraskan whose farm was only 320 acres and who strip-cropped his wheat land with sorghum. "They've got the money. Those who own their own machinery have got the labor cost down to around a minute and a half for a bushel of wheat. And, mister, that's farming!"

There is more to it than that. What happens in the home county is likely to lend a lot of weight to a farmer's thinking, and this man's farm adjoined a 6,200-acre tract of wheat land whose owner, living in another state, owned and used his own farm machinery.

But probably 90 per cent of the big-scale Johnny-come-latelies own not a cow or chicken, not a piece of machinery, except perhaps an airplane to enable them better to look after their vast, scattered holdings. For it must be remembered that in raising wheat on the Great Plains no fertilizers are used, no time or effort is expended on weeds or pests. Wheat production simplifies itself into plowing, planting and harvesting.

Get-Rich-Quick Wheat Raising

The big operator gets his plowing done for around $2 an acre, drilling may cost him three for getting the crop in, a custom combiner may charge him three fifty, which brings the total cost, not counting land, to around $8.50 an acre. With only an average yield of 20 bushels an acre and with the price of wheat pushing the three-dollar mark, one crop will more than cover the cost of producing it—including the cost of the land. Two crops add up to a cleaning. Three crops would be like winning on a long shot at the races.

They don't really expect it that good. The big operator is essentially a gambler; he hopes for the breaks. He has no long-time plans for the land. His idea is to clean up and get out.

Just how much sod has already been plowed up in the Great Plains is hard to say. Cyril Luker, regional conservator, states that 7,500,000 acres in the old Dust Bowl are ready to blow. But this figure was given out some time ago, and during recent months the plows have been busier than ever. South Dakota's state conservator, Ross Davies, reports that in his state alone 2,000,000 acres of sod have been turned under since the end of the war. He puts the responsibility for what may happen squarely on the shoulders of the big operators.

H. H. Finnell, U.S. research specialist, whose office is in Amarillo, Texas, and whose chief apprehension is that the end of the plowing spree is not yet in sight, puts the acreage plowed up in the five states of Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas since 1942 at 3,170,000. Much of the land recently plowed up, he points out, is thin, hard soil which is unsuited to wheat production and will probably be abandoned when the boom collapses.

Not all the big operators are brief-

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case farmers. Some are farmers with fat bank accounts accumulated during the recent lush years, who have been infected with the easy-money virus. Others who had been sticking with the conservation program took a look at what was going on, threw up their hands and joined the parade of the plowmen. For this the government itself is at least partly to blame.

During the war the farmers as a group continued to co-operate with the Soil Conservation Service. They helped carry on experiments with exciting new grasses which the government had brought in from Australia, South Africa and Canada. They were particularly interested in what was happening on the government's Land Utilization projects, composed of some 5,000,000 acres of blown-out land most of which had been purchased from absentee owners when the going got tough in the late thirties.

Farmers continued to donate their time to care for the trees, now ten years old, which had been planted in the 285,000 acres of shelter belts. They assisted the conservation men in classifying soils into high-risk, medium-risk and low-risk land depending on soil texture and rainfall. It was pretty generally agreed that the major problem was to get and keep all high-risk land permanently under sod, and that under certain conditions, even medium-risk lands might be better suited to plantings of milo maize, sorghums or Sudan grass than wheat.

And then, in July, 1947, the hatchet men in Washington who had forgotten the dust storms of the previous decade lopped a round 23 per cent from the funds needed to carry on the work of the service. Personnel had to be cut. Projects were dropped.

Less than half, only some 2,000,000 acres, of the government-acquired land in the Land Utility projects had been restored, but almost immediately the big-time speculators began hammering at the door, demanding that this land be released for wheat farming. Interest lagged in the farmer-managed, farmer-voted soil conservation districts. It was the opportunity that the big boys from the outside had been waiting for. They bought land, disregarded or outvoted the farmers.

A Texas Cattleman Sounds Off

In some cases a single operator, because of his large holdings, was powerful enough to scuttle the whole, locally controlled conservation program. I talked with a rancher in Cochran County, in Texas. This man had always been a cattleman, but had recently turned under 600 acres of grassland.

"Sure, I know what the score is," he said. "All my land's thin and hard. I don't need a soil expert to tell me my land's in the high-risk class. Some years we don't get enough rain to make spit for a grasshopper. But they raised a lot of wheat around here last year and they made lots of money. If they make another killing, I figure I'll clean up, too. If they don't, and it starts to blow, 90 per cent of this land around me will be abandoned and go out of control. It'll be hell for the man who tries to battle it out. I'm not going to be one of 'em."

There are three ingredients that make a Dust Bowl. These are wind, drought and loose soil. Of these only the last is controllable, and therefore the only one through which a future Dust Bowl can be prevented.

Will Rogers once called the Great Plains a "paradise for windmill salesmen." Winds throughout the year average from 10 to 15 miles per hour. In late winter and spring they often attain velocities of 40 and 50 miles for two or three days at a time.

As for droughts, there is no telling when the next one will strike. Old-timers stiffly maintain that the wet and dry years tend to fall into seven-year cycles. But the conservation men disagree. All they know for sure is that the wet and dry years tend to bunch up, that droughts have always come to the plains in the past, and that as sure as night follows day, they will come again. The average annual rainfall over the years is close to 20 inches. It takes 18 inches to grow and mature a wheat crop, and if the rains were distributed evenly, and if each year were an average year, all the land would be wheat land. Neither of these conditions obtains.

Along the eastern border of Kansas the average rainfall is 35 inches. Heading westward, a day's driving takes you to Dodge City, and here the average is 19. Another 100 miles, at the little town of Syracuse, near the border of Colorado, and it has fallen to 17 inches. This is on a line with Dalhart, Texas, a community that choked through 161 dust storms in the dry years of the thirties. A little farther west the figures drop fast, so that 50 miles one way or the other may make a difference of 5 inches. This is grass country, and in some years when the rainfall goes to less than half the average, scant grass at that. Yet these are the districts in which the big plows are busiest.

Risky Investment for a Dentist

In Prowers County, Colorado, a rancher was offered $30 an acre for a block of grazing land by a man who had given up a lucrative dental practice in Fort Worth. The rancher had continued to work along with the district soil conservation program, but the temptation to sell out and get out still bothered him.

"It won't take a drought to put the skids under these fellows," he said, referring to the wheat operators who had already plowed up more than 300,000 acres of his county. "Just getting back to a normal rainfall will break up the wheat boom in this part of the country. We've had pretty near twice the rain here in late years that we have any right to expect. Way I figure it, these fellows are raising wheat on borrowed moisture and their luck's about ready to run out. When she starts to blow, they'll head for California or Florida, and us old-timers, we'll be holding the sack. My wife figures we should have sold and pulled out ahead of the rush."

Two possibilities loom large in the near future. One, that the rains will continue, bringing into production the vast, new acreage of the recent plow-up and resulting in what the Secretary of Agriculture calls, "a bankrupting surplus"; the other is that the wet years have run their cycle and that the dry years, following the law of the long averages, are about due.

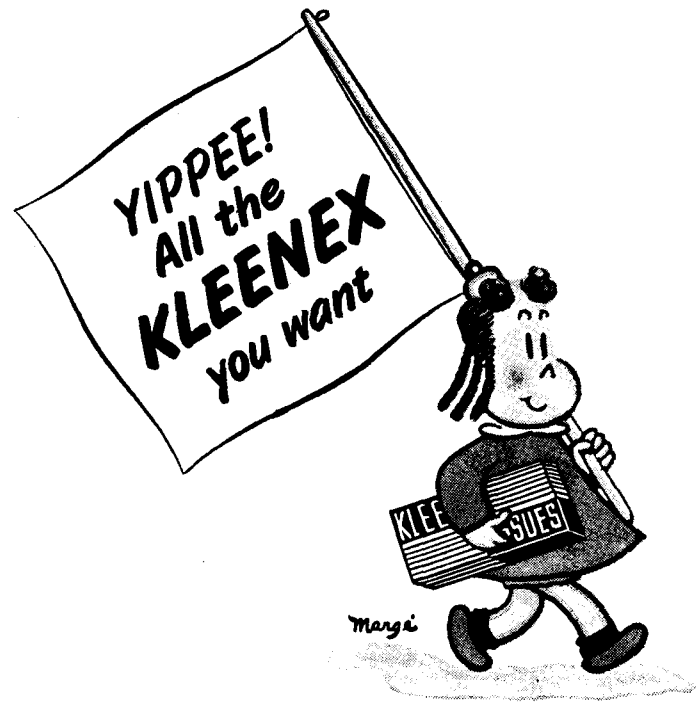
In the latter case much of the recently plowed grasslands in the southwestern sections of the Great Plains will be abandoned immediately. Here, where the fields are large, where there are few trees and the soils are thin, loose and sandy, the dust storms will strike first. But they will not end here. They will carry their burdens of fine grit and sand across the plains, and the more capable land, land that normally raises some wheat even in the dry years, will be smothered with dust and put out of production.

To the soil men it is a battle for grass. Already, the wall maps in the small, dusty offices are speckled with colored pins that indicate rainfall "below normal," or "scanty." They take a grim view of things. Today the plows are winning.

And the men in the Soil Conservation Service are already making plans to combat another Dust Bowl. They say it will be harder this time. It will be more difficult to keep the seed in the ground, to get it to sprout and take root, to get the land back to grass. Some of them say that it may take as much as twenty-five years to gain back the territory that has already been lost to the plows.

THE END

LITTLE LULU



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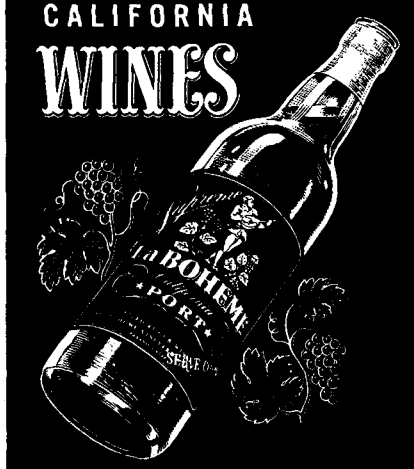

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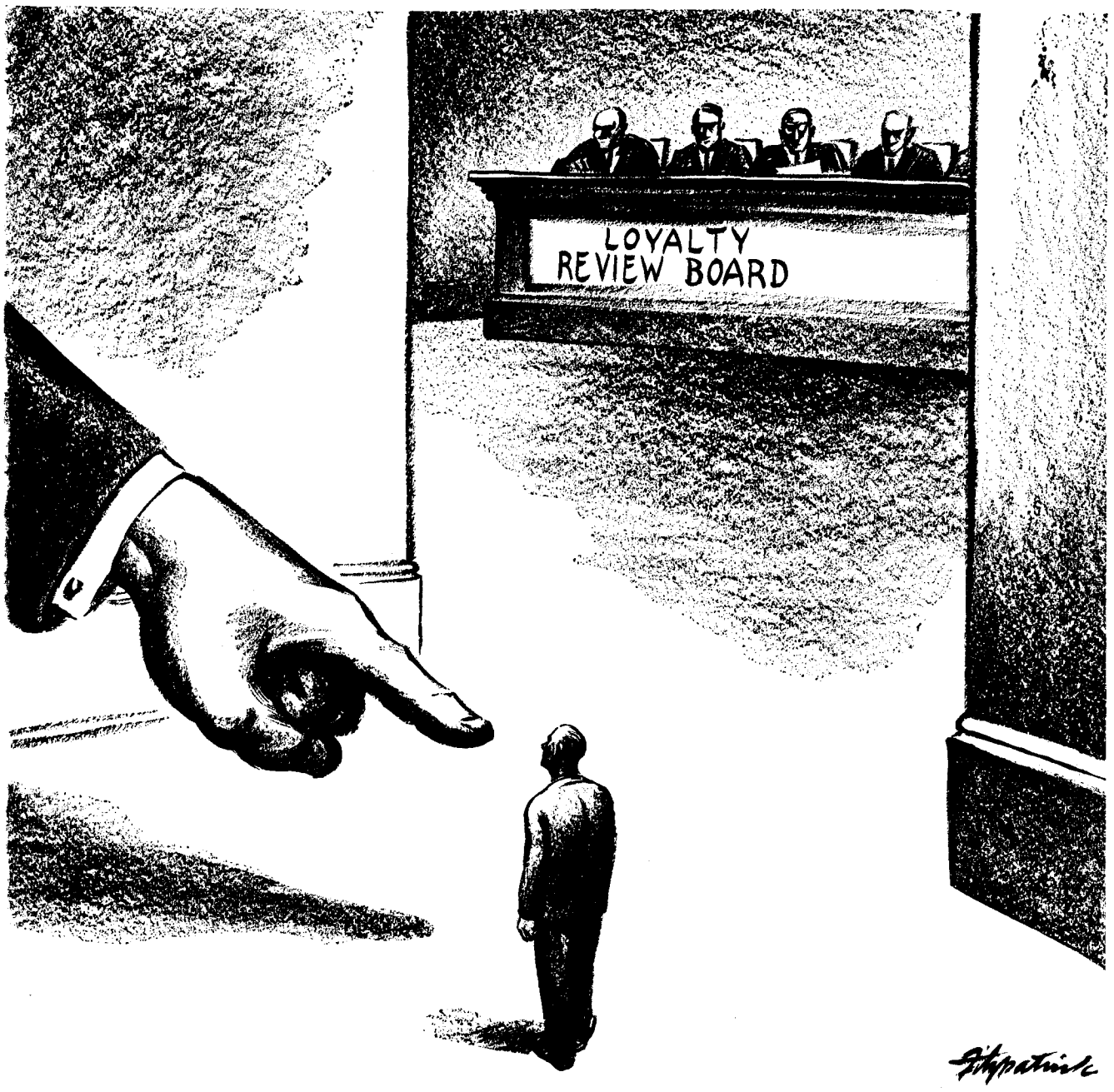

THOSE LOYALTY APPEALS

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S order of last March, that the government's 1,900,000-plus employees be investigated for Communist, Fascist and other subversive tendencies, alarmed many people. So did the ensuing firings, without open trials and with a minimum of publicity, of persons in the State Department, the armed forces, and the Central Intelligence Agency.

There was, however, another provision in the Truman order; namely, that an appeals board be set up to review the cases of any discharged government employees who felt that they had been treated unjustly. This Loyalty Review Board was established recently, and its 20-member panel is now functioning, with Seth W. Richardson as chairman.

Others on the board include such well-known lawyers and educators as George W. Alger, John H. Amen, John Kirkland Clark, Tom J. Davis, Meta Glass, Earl Harrison, Charles Sawyer and Murray Seasongood.

With such an agency on the job, it seems to us, there can be no valid objections to the loyalty tests—though of course nothing of this sort will satisfy the domestic Communists, who would love to have the United States government go on being as open to treacherous infiltration as it long has been.

We can't safely permit that any more. We saw in 1940 how France, Norway, Denmark, Belgium and Holland had been honeycombed by Hitler's Fifth Column. We're seeing now how Stalin's Fifth Column operates in such unhappy countries as Hungary and Rumania. We were put on notice of similar goings on in this hemisphere a year or so ago, when Canada dug out a Russian-spy pustule heading up in no less a place than the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa.

It would be impossible in many cases to convict genuine Fifth Columnists in formal court trials. The more virulent of these persons know all the legal loopholes available in our judicial system; or if they don't, their lawyers do. Therefore, since it is essential to our safety to weed them out of government employment, it is necessary to loosen up the rules a bit in the American people's favor.

In the loyalty test, with full right of appeal accorded anybody who thinks he has been fired unjustly, we seem to have hit on the best feasible way to protect ourselves and to protect government employees' basic rights at the same time. Let's handle the Fifth Column fumigation by this method until a better method happens along, and heavily discount the thunder on the left.

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GIVE AMERICA A REAL "VOICE"

THE U.S. State Department's propaganda service, first called the "Voice of America," then formally christened the Office of Information and Educational Exchange, had tough sledding during the year or so in which it was under the supervision of William Benton, Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, who recently resigned that post.

For all the tough sledding, the Voice of America idea is a good one. The idea is that, since Russia is flooding much of the world with the falsest kind of anti-U.S. propaganda, we should crack back with fair, factual and vigorous propaganda of our own. The Voice attempts to do that, but is pretty seriously handicapped at present because Congress last summer granted it only $12,400,000 for a year's work instead of the $31,000,000 the State Department requested.

All of which impels us to urge that the Senate pass H.R. 3342 at its earliest convenience.

H.R. 3342 is a bill, passed by the House last July, to make the Office of Information and Educational Exchange permanent, and to put it in charge of a wide variety of U.S. propaganda services—radio programs beamed in strategic directions, library and information offices in many countries outside the Iron Curtain, documentary films on various aspects of American life, and so on.

Representative Karl E. Mundt (Rep., S.D.), who led the initial Congressional attack on some of the Voice's misplays, is a strong backer of this plan to tune up, tone up and generally strengthen the Voice. Mundt urges that we spend some $50,000,000 a year on these efforts to funnel into other peoples' minds our side of the argument between democracy and Communism.

Such an expenditure seems to be a reasonable one, only provided the agency is run by realists and businesslike executives, with dreamers, phonies and tinhorn tub thumpers ruled out.

We have a mighty story to tell about this country to a world which knows only fragments of that story. Let's get busy and tell it.

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

THE new movie on anti-Semitism in the United States, Gentleman's Agreement, is not the best picture ever made. It's a bit preachy in spots, and a trifle long-drawn-out.

Nevertheless, it is good entertainment; and, even more important, it is good medicine for more than a few Americans. If you're inclined to be anti-Semitic yourself, better see it. If you have an anti-Semitic friend, better try to induce him or her to see it.

Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen has remarked that if any force ever succeeds in tearing the United States apart, that force will be hate—hate of group for group, class for class, race for race. It follows that any well-thought-out antidote for such hate should have the support of everybody who doesn't want to see this country torn apart. Gentleman's Agreement is such an antidote for the peculiar poisonous hate that is anti-Semitism.

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